

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Inside

3^d.

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER NATIONAL WEEKLY PAPER IN AUSTRALIA

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1934.

52 PAGES



Where the waters creep
In a silent sweep
In the walls of the swimming pool,
And the sunshafts run
In ecstatic fun
To the edge of the shadows cool.

SWIMMING POOL

—P. Duncan Brown.

And here is the wealth
Of our sun-tanned health
And the laughter that echoes long,
And no trace of tears
In the gilded years,
Or in youth's free and fadeless song.

WINNERS in Our BIG Film QUEST

Presentation Ceremony at State
Theatre This Friday

TWO CONTRACTS SIGNED

This week marks the completion of the great Screen Personality Quest which The Australian Women's Weekly has conducted in conjunction with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Committee, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy.

Winners of the quest are Miss Elaine Hamill and Mr. Richard Francis. These will each receive a cheque for £50, an engagement by Cinesound and free tuition at the Cinema Academy. Miss Hamill has already been given a contract by Cinesound. A third competitor, Mr. Morris Dunkley, has also been given an engagement by Cinesound.

Personal details and special photos of the winners appear on Page 21.

THIS quest has been an unprecedented success, and has undoubtedly made film history in Australia. The object of the quest was to find men and women suitable for a film career.

The motion-picture industry in Australia is developing rapidly, and there is a great field in it for talented people. Aspirants to film fame, however, are severely handicapped by the expense of making screen tests, which cost about £25 apiece, and also, in many cases, by the fact that they dwell long distances away from the city.

In order to place every facility for proving their talent at the disposal of competitors, The Australian Women's Weekly sent judges throughout the whole State, and adjudications were held at suitable country centres.

In addition, concessions were made available by the railway department for competitors who had to travel to any centre. Adjudications were also held in Sydney.

Judges of the contest included Mr. Ken Hall (Cinesound), Mr. C. N. Baeyer (City of Sydney Eisteddfod), Miss B. Tildesley (The Australian Women's Weekly), and Mr. Lane-Bayliff (Cinema Academy). Mrs. Linda Littlejohn was organiser of the contest.

IN THIS WAY OVER A THOUSAND COMPETITORS WERE THOROUGHLY TESTED BY COMPETENT JUDGES, AND FROM THEM TWELVE WERE SELECTED FOR SCREEN TESTS.

These tests were given by Cinesound, and last week, when Mr. Ken Hall returned from his health trip to Cairns, a representative assembly of judges visited Cinesound Studios at Bondi Junction to judge the tests.

The reels were run off repeatedly, and the winners were the unanimous choice of the judges.

Much Talent Revealed

MR. KEN HALL, general manager and producer for Cinesound, states that the amount of talent the competition has revealed is quite extraordinary.

"I have been associated with the film industry for years," said Mr. Hall, "and therefore have been most interested in all the film competitions that have been held in this country.

"Without a doubt this competition is an unprecedented success, and it has shown us more talent than any other competition of its kind.

"It has enabled us, also, to make contacts with people whom we would not see in the ordinary way, and I hope that as well as the two winners we shall be able to find parts for the other competitors as soon as suitable opportunities arise."



Immediately after the completion of the tests, Cinesound signed Miss Elaine Hamill up on a contract to take a leading part in "Grandad Rudd," the forthcoming Cinesound production. Mr. Osborn will be given a part as soon as a suitable opening presents itself.

A proof of the value of the competition to other competitors was given very shortly after, when Cinesound also engaged Mr. Morris Dunkley to play a part in their next production.

Mr. Bert Bailey, who is playing lead in "Grandad Rudd," Cinesound's next production, was present, by arrangement, at the screening of the tests, and he and Mr. Ken Hall co-operated in the decision

to engage Miss Hamill and Mr. Dunkley on contract.

THE ATTRACTIVE Palm Beach scene from "Blue Mountain Melody," The beautiful settings in this all-Australian musical comedy mark a new high level in stage scenery designing in Australia.

MISS ELAINE HAMILL, one of the two winners of our Screen Personality Quest, is at present in the cast of "Blue Mountain Melody." She is concluding her engagement with J. C. Williamson this week to start rehearsing in "Grandad Rudd," Cinesound's forthcoming production. —Women's Weekly photo.

famous, spectacular success, "Chu Chin Chow."

The twelve finalists will all appear on the platform to congratulate the winners and, also, to give the public an opportunity personally to greet them. The fact that they were selected for tests from over a thousand competitors, speaks eloquently for their ability, and there is every hope that picture engagements will ultimately be secured for all.

Mr. Roland Foster, president of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, will also speak. Mr. Ken Hall of Cinesound, and representatives of the Cinema Academy and The Australian Women's Weekly, will also be present.

At the State

THE twelve finalists will be the guests of the State Theatre management this Friday evening, October 12, when the presentation of prizes will be made to the winners during the interval of the performance.

The Lord Mayor, Ald. A. L. Parker, has consented to receive the winners and present the prizes. The ceremony will be broadcast through 2UW.

The splendid programme at the State includes "Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn in 'A Cup of Kindness,' and the world-

SLIMMING DRUGS As Dangers to HEALTH

Credulous Women Easy Prey for
Get-Rich-Quick Opportunists

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

If you did not know before, know now—broken health and oftentimes painful, early death lurk behind many alluringly presented products, purporting to lead you in almost breath-taking stages to fashionable slimness.

No girl or woman should take internally a weight-reducing drug, unless she does so under medical supervision.

THE Australian Women's Weekly issues this warning to all those who might be tempted to swallow the alluring bait laid by unscrupulous money-getters.

Leading doctors emphasize that it is little short of suicidal for a woman to attempt drastically to reduce her weight merely to conform to the present fashionable craze for slimness. It is hazardous for anyone to attempt taking off over 10 pounds without first consulting the doctor to determine if such course is advisable. Proper reducing is a scientific procedure, and unless considered in this way, it may do serious harm.

Every individual requires a certain number of units of energy (derived from food) to repair the loss brought about by two factors: exercise, and the actual running of the body machine.

In the case of the normal person, weight is determined by the amount of food taken—if more than the necessary food is consumed, weight is added, and vice versa.

On the other hand, in cases where obesity is caused by a deficient production of thyroid substance in the body (this is quite common), glandular extracts and chiefly the extract of the thyroid gland, is scientifically used to remedy the trouble. But it should only be taken under skilled medical supervision.

The thyroid gland is the pacemaker of the body, and if the amount of thyroid substance or thyroxine in the body is increased, then the body machine works faster, more units of energy are used up, and so thyroid tends to make a person thinner.

Beware Large Doses

BUT these glandular extracts may have injurious effects, as if taken in large enough quantities to actually reduce weight they may cause the heart to beat too rapidly, and also have a bad effect on the patient's nervous system. In other words they cause the body machine to race and this is just as bad for the human body as for a motor-car.

In small quantities, some of these glandular and reducing agents may be comparatively harmless—but taken in such quantities they have no reducing effect! It follows that many of the "reducing" nostrums on the market are either worthless for the purpose for which they are sold or they are definitely harmful. Many others are accompanied by purgative pills which, taken as constantly as directed by the "cure," are quite apt to cause chronic bowel troubles. According to the opinion expressed by another medical authority, many allegedly "reducing" preparations simply poison the blood system and predispose the body to other diseases. Neuralgic pains, headaches, lassitude, rheumatism sometimes a sagging of the tissue structure, sometimes "hardened" joints have been known to result from taking them.

Fatal Cases

The case was cited of a patient suffering from obesity, which was diagnosed as simply over-indulgence in food, and who chose the "easy way" to weight reduction, despite medical warning. On holiday bent, she purchased the drug, and took it with her. Four days later she was brought back on a stretcher, and for weeks her condition hung between life and death.

The recent case of the young New Zealand theatrical artist, who died suddenly in London as a result of taking weight-reducing drugs, is pathetic. But hundreds have met the same fate—though the death certificate may not specifically assign the cause to indeterminate weight-reducing.

Moreover, there are hundreds to-day with weakened constitutions, weakened hearts, needing constant medical attention. They are paying the penalty of ignorance, and being mercilessly deceived by a horde of conscienceless get-rich-quick quacks who find in the credulity of women a rich field for exploitation.



CAPTURES ELUSIVE BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN

To be really lovely your complexion should be soft and clear, with the dull-smooth bloom of a flower-petal—and to bring this beauty to you, Atkinsons have created Sonnet, a soft, clinging Face Powder with a gay, adventuresome fragrance.

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

Let's Talk of
**Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E**



EXPERIENCED SECRETARY

MISS MARY COLERIDGE DAVIS, B.A., is secretary to three important bodies—the Women Graduates' Association of N.S.W., the N.S.W. Board of Social Studies, and the Child Guidance Clinic.

With Miss Aileen Fitzpatrick she started in 1929 the first Board of Social Studies in Australia. This board trains men and women for social work, such as work in connection with charitable organisations. Before they are eligible for training the social-workers-to-be must first pass a personality test devised by Dr. A. H. Martin, of the Institute of Industrial Psychology, as well as have their Leaving Certificate. This year 22 women are in training.



EDUCATION ENTHUSIAST

MISS F. WINIFRED BERRY, M.A., Dip. Ed., is the only woman member of the Public Examinations Committee of the University of Adelaide. She has accepted the position of headmistress for the Alexandra Ladies' College, Hamilton, Victoria, and will begin duties there next year. She has had international educational experience, for in 1927-8-9 she visited schools in England, France, and other Continental countries, and held the position of relieving classical mistress at Ladies' College, Cheltenham, Manchester High School for Girls, and Rochester Grammar School for Girls—three of England's biggest girls' schools.

Miss Berry is also on the board of the South Australian Council for Educational Research, an A grade pennant tennis player, and a hockey and golf enthusiast. She holds a Passy certificate of French Phonetics from the British Institute at Paris, and has been for five years headmistress at St. Peter's Collegiate Girls' School, Adelaide.



ENGLISH M.P.

MISS ELEANOR RATHBONE is M.P. for the University Division, England. She has been a member of Parliament for a considerable time, and at the last election was returned unopposed. In England she has long been the leader of the movement to obtain child endowment, and has written several books on the subject, the best-known being "The Disinherited Family."

Miss Rathbone is chairman of the Family Endowment Society, and is frequently heard from the B.B.C. on this question.

WHEN Royalty GOES CALLING!

Ordeal of a Hostess whom a Prince May Choose to Visit

By The Hon. Mrs. Francis Lascelles

A few lucky Australians will have the honor of receiving the Duke of Gloucester in their homes as a guest.

He will visit them ex-officio and will be treated as a very special friend, but before he arrives all manner of preparations will be made for his visit.

In this article by the aunt of the Princess Royal, the writer describes the processes by which royalty goes visiting.

TO have a member of the reigning Royal house step across the threshold is a great thrill for even the most blasé owner of a residence large or small, and as befitting it is an honor only given to people of unimpeachable character. This does not mean, of course, that only rich or titled people are selected.

The Queen, for instance, especially when she is in Yorkshire and Scotland, likes to drive and take "tea" with hospitable matrons, welfare workers, and other women who are doing unselfish social work in any sphere. Despite her shy and rather grave exterior, Her Majesty misses very little of what goes on in the country.

Before calling on any person, of course intimation of her visit is always given by the Queen through one of her ladies-in-waiting or secretaries, and usually ample notice is given.

Once however, in Edinburgh the telephone message from Holyrood Palace to a certain middle-aged lady noted for her unostentatious charitable works among the poor, intimating that the Queen was paying a call at four o'clock that afternoon was treated by a maid as the effort of a practical joker—and she never even told her mistress!

Judge of the consternation of the entire household when the Royal car containing Her Majesty and one attendant drew up at the door.

The ensuing embarrassment and confusion was soon smoothed away by the Queen's smiling presence, and when she left Her Majesty said that she had greatly enjoyed the "tea" and the chat. What the maid received afterwards can only be conjectured!

Coming to Stay

VISITS are one thing and stays are another, and the public little realise the elaborate arrangements and precautions which have to be made and taken when Royalty take up temporary residence in the home of any of their subjects.

When the King, Queen, or Prince of Wales do this the local police, sanitary authorities, and Scotland Yard have all to make plans beforehand. The drains of the house destined to be honored with Royal residence are thoroughly examined and overhauled, and the water supply exhaustively tested.

All the locks in the doors are looked over and defective ones repaired. The police have the duty of protecting the house and barring the entry into the grounds of any unauthorised visitors. Strangers in the locality where Royalty is residing are always closely watched—a fact of which they are blissfully unaware.

Special police officers are there "in-cog," and, of course, the detective Royal guard are particularly vigilant during these visits. It may all sound overdone among a people where the most popular institution is the Throne, but too great a care cannot be taken of the Royal Family.

A list of all the guests who are to join the house party as well as luncheon, dinner, and other "callers" must always be submitted long beforehand for Royal approval. Any "doubtful" individual has no chance whatever of sitting at the same table as Royalty, and it is a rule rigorously kept.

As guests, both the King and Queen are ideal. They like to see a typical English home, and dislike any fuss or flurry. The host who pleases their Majesties is the one who gives them the traditional British hospitality, and who succeeds in bringing together a congenial house party.

The Prince of Wales, like his three brothers, doesn't care for any undue deference or reference to his rank when staying with a friend, but he rightly resents any undue familiarity or freedom by anyone. To have a Royal visitor in an honor greatly prized, but as will



THE PRINCE OF WALES pays an informal call on a Lancashire workman.



ABOVE: The Hon. Mrs. Francis Lascelles, author of this article, is an aunt of the Princess Royal. Left: The King visits one of his subjects in England.

be imagined it is an occasion not without anxiety to the honored host and hostess.

When the King Calls

KING GEORGE is not so fond of calling on people for an hour or two as the Queen, but His Majesty makes such visits occasionally, and London-derry House—the town house of the Marquis of Londonderry—is frequently honored by the King in this way. Here at "tea" and sometimes dinner he meets socially the Prime Minister, members of the Government, and other prominent persons in national life.

THE four Royal Princes often visit the homes of their intimate friends and, perhaps, Prince George is the greatest private house visitor of the four. If he likes a residence he goes again frequently, and there is one particular London house where he once told the delighted host that he seriously thought of taking his bed there!

The Duke of Gloucester leads the quietest social life of all the King's sons, and if he makes a private visit it is generally to the home of one of his brother officers.

Captain Brook, the big game hunter, and Lord Boreham, M.P., the noted hurdler, are two of his special friends, and they have acted as host to the soldier Duke on many occasions.

The Prince of Wales also makes a great many private visits in town and country, but some of them are more or less official such as to ambassadors, Lord Lieutenants of Counties, and local dignitaries.

His Royal Highness frankly prefers clubs or restaurants as meeting places for his friends and himself—apart, of course, from his own beloved bachelor quarters at St. James' Palace.

The Duke of York seldom visits anyone unless accompanied by his popular Duchess, and the Royal couple dine with many and varied people in the course of a season.

Janet
Charles

**GAYNOR
FARRELL**

Loved by one girl—loving another. Turning in his hour of need to the steadfast love of a girl who gave all without thought of reward.

Releasing for an extended season at Sydney Regent, October 5; Adelaide Regent, October 27; and Melbourne Plaza on October 8.

"CHANGE OF HEART"

FOX

REGRETTABLE Incidents In World AIR RACE

Misfortune that Caused Withdrawal of Two Important Entries

Australian women will regret that misfortune has prevented their country's representation in the great Centenary Air Race in two important directions.

The withdrawal of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith from the race owing to a last-minute mishap to his plane is the most recent disappointment.

Previously, unfortunate circumstances had arisen that prevented the All-Australian plane from competing also. The Australian Women's Weekly and its readers subscribed largely to this All-Australian plane, which was to have been piloted by Mr. Don Saville.

UNIVERSAL regret has been expressed that Sir Charles Kingsford Smith found himself unable to take part in the great Centenary Air Race.

The race will be robbed of much of its interest by reason of the fact that the greatest living pilot will not be able to represent Australia in her own great air contest.

Ill-luck has dogged "Smithy" in his attempt to compete for the £10,000 prize, just as it dogged the All-Australian Aeroplane, which had to withdraw from the race.

Troubles beset Sir Charles from the outset. The Turkish Government for a time would not give permission to fly over Turkey. The issue of a certificate of airworthiness for his American plane was delayed until the very last moment. Then, when only a few days remained for his flight to England, his machine developed trouble over the centre of Australia, and he was forced to return to Sydney for repairs.

But if Sir Charles was unlucky, what can be said of the committee of patriotic Australians whose only object was to see an all-Australian-built plane take its part in the big contest?

The idea of constructing an all-Australian machine for the Centenary Air Race emanated from Mr. L. J. R. Jones and Mr. T. D. Leech, two Australian engineers.

The scheme made instant appeal to a number of patriotic societies, which undertook to combine their efforts to raise sufficient capital from the public to finance the venture.

Construction of the plane, which embodied many new ideas in engineering, commenced last December, reliance being placed on a number of promises of assistance, which were ultimately not forthcoming.

Very little headway was made until substantial assistance was given by Grace Ross, who, besides making a cash donation, allowed the plane to be on exhibition at their premises in Sydney.

Our Help

STILL, the public response was disappointing, and in June last the committee was on the point of abandoning the venture. Immediately The Australian Women's Weekly realised the position of the movement, it abandoned its own scheme of purchasing a plane and running it as a competitor in the Air Race, and agreed to donate £500 to the funds for building the plane, and to conduct a campaign to raise a further £1000 by public subscription from its readers.

In addition to the original £500, The Australian Women's Weekly made further contributions to the funds, amounting in all to £1000, and work on the plane



DON SAVILLE

was started according to a schedule.

Everything went well until August 13, when it was found that faulty material had been used in the construction of the plane, necessitating the replacement of certain important parts. In addition, the firm of English engineers could not deliver the second engine within the time anticipated, or in time to allow of adequate trials before the race.

On the same day that the faults became apparent the engineers' right hand man met with a motor accident and was unfit for his work.

In the next week or two four senior University graduates offered their services voluntarily to work on the plane during the University vacation. Inside one week three of them became ill and had to receive medical attention.

On top of all this the pilot, Mr. Don Saville, who had sold his business to be free for the job of helping with the plane, contracted influenza and was very ill for a fortnight.

In the end, Mr. Leech was left with one voluntary assistant to complete the plane.

Still Working

THE committee then realised that it was impossible for the machine to be ready in time, and the necessary financial support to complete it was withdrawn.

Although disheartened the committee did not despair and it determined to proceed with the completion of the aeroplane for research purposes.

At the present time it is concentrating on settling up with its various creditors, and has decided before spending any more money to pay off everything it owes on the machine.

Senior students at the School of Engi-



KINGSFORD SMITH

neering at Sydney University are conducting very thorough and scientific investigation into the construction of the aeroplane.

The wings are being tested with the aid of instruments capable of measuring changes of length in metal to less than one-quarter of a millionth of an inch, and a great deal of valuable information is being obtained, the results of which will guide designers of machines in the future.

Some idea of the work that was put into the machine may be gauged from the fact that no fewer than 62 complete drawings of the plane had to be made by the engineers.

The Australian Women's Weekly regrets that the efforts of a number of patriotic citizens to have Australia adequately represented in the greatest air race in history have been defeated, but it will continue to assist the committee in every way possible to complete the aeroplane which it is expected will mark a new era in aeroplane construction in Australia.



THE QUEEN inspects Titania's Palace, which has now arrived in Australia, and is at present in Sydney. It is being prepared for exhibition at David Jones.

30,000 Extra Readers Rushed the New Enlarged Australian Women's Weekly

The marvellous value of the improved and enlarged Australian Women's Weekly was appreciated by the women of New South Wales in no uncertain manner last week, for we were obliged to print 30,000 additional copies to meet the demand.

THE Australian Women's Weekly has been inundated with letters of appreciation of our enterprise in providing a weekly newspaper for women on a scale never before attempted in the Southern Hemisphere.

The complete book-length novel given away as a free supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, which would have cost 6/- to purchase in book-form, represented a revolution in journalism so far as Australia is concerned, and the innovation received an extraordinary reception.

THE Australian Women's Weekly will go on improving week by week. In addition to the usual and new weekly features in this issue, there is another long complete novel, "Stepister," by the famous author, Temple Bailey, centring round the love story of Araminta, the youngest of a family of four girls.

Next week another sensational novel by an equally famous author will appear.

In view of the unprecedented demand for the new bigger Australian Women's Weekly, readers should order their copies early from their newsagents to avoid disappointment.

ARE YOU a JUDGE of FASHIONS?

Women's Weekly Offers £10 in Prizes for Readers' Opinions

Every woman and girl in Australia is interested in fashions.

We announce this week details of a new competition founded on the fashion pages of The Australian Women's Weekly. Cash prizes of £10 are offered for readers' opinions of our fashion and pattern pages.

THE ballot to ascertain what readers like about our paper closed on Wednesday of this week, and the winner of the British Jones sewing-machine for the best letter will be announced in due course, when the judges have made their decision.

In the meantime details of a new competition will be announced next week.

The details of the Fashion Page competition are very simple, and open to all our readers.

As you know, The Australian Women's Weekly devotes three pages each week exclusively to fashions. There is the Fashion Parade by Jessie Tail, and il-

lustrated by our artist, Petrov. Then there is the photographic fashion page in which we present photographs showing the latest modes in Australia and overseas pictures from Muriel Segal, our special representative in London and Paris.

You will have noticed that last week this page dealt exclusively with spring race fashions. In the present issue, beach and bathing costumes are featured.

Then we have each week a fashion service of practical patterns, including a free pattern.

What The Australian Women's Weekly wants to find out from its readers is which of these sections you like best, and why you like it.

Almost every girl in this country goes

in for home dressmaking in some degree or other, and we want to know whether the fashion pages help you in this work.

Have you any ideas for changes that could be made by way of improvement?

Any suggestions or criticism made will be very welcome, and for the best letter on the subject we will give a cash prize of £5, together with five consolation prizes of £1 each for the next best letters.

All who enter for this competition must fill in the coupon published on page 25.

If, however, you enter for the sewing machine competition and have already sent in a coupon, it will not be necessary to send in another, but merely forward the letter as outlined above.

The fashion pages are regarded as a very important portion of this paper, and it is our desire to improve them and keep them up to the minute, and we can do this by the help of our readers throughout Australia.

We want frank and outspoken opinions on the subject, and the prizes may be won just as well by criticism of our pages as by praise.



FACTORY-FRESH

when you open the packing

The patented wrapper of moisture-proof "Cellophane" seals in the natural moisture and keeps out every factor that might be harmful to fine smoking condition. That is why it is impossible to buy a "shop-stale" or "flatty" Craven "A"—10 for 9d. and 20 for 1/6

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats—

Continuing . . . Change of HEART



ONE week married . . . weeks of exquisite discoveries and new understandings . . . Fanny and Chris turning. For Fanny especially. Her love for Chris through all those college years and their early days in New York had seemed so hopeless, until

By

**Kathleen
NORRIS**

The World's Most Popular Women Author.

Madge Rowntree had left with Mack Wise for California, where they intended to marry. So it seemed that the involved love threads of the four might be straightened.

But when Chris opened the door of their apartment and admitted Madge, it was like opening a door to the past. The fear that had been growing in Fanny's heart since Madge's letter had announced her impending return to New York deepened. Now Madge was here, with her glowing beauty that Chris had found so irresistible in those days at Stanford College, when the four—Fanny, Madge, Chris, and Mack—had first drifted together and resolved to unite in their quest for fortune and happiness in New York.

"He's married to me now," thought Fanny desperately, "but can I hold him?" Why had Madge come back after leaving so hurriedly with Mack—so long ago it seemed. Why hadn't they married, as they had intended?

Madge's decision then had broken Chris, who had left New York in despair and for six months nothing had been heard of him. Only a fortuitous meeting with one of his former friends had led Fanny to him then, desperately ill and back in New York.

It was Fanny who had called the doctor, paid for the medicines and food and nursed Chris through his illness. It was his illness that paved the way to a new understanding between him and Fanny, and with Chris convalescent they had decided to get married.

"We seem to be the only survivors. We've not to hang together," Chris had said in his new happiness.

"Chris is mine; Madge left him," Fanny said deep in her heart, when that surprised gasp came from Chris as Madge, excited and breathless from her climb to their apartment, entered, put her hand on his shoulder, raised her lovely face, and kissed him.

AFTERWARDS she came over to kiss Fanny; the girls' arms were tight about each other, and they laughed and cried together. Then they all sat down, and sometimes it was Madge chattering in the old way, and sometimes Fanny explaining, and sometimes a word from Chris.

Madge wore brown, her color. It made her eyes hazel, and set off her clear skin. She looked smart, dainty, from her shining brown pumps to the saucer hat that was tipped on her dark curls. She was at an hotel for the present.

"But Phyllis has the most adorable place down in Greenwich Village," Madge told them happily; "simply adorable, such big rooms, and every one with some sort of little terrace or balcony or roof, and all brick with a big back garden! And she only pays seventy for two rooms; I know, because

she wants me to go in with her. She's had a most attractive girl named Sonya Leslie with her, but Sonya's simply coining money, and she's going to move uptown. She writes words for songs—imagine. She wrote the words for—oh, well, 'Pig-Latin Kiss,' but that's old. She writes lots of 'em! She wants to be in the same building with her married brother, and his wife's Ursula Kent of the—well, what does she do? Tap dance, I think. Anyway, she's always in the Durringham Follies; that sort of thing."

There was more. Chris listened, smiling broadly; Fanny sat listening, too, her narrowed eyes sometimes looking up at Madge, her rather brooding gaze returning to her own hands, still resting on the marketing list. It looked oddly cheap—sordid: turnips, corn-starch, apples. While she was slaving away saving pennies, Madge was coming to New York by Panama, meeting fascinating folk, going fascinating places.

"Oh, and I forgot—has anyone seen Mack?"

"Chris had a post-card from Hollywood that he had been working there and was coming on here this month."

"I can see—Madge was being very attractive in her penitence and appeal, I can see you thought I treated him badly. But I really didn't—"

The candlelight shone in her brown eyes; she had long lashes; her straight nose was a little blunted at the tip; her mouth had deep dimples each side, and there was the hint of a cleft in her chin.

When Chris went to get his hat to walk with her to the omnibus, or to find a taxi in this impoverished region, the girls had a moment alone. Then Madge looked quickly at Fanny and asked in an undertone:

"Happy, Fan?"

"Oh, heavens!" Fanny ejaculated, with a laugh and a shrug, bright color in her face.

"Does he know?" It was Madge's turn to flush, darkly.

"What do you think I am?"

"I knew you wouldn't. You're a good sport, Fan. I'd have told on any girl in the world. He was sick?"

"Desperately sick. Pneumonia and bronchitis and everything."

"Hospital?"

"No, I took care of him."

"Hm!" Madge mused. "You said in your note at the hotel where you were, but you've just moved in to-day?"

"Just this afternoon."

Madge got up, smiling at Chris, and he and she went away together. Fanny, left alone, attacked her dishes resolutely, moving about the unfamiliar place busily. But her heart felt sore; she felt poisoned and dull and cheated—stupid—

Chris was gone so long that she could slip down one flight of stairs and tap lightly at the door they had passed that afternoon. Red light was showing dimly through the hall transom; they were still awake.

She was admitted; there were whispers, dark smiles. Fanny had a glimpse of the new boy, very small and crabbed-looking and red in a scoop of dreadful blanket. The place smelled of flannel and oil and cigar smoke and fried onions, but the proud mother smiled radiantly at her neighbor: "I lose my boy," she said simply. "Now God give me a fine boy."

Fanny went upstairs, feeling awed, solemn, somehow very happy.

CHAPTER XVII

BUT there was no pretending that Madge's presence did not complicate things. Madge took up her residence with the fascinating Phyllis and after that what Madge and Phyllis did had the right of way, was amusing, original, dashing, and what Chris and Fanny did went curiously uninteresting and flat. Chris and Fanny went over to dine at the delightful apartment, with its terrace looking down upon Washington Square; Phyllis was extremely gracious, and Madge her sweetest self, but somehow the occasion was a failure.

"Shall we go down and have our coffee in the Red Ink-Bottle?" Phyllis asked, after the meal. "I think you'd like it."

"Oh, let's go to the lovely Russian place we went last night!" Madge begged.

"My dear, you haven't seen one-tenth of the place! I'm educating her," Phyllis told the others. "It's not as amusing as the 'rive gauche,' but you may as well know your way about!"

Phyllis lived a thrilling life; she apparently had plenty of money; she had travelled; she knew everyone worth knowing. All the playwrights and writers and critics were her friends; she dressed in startling smocks and dragging Oriental draperies; she had a colored maid so devoted that Clara would never take her Sunday off if Phyllis was expecting guests; she was too much interested. For dinner there were artichokes and asparagus and broilers and alligator, pear—things that Fanny had not even priced for months!—and then there was coffee, at The

"I'm going home now," said Fanny. "And you—you can get him away from me if you can."

Red Ink-Bottle, and wandering afterwards through enchanting streets, and loitering in enchanting places—sheds made into restaurants and basements made into theatres, and puppet shows, and, finally, to some man's studio high up under a skylight where in semi-darkness they all sank down on great couches and listened to a Russian playing the violin. The man next to Fanny—she was not quite sure that she had ever met him—grasped her hand warmly, and she let him hold it unprotesting. The whole thing was like a dream.

She and Christopher walked home, very late; Chris amused and sleepy and yawny; Fanny very silent. Their own neighborhood—the line of common little stores, the basements with ice and coal lining them, the smells and sounds, the eternal invitation, "Apartment to Let, All Conveniences," swinging on dirty signs in the doorways as the hot night wind went through the street—all these sickened her, made her want to scream.

"Darned interesting, that girl," Chris said, undressing.

"Phyllis?" Fanny said, managing to make her voice sound as if her thoughts had been elsewhere.

"Yes. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I think she's an awful liar, Chris," Fanny answered lightly. "I mean, all that stuff about the man on the boat who followed her around and turned out to be Lord Dressington—I don't believe it."

"Would she make that up?" Chris asked, shocked.

"What Madge gets out of it," Fanny murmured, as if to herself.

"Oh, Madge isn't her kind; she's just amusing herself, she doesn't take all that seriously!"

"What—" Fanny was turning down the bed-couch, folding the cover, shaking the pillows—"what makes you think so?"

"Because I know Madge. She's smart. She's got her tongue in her cheek all right; she'll get a lot of fun out of this, and meet a lot of interesting people, and then she'll drop Phyllis like a hot brick."

"Honorable!" Fanny commented in a trembling voice, getting into her thin kimono. She pushed her hair off her hot face with a frantic gesture.

"What did you say?" Chris called from the Black Hole. Fanny made no answer; she moved her big chair to

the window and sat there looking out, her arms folded, a grim expression on her face.

"What's the matter, darling?" Chris asked, alarmed, coming in with a fresh washed face and tousled wet hair.

"Aren't you coming to bed?"

"No!" said Fanny loudly.

"Why not?" Chris demanded blankly. He stood looking at her for a long, amazed minute during which Fanny continued to stare out of the window.

But swiftly he was kneeling beside her, on his knees, his arm about her. "Aw, what is it, darling?" he asked, in his tenderest voice. "What is it, sweet? Did it kind of make you mad, seeing all those girls had, having them show off that way? Don't you care, Fan? I'll buy you dinners, and a terrace apartment, too, one of these days. Or I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll get an old car, and we'll cruise up through New England and find an old farmhouse—"

Fanny turned suddenly, put her arms about his collar, buried her face in his neck.

"Oh, Chris," she sobbed, clinging to him, laughing at her own absurdity. "You're so good to me, and I love you so! I'd rather—I'd a million times rather be here with you than anywhere! But they talk—they act—"

She stopped.

"You poor little fool, what do you care what they've got? We have each other," Chris said, kissing her, rubbing his cheek against her temple.

"I know." After a while Fanny gave a great sigh of shame and relief, and wiped her eyes against his pyjamas, and pressed her lips against his hard young mouth.

"She's done it twice now: once with Phyllis and once alone," Chris said. "To-day I was terribly busy—"

"I don't seem to understand," Fanny answered from the kitchen. "Exactly what it's all about."

"The case at the office, you mean? Well, of course, I don't understand it myself, there are half a dozen fellows there that you'd think Mockby would have called in," Chris said readily, shifting papers at the sitting-room table.

"But he may want to keep the whole thing quiet—in fact, I know he does. He told me to forget around about it, and go up to the Law Library to-morrow—and the luck of it was—"

Old LETTERS . . .

She treasures a bundle of old letters, Old letters she will keep to the last, Tied round with a faded blue ribbon, Cold ashes of a day that is past.

As she looks at each line of the writing, Turning faint with the flight of the years, The lines on her face seem to soften, And her eyes show a dimming of tears.



For memories they bring of a passion That thrills as she murmurs a name; And visions love's meeting at sunset, Ere fate played a hand in the game.

—J. S. Noonan.

Please turn to Page 40



Now smile . . .
we dare you!
Are the 7 stains marring your beauty?

YOUR hair looks lovely . . . Above your eyes those delicate brows are arched to perfection . . . And that final touch of lipstick — it couldn't be better!

Now, part those lips! Smile — and dare the final test of beauty . . . Is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No . . . Nature, you say, has been unkind to you. She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? . . . Nonsense!

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Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield. Colgate's Dental Cream has two actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and washes away some of the stubborn discolourations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it polishes away the stains that are left.

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Send for FREE Sample of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage.

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The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Spices
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

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9,204 ALSO IN POWDER FORM, 1/6 A BOTTLE.

BAD SKIN HEADACHES BOILS and PIMPLES

—because CARLISTA, taken as a small dose every day cures Constipation, clears the intestinal tract of clogging poisons and thus purifies the blood.

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You will feel better immediately. You will begin to take care of your skin immediately. You will see your skin improve, your eyes clear and brighten with health, and your step grow springy with sheer joy of living.

At least 64 average doses to the jar.

CARLISTA

MINERAL SPRING SALT

2 1/3

LARGE JAR

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

FALSE



UMPHREY CULLEN woke from profound sleep with a black eye and a lady's handkerchief, than which ingredients one can want nothing more romantic. The trouble was, however, that stand though he did before the mirror and peer at each bemusedly in turn, memory could offer him no explanation. So he walked painfully to the telephone and called George Pike.

"I wish," he said, "you could come round, George. Something has happened to me."

He had, he knew, for a long time been afraid to wake up. Subconsciously he had known that when once he stirred, his body would move and would leave his aching head dragging behind like a ball and chain.

His eyes felt as if they could offer him nothing but blurred distortion of the view, and yet he could not remember having attended any party last night, or having carried any celebration to excess.

The reason he had been left undisturbed so long was, however, not so mysterious. Humphrey lived alone, and was accustomed to take nothing but tea for his breakfast, and this he made himself, together with his bed.

A ministering female entered his little one-man flat twice a week and flicked at dust from long ranges. That, then, explained the tomb-like silence which had mercifully enfolded him. But what had happened?

He was still passing a hand across his brow and bunching up his eyebrows when he heard the dutiful George Pike knock, and he went out to the front door. Here, however, a further surprise awaited him—for, just inside this door, and in his hall, lay the milk and the papers for two days!

George confronted him next moment. "Well, I say, what's up? You sounded rather weird."

"I wish I knew," said Humphrey. "Look at me!"

"You have been fighting."

"And look at this!"

He produced the lady's handkerchief and George took it with a scholarly air. "H'm . . . I must say . . . rather nice." Then like Sherlock Holmes, he sniffed at its elusive perfume.

"Yes," said George. "I think she would be long-limbed, dark and elegant, with a touch of the Slav about her profile, and a slightly olive skin."

"I dare say, but," said Humphrey, "I simply don't know where I got it. All I know is that the three things seem to go together. On my eye, this blackening. In my hand, this handkerchief. On the handkerchief, that scent."

"I woke with difficulty, and I saw by the clock it was the middle of the afternoon." He paused here to give George a more penetrating look. "I say, by the way . . . what afternoon?"

"Monday."

"Good Lord, I thought that as I had slept as late as this, it must be Sunday! What are you doing at home on a Monday afternoon?"

"Dash it, it's half-past five."

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Complete Short Story by
HYLTON CLEAVER

Scent

livered. I always like the look of it. It seems so cool and clean and sweet, that I pick it up and stand in the hall and drink it. That is a significant point, George."

He sat down again, propped pillows behind him, and leaned back solemnly against the wall.

"George, do you happen to know what I was doing on Saturday night?"

"You were out with me. We had a steak together. Then we came home, and I left you at South Kensington Station."

"I had an idea you did, but I wanted that confirmed. Was I perfectly sober?"

"We both were. It had been a very quiet evening."

"And from South Kensington Station you went along to your place and I turned off to walk to mine. That would be between eleven o'clock and midnight."

"So it looks to me, George, as if, in the time that it took me to walk from the station here, I had an adventure." He looked up quizzically. "Is that how you read it?"

"Yours is a shrewd analysis of the position."

"THEN I must have got involved in a fight. If so, it was a fight about a lady, and I got the worst of it."

"Try not to dwell upon that," said George. "It will depress you."

"I have this black eye. I have a graze on my elbow which suggests that I fell, and a nasty bruise on my chin which implies that I was kicked when on the ground, and over and above all that I have a splitting headache and a lady's handkerchief. How do you account for the handkerchief?"

"I should think it was pushed into your hand by a sympathetic passer-by to mop up the blood with."

"There is no blood on it, so that won't do. Now . . . did this handkerchief cause the fight, or was it given to me afterwards?"

"Is there an initial in the corner?"

"D!"

"Ah! . . . Daisy. Or Dot."

"I thought you visualised someone dark and tall and elegant?"

"I always like to do that."

"Then don't suggest names of girls in tobacco shops. This means Deirdre."

"I wish," said George ingeniously, "women would put their telephone numbers on their handkerchiefs. It would be much more helpful."

"As for me," said Humphrey still brooding heavily, "I think I was con-

ceded. I have remained senseless, you see, for two days and I remember nothing about the incident.

"If I were as badly knocked out as somebody must have helped me home. If so, how did they know where I lived?"

"You told them, or they searched your pockets. And that reminds me, Humphrey, do you suppose you have been robbed?"

Humphrey heard this submission with a look of sudden anxiety. Then he walked quickly to the dressing-table, and looked among his possessions. He searched his wallet, he counted his loose change.

BUT he was still hunting about among his studs, collar and cigarette-case when he said: "The money seems all right, but I can't find my key."

"You probably left it in the lock. I often do that after a party." And he walked out to look in the door, but came back shaking his head. "No, it's not there."

"Does it strike you as peculiar," said Humphrey, "that everything else is in its right place here? If somebody helped me to undress, these things of mine would be all over the shop. If I could undress and put everything in its right place it shows that at least I was on my feet."

"Perhaps," said George, helpfully, "you were not concussed. Perhaps you came back here with somebody else and proceeded to celebrate some flaccid victory."

"Do you suggest that I should come back with a lady, and get tight here? Why, what should I be doing, holding this handkerchief all that time?"

"I don't suppose you did hold it all the time. Otherwise you would have had some difficulty to undress."

"If anything, I was dragged."

"Now, that's an idea," said George. "I became involved in a fight on behalf of a lady, and then I suppose I took the lady home."

"Or she brought you."

"If she brought me, then she must have dragged me when we got here. And why on earth should she do that?"

"To make you forget the whole occurrence," George suggested. "Possibly she was Chinese. You struck a manly blow on her behalf, and she assisted you back here, and sort of bunched you up the stairs. Then she told you that you had butted in on the machinations of a gang interested in the dope traffic, and warned you that you must never try to see her again."

Please turn to Page 47

PERSONALITY SECRETS REVEALED!



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How to Win Success and Popularity?
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The LOVE BIRDS

It may be easy to cage a love-bird, but love will find a way out for the bird to escape, as this exciting story shows.



WHAT would you do if it were a fine moonlit night, and you were a rich, healthy young man who had just sold a few hours to the sweetest girl in the world? Sing is the obvious answer. That's what Captain Claude Branson did.

While his speedy two-seater tore along the road he threw back his head and broke into rapturous song.

"I love my love, my love, above, and she, my love, loves me."

So wherefore should my present mood be less than ecstasy?

There was no reason that Claude knew of. Strong hands gripping the wheel, head flung back, and silk scarf floating in the wind, he voiced his happiness in a fashion that, even supposing there had been any traffic, which there wasn't, would have rendered his electric hooter entirely superfluous.

Everything in his particular garden was lovely that night. Robina had been at her very sweetest, he would be seeing her again at ten the following day—they were to be married in a week's time, and his engine was running like a dream.

Suddenly he stopped singing and tensed up. A figure had appeared from nowhere in the centre of the lonely country road. It was the figure of a girl wearing evening dress, and to anybody who was less in love with another girl than Claude Branson she must have appeared extremely beautiful.

Slim and hatless, cloak falling open to disclose alabaster neck and shoulders, white arms raised above her head—even Robina's lover had to admit that from an aesthetic viewpoint the stranger was a vast improvement upon the ordinary traffic cop.

All the same he swore as he removed his toe from the accelerator to the

By a Girl of 17

Ash

Oh, God! He's coming through the gate!
I'll stand and meet him at the door,
I'll wind my arms about him there
And twist my fingers through his hair.
He said last night he would be late—
The curtain swings upon the air.
The ash from that last cigarette
Upon the polished floor
Lies like a shade of grey regret.
I'll press my lips against his mouth,
I'll head his noble, foolish head,
Lest he should see the foot-prints where
They mark the silent lupin bed.
—YVONNE WEBB.

pedal brake. He had promised Robina his first action on arriving home would be to write a good-night love-letter. His fingers were itching for the pen like the fingers of a sweetestake winner waiting to endorse his cheque. Confound this delay!

The car came to a standstill. Claude peered round the windscreen.

"Hallo! Want a lift or something?"

As she came nearer he could see she was terribly agitated.

"Could you take me back to my home? It's frightfully urgent I should get there before midnight. My husband—"

She broke off with what sounded like a sob. Her hand fell like a snowflake on the black sleeve of Claude's overcoat.

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't refuse! I'm in a dreadful scrape. You see, I told Tom—my husband—I was dining with people called Riley, old friends of ours, and, as a matter of fact, I—I was meeting someone else. If I'm not in by midnight he'll phone the Rileys and they'll tell him I wasn't there at all. Then the fat will be in the fire. He's so jealous..."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

Claude had grasped the principles of the situation. The lady was naughty as well as beautiful. He felt a twinge of sympathy for the deceived husband.

He opened the off door.

"Better get in and not waste any more time. I'll do my damndest to get you back in time. Where's your home?"

A flash of silk stockings and the girl had sprung into the car. He caught a fragrance of violets as she nestled down.

OAKLAND HALL.

It's in the wood on the left just before you come to Ripley. Can you do it?"

Claude glanced at his wrist-watch.

"I think so. The old bus travels well at night."

He pressed the starting-button. On the empty, moonlit road he could give the car her head. While one part of his mind controlled the car, the other switched back to Robina.

He must write to her about this adventure when he got home. He'd have to mention it to explain the delay. Mustn't make her jealous, though.

"I was held up near Chirley by a woman who wanted a lift home. She looked at least twenty-five, very made-up, with hard eyes. I gathered she'd been out on the razzle, and wanted to get home before her husband found out. Rather a fast little hussy, by the look of her..."

The hussy turned her shingled head. "Aren't you Captain Branson?"

"Guilty."

"I thought I recognised your face. Your photograph has been in the papers a lot since you got engaged to Robina Churchwell. It's a very romantic affair, isn't it? Everybody says you're a terribly in love with each other. There was a snap of you together at Ascot in last week's 'Prattler.' Love-birds in the Royal enclosure was the caption."

"I saw it," Claude said coldly.

"Weren't you amused?"

"I was furious, and so was Robina. Confounded cheek. One would think there was something extraordinary in people being fond of one another."

"I suppose a genuine love match is something of a rarity nowadays. Anyway, I think you're terribly lucky. One of the richest bachelors in England marrying one of the most beautiful girls in society. It's almost too good to be true."

Claude had no desire to discuss his affairs with a stranger. He changed the subject.

"You haven't explained how you came to be stranded on the Chirley Road."

"I'd arranged for a car to meet me, but it never turned up. My—my friend had gone back to London by train. We'd had dinner at a little inn. Perfectly harmless, but my husband is so jealous. Even if I do get back before twelve—"

Claude fancied he could hear her teeth chattering. She was clung up, in a state bordering on terror. Suddenly she touched his arm.

"We're just coming to the entrance of the drive. On the left, Turn in past that lodge."



Illustrated by U. WHITE

Something hard prodded him in the back. Kirkwood's voice spoke in his ear, "That's a revolver you feel. Don't look so amazed, my dear young man, Nina is a good actress, isn't she?"

A gap showed in the high hedge on the left of the road. Claude slowed up to take the turn. He glimpsed a high ornamental gate and massive stone pillars. As they passed through he heard his companion give what might have been a sigh of relief.

Three minutes later the beam of the headlights swept across the ivy-clad face of Oakland Hall. They showed the tall figure of a man in evening dress standing in the porch. The girl cowered against Claude as if for protection.

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By
Garnett
Radcliffe

the papers that you and Miss Churchwell are passionately devoted. If the gossip-writers are to be relied upon you can hardly bear to be apart for a moment. Forgive my harping on this tender subject. I am simply trying to demonstrate the value of what I have to sell you—I mean your liberty."

CLAUDE threw a glance round. Escape was out of the question. The other two men, hard-eyed, cosmopolitan crooks by the look of them, had revolvers in their hands. The girl called Nina was reclining on a sofa, smoking a cigarette through a long tube. She and the man called Kirkwood were obviously the leaders of the gang.

"It serves me right for being a credulous fool. May I sit down?"

"Certainly. Have a drink, too, if you like. We hear you no ill-will, Captain Branson. In fact, we're very grateful to you. If you behave sensibly we'll open the cage door and allow you to fly back to your lady-love as soon as ever it's expedient."

"After we've plucked you," the girl on the sofa murmured.

"That's understood. I'm afraid that before you leave the cage, Captain Branson, you must lose a little of your glittering plumage. I suggest two hundred thousand pounds. I don't think that's unreasonable in the circumstances."

Claude started.

"Two hundred—! You're mad!"

"Oh, no, we're not," Kirkwood smiled. "This is a wonderful opportunity, and we are determined to make the most of it. After all, what's two hundred thousand to you. A mere bagatelle."

"You've got a very exaggerated idea of my wealth. It would leave me, comparatively speaking, a pauper. In any case, how do you imagine I can get hold of a sum like that quickly? Surely you don't think I can write a cheque for it?"

Kirkwood laughed.

"Hardly. The bearer bonds on Chilean Estates Ltd. that were purchased on your behalf by your brokers, Messrs. Giffard and Giffard, are what we want. Yes, I know all about that little transaction. Giffard and Giffard are holding the bonds on your behalf. They're worth two hundred thousand sterling, and can easily be converted into cash. Anyway, that's my pigeon. Your part is to get me the bonds."

"I can't. They're in London."

"What I want you to do is to write a letter to Messrs. Giffard telling them to send the bonds here as soon as possible. I'll see that Messrs. Giffard get your letter first thing to-morrow. If they send the bonds by special messenger they should be here at mid-day. If there's no hitch—and it's up to you to see there is no hitch—you'll find yourself at liberty within thirty-six hours at the outside."

HE was standing before the fire, legs wide apart and diamond stud twinkling in his shirt-front. His eyes glinted like points of polished steel.

"If," he paused to flick the ash off his cigar with a carefully manicured finger, "if there is a hitch, Captain Branson, you'll be sorry. We're not people to be trifled with. We're playing for big stakes, and when men play for big stakes they don't wear kid gloves."

Claude faced him squarely. He was white to the lips, but his eyes were steady.

"I gather that that's a threat."

"It is. In plain English, if you turn obstinate or try to trick us you'll get badly hurt. If our—methods of persuasion are unsuccessful you will be killed. We aren't running the slightest risk. Nobody knows where you are; the faking of a motor accident isn't difficult. Do you follow? If you refuse to write that letter your car will be found overturned and burned out, with your charred remains inside. The verdict will be accidental death, and nobody need suspect foul play."

For as long as you might count five he ceased speaking. Then, when he considered his words had sunk in, he continued in a different tone.

"But I'm sure you're much too sensible to drive us to such extreme measures. Come, Captain Branson, life must be very sweet to you just now. You're not going to throw away your happiness for the sake of a mere two hundred thousand pounds."

"Think of Robina," the girl on the sofa murmured.

Please turn to Page 42

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov

PRINCESS LINES... for Warm EVENINGS

WISPY chiffon scarves, frilly tulle capes and scarves, feathers, organdie flowered capes, bunches of artificial flowers, colored shoulder straps which fall into trains, little jackets of taffeta or cotton or print—these lend excitement to simple, high or low décolletés.

Pleated frills, fan-like pleating, double flounces, appear at hemlines; ruffled taffeta petticoats appear through slit skirts. Many evening skirts are tight to the ground, and split either up the front or at both sides to show these contrasting colored frilled taffeta petticoats—cherry red under grey, navy blue or cerise under pale blue, dusty pink under pale green, pink or yellow under black.

Trains are on formal evening frocks, but they have almost disappeared on gowns for practical wear.

The Tunic Line

THE tunic line is still very smart—the skirt grips the figure tightly while the knee-length or longer tunic flares straight from the waist. The same material may be used for both, or the tunic may be of metal or satin or crepe or printed over a plain contrasting skirt.

Your décolleté may be either high or low, although for summer more low ones are seen. If they are low they are daring, cut out as much as possible, and with the scantiest of shoulder straps.

Mainbocher puts nothing above the waistline but "bunched-up" points, just covering the bustline. Some bodices have whalebone at either side and centre front, with the strapless décolleté cut heart shaped in front and to the waist at back.

When necklines are high this is generally achieved by chiffon or tulle scarves draped carelessly across the throat, while the dress or slip beneath is low.

Taffeta is the most popular fabric for summer evening gowns, but beware of it unless you have a slender figure. It is suitable for the tunic dress and for the "picture" dress. Very rarely does it make the tailored form-fitting style. It is ideal for coats, jackets, and capes, or when used as trimming—for sashes, hem borders, flowers, or petticoats.

Soft sheer chiffons are cool, and do not crush. They are best for the flounced dresses or for the draped classical line. Pleated chiffon is particularly attractive.

Cottons Are Cool

ALMOST all the cottons make fresh and cool summer evening frocks—pique, floral voiles, organdie and even striped and dotted seersuckers.

Satins and crepes for more "dressy" occasions are as popular as ever—the

THE typical evening silhouette is the princess line that follows the figure down to the knees, and from there it either hangs straight to the ground or breaks out into ruffles and frills. The evening dress is really a straight long slip with important accents at shoulders and hem.

crepes are very dull and heavy, and the satins very shiny.

Most practical of all and more summery than any other fabrics are the brightly-patterned crepe-de-chines and artificial crepes. They do not crush; they probably wash, they need less making because they cling to the figure and the pattern, not the cut, is the predominating factor—the more simply they are made, the better they will look. Patterns should be clear and bright, and well spaced, on dark or light backgrounds.

Three or four colors in the design, or only two will stand out clearly. Small scattered prints, composed of many

colors all running into each other, will not be effective.

Yellow in every tone is the newest summer evening color—chiffon, organdie, or dull crepe for this shade. Artificial flowers to wear with it are field flowers, purple violets, white daisies, or blue cornflowers.

Blue next, in every shade from navy to ice-blue. In any material and with accessories, such as flowers, scarves, sashes of pink, cerise, raspberry, pale green, yellow, and white, with navy, navy with pale blue.

White, especially in chiffon, organdie, and pique, used by itself or with striped taffeta accents, colored taffeta or chiffon

scarves and capes, floral crepe-de-chine sashes and jackets.

Black chiffon, black taffeta, black net, and crisp black organdie are all summery looking, although dark. White, yellow, and pink accessories.

There is a lot of cotton net in pink, green, and blue, and the plain crepes come in these shades, duck-egg blue (a blue-green), and soft orchid mauve are smart.

Evening Wraps

LONG taffeta coats—there is one sketched at the extreme right of this page—make ideal evening wraps. They can be sleeveless, with an elbow cape, or else have long, loose sleeves; they fit the figure to below the hips, and then flare out. Made in any color from black and navy blue to the palest pastel shades.

Three-quarter taffeta swagger coats are good, and the same length coat in printed crepe if you have perfectly plain dresses to wear it over.

There are innumerable capes and jackets of every length and aim made of organdie, taffeta, pique, cotton net, and tulle.

Rows and rows of tulle gathered together make filmy scarves to be thrown carelessly around naked shoulders. Long lengths of chiffon and net wind around the body and drift to the ground. Little capes and waistlength jackets are made entirely of organdie or chiffon flowers, and feathers are used for entire shoulder capes, tied on with ribbon bows.

PARIS Snapshots

PARISIAN women wear real flowers at the throat on their high-necked evening gowns. Several of the same flowers are pinned on their evening bag.

AT the races were seen ensembles made of printed crepe: simple dress, three-quarter loose jacket without a collar.

FEATHERS are still in vogue for evening. Last year they trimmed coats; this year they form entire capes and jackets; long, shiny coque feathers; airy ostrich feathers; short, soft feathers.

THE newest earring decorates as much of the ear as possible and clips on to the lobe. Made in a shell-like design of metal or brilliants, they are miniatures of your dress-clip.

WALTER PLUNKETT, famous Hollywood designer, sums up spring fashions: "Effortless distinction achieved through faultless lines and luxurious fabric. This will be true of hats as well as of frocks, and the former will reflect a sculptured severity in the close-fitting ones, and a dashing abandon in the large picture hats."



● A SIMPLE form-fitting dress of dull crepe in bright canary yellow has the décolleté cut daringly low back and front. The tulle scarf, which winds round the neck, is cornflower blue.

● NORMAN HARTNELL models a frock in ice-blue chiffon. The spiral frills are finely pleated. A deep square décolleté both back and front. The hemline just touches the ground all round.

● A MODEL from another London designer, Victor Stiebel, is in the Empire manner. Of white crepe, it features a yoke, bow and jacket of navy blue and white striped taffeta.

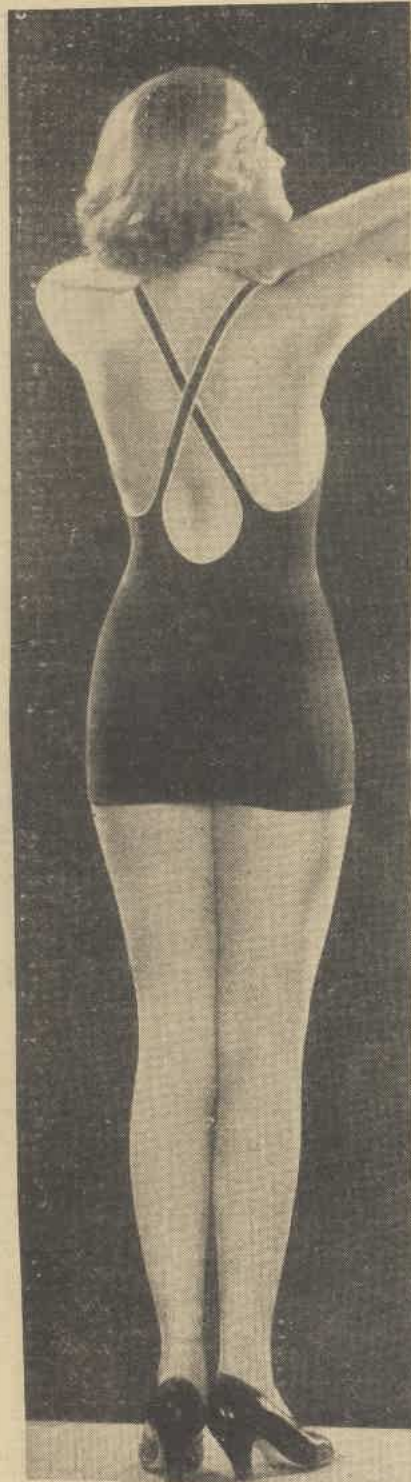
● THE RUFFLES on the Chanel dress are mostly just printed on the taffeta. They are real only at the back and the bottom of the skirt.

● A NAVY BLUE corded taffeta evening coat is sleeveless, with an elbow-length cape. The coat wraps over in front to underneath the left arm. The cape is also split in front.

Now the SURF is CALLING!

Swim Suits
take the...
Plunge
Gracefully!

Freedom for
Lissom Limbs



• **CRISS-CROSS** straps and a clever back cut (left). The top edges of the suit and the straps are piped with white, which gives a piquant accent to the outfit.

• **THE SUIT** at the right is appropriately called the Cordaire. The corded tie and belt are very vivacious touches, and the skirt can be removed—leaving a chic one-piece beneath.



• **ABOVE AND** at the left are two views of one of the skirtless suits popular abroad. Its little sliding gadget enables the top to be adjusted lengthwise to the wearer's height. A necklace tie takes the place of straps.

• **THIS SMART** suit (right) is called the basque 'kerchief'. The top is horizontally striped, and the banding round neck and at the sides keeps it firmly and comfortably in place.



One Croon Song We All Love!

HERE'S just one crooner no one wants to murder—the surf. Joyously, young and old take up that melody till it becomes Australia's greatest summer community song.

So, at the beginning of the season, we feel the urge to survey the newest offerings in swim suits. The ideal suit is smart in appearance, snug in fit, and sensibly leaves its wearer's limbs the maximum of freedom.

Pictured on this page is a quartet of the latest Jantzen models, all of which admirably exemplify these desirable qualities. Their variety, which is typical of the wide Jantzen range, gives wide scope for individual choice.

Eat
THE 1934
BREAKFAST



... you'll
feel Better

DO you have heavy, cooked food for your morning meal? Think how unsuited it is to our life and climate! Change to the 1934 breakfast—crisp, ready-to-eat, nourishing Kellogg's Corn Flakes. You'll enjoy a new feeling of energy! Have Kellogg's regularly with milk, honey or fruits. Children and grown-ups love them!



Oven-fresh
Always

The new inner
sealed Waxite
Wrappers keep
Kellogg's fresh and
crisp after opening.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

An Editorial

OCTOBER 13, 1934.

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR FAMILY



OF King George it is said that he is a typical English gentleman.

That is a sincere compliment when we remember that the phrase implies not only a man of noble birth, but one of nature's gentlemen. It is the strength of England that personal character has always counted to a high degree in her governing classes.

Even in the feudal days this was true. The nobility was constantly being recruited from the yeoman and merchant classes. These in turn were recruited from social inferiors. This accounts for the popularity in England of such stories as Dick Whittington, and those romances of Walter Scott wherein the page of low degree marries the lady of high degree.

Of course, England has had her kings who tended to overbearing majesty; and frequently her nobility has sought to rule like continental oligarchs. But through most of the centuries the mass of the people have had genuine esteem and loyalty to the throne.

The present Royal Family is easily the English ideal. King George and Queen Mary possess all that dignity which we look for in Royalty. In their personal lives they are models of social and family demeanor.

Their sons and daughter, the four Princes and the Princess Mary, complete a happy family. The popularity of these younger people is a phenomenon throughout the world.

It is this personal regard for the Royal family which is responsible for Australia's fervent welcome of the Duke of Gloucester. That is why the welcome is given so heartily by all sections of the community.

Despite the abstractions of political science, personal feeling is still one of the greatest forces in the world.

THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

I watched the pale austerity of stars
Travelling their chaste and unimpassioned way;
Cold purity was theirs, unearthly calm,
And virginal retreat from crimson day.

I looked at man's flamboyant round of life,
Colorful, blatant, transient, and blind,

But laughter was theirs, and yearning
And lust,
And O! intimate warmth of human-kind.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON.

Princely Pronunciation

ONE word from the Prince has settled the matter, and Centenary it shall be for the duration of the Royal visit! Rebellious lips may murmur Centenary, Centenary, or Centenary, but such plebeian pronunciations will not venture beyond a whisper.

We can feel thankful if our leanings towards Royal weaknesses don't involve us in anything worse during the Prince's visit than a pronunciation jam. It doesn't take a very long memory to recall the epidemics started by Queen Alexandra's limp, and King Edward VII's appendicitis. Compared with these, Centenary is an easy pill to swallow.—R.J.

Only Human?

HOW the dreams of childhood persist! When it comes to princes, for example, don't we all cherish a sneaking wish to have them measure up to fairy-tale standards!

Now in our midst we have a Prince who is clearly a very fine young man, with a fitting sense of the dignity of his position, and the heavy responsibility of his mission. But is that enough for us? By no means, and the manufacture of newspaper halos for the Royal visitor goes on apace.

Indeed, it comes as a rather a shock to our romantic minds to read the printed assurance of his chief of staff that "Prince Henry is a very human young man." Why will these well-meaning officials rob us so ruthlessly of our dear delusions?—K.N.

Women and Pipes

THERE will soon be no necessity to take Kipling's road to Mandalay in order to see a girl smoking a cheroot. According to a Sydney tobacconist, who has just returned from Europe, women abroad are smoking pipes and cigars, and not turning a hair over it, so to speak. He tells us that it is quite usual to see women in hotel lounges, taking in the weed through pipes studded with diamonds. Cigars known as "My Lady" are sold for sixpence each.

All this finds a certain amount of favor with Dr. E. Robertson, permanent head of the Health Commission, who declares that if women really want to smoke, then they should take to pipes and cigars "instead of these puffing cigarettes."

Women don't like to see a man lighting up a pipe at a dance here, so it does not seem likely that they themselves will take to pipes in the ballroom at least. As for cigars—what havoc they would play with lipstick!

No doubt there will be societies formed to combat the "new evil," and we shall be inundated with outbursts that will quote Kipling—"Come up like thunder . . . 'cross the bay."—C.M.

Divorce Figures Growing

NEW South Wales leads the British Empire, in proportion to its population, in the extent to which divorce legislation is availed of. Each year sees an increase in the number of petitions filed, out of all proportion to the increase in the marriage rate.

Up to the end of last week, 1725 petitions had been lodged with the Supreme Court, an increase of 250 on the number for the corresponding period of last year. Several factors may have an influence on the matter. Perhaps the principal is the fact that divorce judges now take a broader view of the discretion allowed them by the law, and grant matrimonial relief under circumstances where it would have been refused a decade ago.

Then, with the advent of better times, money is more plentiful, and people, who during the depression were unable to afford the luxury of divorce, are now in a position to finance the litigation and to face up to any alimony problems involved. In addition, the Crown has now made it possible for the poorest person to have access to the divorce courts by providing legal assistance, the only fees payable being out-of-pocket costs, which run into about £7.

So it looks as though New South Wales is in a fair way to wrest a leaf or so of the divorce laurels from Reno, U.S.A.—J.A.S.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters.



Will You Be Going to See the Prince?

By F. W. L. ESCH

"Here comes the Duke!" The people in the crowd strain forward excitedly. They have been standing for hours waiting for this brief moment of spiritual elation. The official cars drive through the cheering masses of people. The crowd has a momentary glimpse of the Duke, who smiles in a friendly manner from the Royal car, and then he disappears from view and it is all over.

WITH the removal of the barriers the crowd ceases to be a crowd any more. It becomes an assemblage of people with a lot of "Yous" and "Is." You wonder to yourself why you were so moved by your brief glimpse of the Duke, and you tell yourself that not even for the King would you stand for hours in another crowd; but you go away with loyal feelings for the Royal Family and, sure enough, next time there is a procession of this kind, you will be drawn into the throng. You will stand and cheer and feel deeply moved because you are a gregarious animal and you are no more capable of resisting the herd instinct than you are of trying to resist the instincts of self-preservation, sex, or hunger.

Do You Do This?

IF you see a lot of people staring up at something in the sky, you will not be able to pass by without also looking up. If you see a crowd running down the street in the wake of a fire engine, you will be tempted, very strongly, to follow. If you come across a collection of pedestrians gathered round a street accident you will be drawn irresistibly into the crowd. And if you were walking through the Great Australian Desert and you saw in the distance and out of your route a crowd of people all massed together, it would be beyond your capabilities to pass by without popping across to see what it was all about.

Perhaps you don't believe this. Perhaps you can pass a crowd staring at the sky without looking up; and perhaps you have never stopped to inquire into the why and wherefores of a street accident; but can you sit down in a theatre full of people who are standing to the National Anthem?

This is the last and ultimate test of the herd instinct. If you have any doubts about yourself, try it out, and if you are able to keep your seat without feeling the slightest disturbance of the emotion, then you can safely regard yourself as different to the masses, and you can go home with the reflection that you are either a potential madman or you are a potential leader.

Some Are Leaders

FREUD renames the Herd Instinct the Horde Instinct, and he says "Man is a herd animal . . . an individual creature in a horde, led by a chief."

Thus the world is made up of masses of people who like to be herded together, in crowds, with occasional individuals who hate crowds, and who either do the leading or end up in gaols, lunatic asylums, or living as hermits.

One of the modern functions of leaders of men is to provide suitable occasions upon which masses can be drawn together as a crowd and be made to realize who their leaders really are.

If this is not done periodically, the individuals in the crowd are apt to get mistaken ideas as to the real identity of the head man, as was the case recently in Canada, where the crowd and the Mayor turned out to greet Mary Pickford instead of the Governor-General who had arranged to visit a certain town the same day as the film star.

And so by turning out to cheer the Prince as he passes on his triumphal tour of Australia you are doing what is natural and good for you as a unit in that greatest of all herds, the British Empire.

Console yourself, should you blush at this display of primal emotion, by the realisation that in being an enthusiastic member of this particular herd, you are backing the finest institution for law and order and world peace which ever existed and that, as herds go, this herd upon which the sun never sets takes a lot of beating.



CAPTAIN ARTHUR CURTIS, C.M.G., C.V.O.—who is private secretary to the Duke of Gloucester during his tour in Australia and New Zealand.

LET'S Get Married



IT'S one thing to lose your job when you have a sockful in the bank; another thing to be let go when you owe your two weeks wages to the landlady; but it's the same of course to be sacked on the very day on which you have planned to be married, when the chief hope of happiness in your marriage depends on the weekly pay envelope. And Margery Holt had received the fatal sentence at eleven o'clock, at two o'clock she and Harris Kendall—

A Complete Short Story

THE red rug in Mr. Forsman's office seemed to heave and whirl under her feet. The room rolled around Mr. Forsman's bald and shiny head and she heard his voice—"so terribly sorry—deepest satisfaction—when things get better—first-class recommendations"—as if she were deep down in a valley and he a mile up on a cliff. She took a mighty grip of herself. She mustn't lose her nerve now. She would need all her courage, all her wits about her. Bravely she shook hands with Mr. Forsman, got her two weeks' pay from the cashier and said farewell to the Regal Advertising Agency—just another girl out of work.

She tried to laugh it off, to make a joke of it. Her heart felt like a stone. She'd have to tell Harris at once that she couldn't marry him. They'd have to postpone it for a while, maybe a year—maybe, she choked on the thought, for longer than that. So many things might happen. Harris had come so suddenly so gallantly into her life, sweeping her off her feet, sweeping her right to the altar. Neither of them made much money; they had planned to pool their pay envelopes, but now the loss of her four pounds a week would put the lid on things. Oh, darn! Oh, worse than darn!

Margery hurried along with the Saturday morning crowd. Lovely, lovely spring morning; the sky beyond the city was clear and bright; out in the country, where they had planned to go for a week-end honeymoon, a big moon—the moon—would sail over the starlit fields and bounce from tree-top

My Favorite Poem

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wait not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendours that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never mind a moment yet to come.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—Walter Malone.
Sent in by Mrs. W. F. Taylor, Cullwaa, N.S.W.

to tree-top, following them all the way; sweet scents would float down on the cool night wind and she would be transported in Harris's old car, his arm about her, joyous as a goddess in a golden chariot. One week-end, then back to work. And Harris living in her flat, with the added dignity and expense of a sitting-room. How they had worked, and planned and dreamed—

She couldn't tell him, couldn't throw away her happiness just because she'd lost her job. No. She could not. Why, her wedding two-piece was home on the bed waiting for her—a lovely thing that she had saved for months to buy,

Illustrated By FISCHER

the ring was bought, the banns had been published, the minister expected them. And the little early supper—

Margery shut her lips tightly, blinked her eyes, that the tears seemed to make darker and lovelier, and squared her shoulders. This was her wedding-day, not even the omnipotent depression had any right to butt in on it.

AT Torben Hunter's delicatessen shop she had ordered ham and sausages and a roast chicken, with all the trimmings. She had paid for them. She was going to get them. She was going to have her wedding and her wedding-feast. She just wouldn't tell Harris until it was all over. May-be he'd scold. She didn't care. And he was a tower of strength—so gay, so carefree, so prodigal of youth and love. To-night his arms would be tight about her, his dark head on her shoulder. She could get another job, perhaps. They were pretty scarce though, and if she didn't get one they'd have a tough time of it.

Margery refused to think of the future. To-day was hers, let the to-morrows take care of themselves. In front of the delicatessen shop she stopped to look at the window display. She smiled. For a year she had been coming to the little shop, and a friend, ship had sprung up between her and Torben Hunter, who was a Dane, and said, "Uh-yeah," and "No-o-o" and not much else. But Margery, who had a flair for display advertising, had laid

down the law to him, told him how he should have his store laid out and his goods displayed. For a year he had merely said, "Uh-yeah," and grinned stolidly, but to-day the shop was transformed. He must have thought Margery made a note of every single thing she said to him. Even the green and black linoleum was on the floor in place of sawdust, even the gay little green dishes she had suggested were there in place of the dingy grey enamel.

Delighted, she went in. Torben was resplendent in a new apron and cap. He grinned at her. He looked like the figure-head of a Viking ship.

"So, you've done what I told you at last," said Margery. "It's great. It's a knockout!"

"Uh-yeah. Nice, eh?"

"Marvellous."

Unconsciously he handed her a brown basket full of her bundles. He said no more. But when she got home to the gay little flat, she found another basket there, with lovely roses in it and wine and chocolates and a card with the one word, "Thanks." Other flowers and gifts, too. She cried with happiness. Splendid old fellow. She hoped his business would boom.

She must think of some more improvements for him. Not now. She must hurry. Harris would be along in

an hour. She must keep so busy that she wouldn't think what she was doing, wouldn't remember that she had no job and had no business to get married to a young fellow who was making barely enough for himself. She was greedy of her happiness, she told herself. She would not surrender it, nor even postpone it.

SHE sang gaily in her bath and sniffed with zest the clean, fresh scent of the bath-salts. Her bath—strange to think of Harris being here, racing her for the privilege, just to-morrow. It was like a dream, a dream that it was hard now to make real. Oh, why think of that again. She was going to make it real.

She splashed out of the bath and dressed quickly, carefully. When Harris came she was ready, in the gay blue dress, her dark brown hair waved close to her head, her eyes bright, her mouth a little red sign of eager longing, the flowers Harris had sent held in her arms. Gently he took them from her and put his arms about her, bending his head to press his cheek to hers. She clung to him, tight. She cried a little. If only it had not happened, if only she had her job, the security of her money. What would

A Story of a Fifty-Fifty Marriage . . . and Its Sequel.

By Louis A. Cunningham

they do without it? She must not think—

"Happy?" said Harris. He was tall, dark, his smile was contagious. You couldn't feel down or worried when he was near.

"I never knew I could be so happy," she said, her voice trembling. "It's too—too much."

"It's nothing, Marge. There's much more in store for us."

There was, she thought, if he only knew! A surprise—and not such a happy one—in store for him.

"All we have to do, dear," he went on, "is to trust in our love, to put it above everything else in life, to make it matter more than the whole world."

"Yes," she said eagerly. "That's it."

That was what she had done, put their love even above the matter of having enough money to live on. And he believed in that. For a moment she was tempted to tell him the truth, but he looked so carefree, so gallant, that she could not spoil his hour as hers had been spoiled.

"Come on, Marge," Harris looked at his watch. "Let's get married."

"O.K.," she laughed. "Let's!"

THEN, in the ecstasy of living a dream, Margery forgot all else save this wonder, this bliss, Jimmy Cotter and Enid James were witnesses for them. Jimmy, Marge knew, was out of a job. He used to work with Harris. Poor chap he looked thin and tired, but his smile was bright, his laughter gay at the little supper later on, in the little flat that now belonged to the Kendalls. How lovely it all was, the red candles softly lighting the little

table drawn up before the brightly-blazing fire, the gay blue and white china, the roses, looking like flowers of wax, the miniature bride and bridegroom, the modest cake. Harris sat beside her, touching her hand, gazing deep into her eyes—and she was cheating, going under false pretences, going into a partnership in which she could not keep her end up.

"Why so pensive, Marge?" Harris aroused her from a waking nightmare of

fear.

"It's nothing," she said. "Everything is so lovely to-day, so like what we dreamed—"

"—And always," he said with a grave look in his eyes. "You must begin our married life with the conviction that as we are to-day, so we will always be. Nothing must spoil it for us and nothing will, if we each do our part."

Margery held his hand tightly and smiled at the gay, envious teasing of Jimmy Cotter and Enid. They had been engaged for quite a while those two, but Jimmy was without a job, and there was no prospect of marriage for some time to come.

"Lucky couple," said Jimmy. "If both of us were working—eh, End?"

"And how! But there has to be two heads to every family, with the wages going now. Good luck, Marge and Harris."

"The best!" echoed Jimmy.

Shortly afterwards they were driving away under the magic moon, Harris's old bus humming valiantly, the bright moonlight transforming its faded paint to silver. Out upon the smooth white country roads, up tree-clad hills and down into valleys of twinkling lights, she and Harris, beginning life together. Just for this week-end she would forget—forget that they'd spent nearly every penny they'd saved to buy extra furniture for the flat and things for their wedding, forget that the future looked pretty dark for her, dark with the fear that she might fail him, might be a burden upon him.

He made her forget. At a quarter to nine on Monday morning, they were back in the city. Harris dropped her outside the Regal Advertising Agency.

"See you at five, Marge," he said gaily. "We have enough left from the wedding-orgy to feed us for a week."

Married—each had a secret

"Uh-yeah, thank you."

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Please turn to Page 42

HURRY--Last Few Days

\$1000 AIR RACE COMPETITION

1st PRIZE	£500
2nd PRIZE	£150
3rd PRIZE	£100
4th PRIZE	£50
5th PRIZE	£25
100 Poles of £1	£100
Each	£1
5 Special Early Entry	£250 Each
Prizes of £250 Each	£250

These early entry prizes are to be awarded to the competitor who submitted the nearest correct estimate of the time during weeks ending 2nd Sept., 20th Sept., and 4th Oct.



See also particulars of special daily prizes.

£1000 Has Been Lodged with the Bank of Australasia as a Guarantee

Estimate the time the Winner of the Centenary

Air Race will take, and win a Big Prize

This Competition is under the auspices of the Housewives' Assn. of Victoria, and 25 per cent. of Net proceeds are to aid the State Committee for the treatment of Cancer.

This competition will be conducted under the continuous supervision of the Auditor, Alfred Douglas Burgoyne, A.I.C.A., Licensed Companies' Auditor, of D. R. Casey & Burgoyne, Public Accountants, of 80 Swanston Street, Melbourne. All entries will be consecutively numbered, stamped by the Auditor, and opened in the presence of the Auditor or his representative.

For conditions see this paper, 29/9/34. Send in your entries now. Remember the special early entry prizes.

108 Cash Prizes for Nearest Times

Competitors are advised to watch the daily papers for reports re flying range, maximum speeds and cruising speeds of all planes in the Air Speed Race.

Sir Charles Kingsford Smith took 7 days, 4 hours, 32 minutes on his fastest flight from England to Australia.

Flight-Lieutenant C. T. P. Olin's time was 6 days, 17 hours, 56 minutes.

520 ADDITIONAL PRIZES FOR EARLY ENTRIES

Each day, commencing this week until the end of competition, October 20, an additional prize of £1 each will be awarded for the nearest correct entry received.

CUT OUT AND SEND THIS COUPON NOW.
Entries on Plain Paper Accepted—TEST YOUR SKILL.

\$1000 AIR RACE COMPETITION—COUPON

In my judgment the time taken by the winner of the International Air Race will be:

	Days	Hours	Mins.
1. Entry 6d.			
2. Entries 1/-			
3. Entries 1/6			
4. Entries 2/-			
5. Entries 2/6			
6. Entries 3/-			

I (NAME)

ADDRESS

I hereby agree to accept the Judge's decision as final and legally binding, W.V. 11/10/34.

Send Entries to—AIR RACE COMPETITION
1st FLOOR, STRAND BLDG., 61 ELIZABETH ST., MELBOURNE, VIC.
Entries may be left at the Kiosk Newspaper House, Melbourne.

AGAIN—The CAPITOL SCOOPS the MARKET!

Completely and startlingly different from anything she has ever done!

Katharine HEPBURN



ROBERT YOUNG
RALPH BELLAMY

The amazing Hepburn at her best!

SPITFIRE

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With the English Artist,
JANE WOOD

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON



A Doctor Finds Theories Do Not Always Work Out

There are some situations, however simple they may seem, that even a noted psychiatrist cannot fathom.

Emotions and loyalties that are not tabulated can play their part in many human dramas, as Miss Eliot shows us in her novel, "Green Doors."

DR. LEWIS PRYNE, the noted psychiatrist, undertakes one of his most difficult cases when he responds to the request of Mrs. Lowell Farwell, wife of a famous novelist, to psychoanalyse her stepdaughter, Petra.

The case presented few of the usual difficulties, but Dr. Pryne was handicapped because he found himself taking more than a professional interest in the girl.

Petra Farwell was a usual girl, and had had an unusual upbringing. Dr. Pryne had seen her on one occasion when he had been called in by her father to attend his previous, and, incidentally, his second, wife. The memory of the beautiful schoolgirl and the friend, Teresa Kerr, who was with her in the room, had ever remained with him, so that he approached his task with a certain amount of interest.

The situation at Green Doors, where the Farwells lived, was easily understood by the doctor.

Clare, the novelist's third wife, beautiful, vain, and something of a philanthropist, adopted a pose of saccharine affection for her stepdaughter and kept her in bondage by methods known only to a subtle, clever woman.

But Petra had reasons of her own for submitting to that bondage, but the reader does not learn of these until the conclusion of the story.

Her Career

Petra tells Dr. Pryne of her desire for a career, and as a first step in promoting the happiness that she feels sure is essential for her wellbeing she offers her a post as assistant to his secretary at his consulting-rooms.

She proves quite adept at her new tasks, but forever she is presenting herself in a false light.

She will avoid the truth, without directly lying, and Dr. Pryne has many heartbreaking moments when he suspects her of some unknown duplicity.

DR. PRYNE'S consulting-rooms represent quite a little world of their own. They yield stories of suffering, of hope, of defeat and conquest, and the characters concerned reappear throughout the book.

SHORT... REVIEWS

"MR. BOBADIL" Francis Beeding.

A story of Spain, with lots of Moroccan sheikhs with unpronounceable names, and the long lost treasures of the late Sultan of Granada. It would seem that no treasures on earth were worth the trouble Cicely Hewitt and the members of the search party went through, but they were successful in their quest, and the surprise comes when the treasure is found. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.)

"INDIAN SUMMER OF A FORSYTE."

John Galsworthy. This little story, typical of John Galsworthy at his best, has been published in Australia by Angus & Robertson. In an edition that is uniform with a previous publication, "The Apple Tree." It is a story of charm, and fine craftsmanship.

"HAIL VICTORIA." Kathleen Ussher.

A pleasing addition to the numerous histories that have been inspired by the Melbourne Centenary is Kathleen Ussher's "Hail Victoria." She deals with people, more than with places, beginning with Edward Henty, and taking in Melba, Henry Handel Richardson, Stanley M. Bruce, and numbers of people associated with literature, politics, industry, art, music, and trade. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5/-.)

"THE LONG DAY CLOSING." Beatrice Tunstall.

The chronicle of Christopher Churehe, serving-man and Jack-of-all-trades to the Squire of Starmont, and dealing with the times of Dick Turpin and of Gulloden. The tale is one of adventure and daring. "The love of number and man for the same maid gives rise to many tragic happenings; and there is a deep undercurrent of intrigue arising out of the conflict of opposing claims to the throne of England." (Heinemann. Our copy Swains.)

Unconventional Love Story

"FIRST PASSION." Elliot Crawshaw-Williams. The title is the finger-post to the long and dreary way that Ann Sylvester travelled on the road of love.

Ann fell in love with a man who was already married. She forced issues between them, although the man tried to dissuade her, warning her of the long train of misery that invariably resulted from such liaisons. The man stood by Ann when her parents discovered the relationship between them. After appealing unsuccessfully to his wife to divorce him, Michael went and lived openly with Ann, and though they knew great happiness there remained the constant cloud that is inseparable from an unconventional union.

On the day that Ann decided to tell Michael that she was to become a mother his wife came to see her. She challenged Ann to a test of Michael's love, declaring that, despite the things he had done, his love had never been truly hers. Ann agrees to be the unseen listener to a conversation between Michael and Diana. Michael, in that interview with his wife, admits his love for her, but declares his loyalty to Ann, and his continued desire for a divorce so that he might marry her. Ann's love is unselfish, and she desires Michael's happiness beyond everything else. She uses drastic measures to persuade him that she has grown tired of their life together and, without telling him of the advent of the child, she departs from the flat. Ann finds some compensation in the son that is born to her, and a certain happiness that draws its supplies from the well of memory. (John Long. Our copy, Swains.)



Drink delicious 'Ovaltine'
and forget your NERVES

THOSE frayed nerves, that depress you by day and deprive you of sleep at night, are starved nerves. They need an abundance of nerve-restoring nutriment, which is not present in your ordinary daily dietary.

What you need is "Ovaltine." This delicious beverage is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, and is especially rich in the natural food elements necessary to build up and maintain the health of the nervous system.

Unlike imitations, "Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and reduce the cost. Nor does it contain Starch. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

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LOWER Joins in the Unveiling FASHION

His Story Starts with Dominoes and Ends in Fragments

I was saying to my equerry only the other day that this ceaseless round is slaying me. Just one social engagement after another.

I just get settled down to a quiet game of dominoes in the back parlor of the wine saloon and in comes my aide and says I've got to open something or unveil something.

If I was holding a double six I couldn't get rid of it, I wouldn't mind so much, but he always comes in just when I'm right on top of the game. One of these days I shall attend one of these opening functions and declare everything officially shut, including the local Mayor. That'll trick 'em.

Anyhow, I suppose you've got troubles of your own, and don't want to be worried with mine, dearie. (We always call each other dearie in the back parlor).

What I wanted to tell you was that I'm very worried about Wep.

Just look at the picture above. All I said to him was that I was not sure what I would write about this week, and he said, "Oh, that's all right! Look at it! I ask you! Anyhow, never let it be said that Mrs. Lower reared a dingo. I've stopped at an exciting stage of our domino championship to tell you this story.

THERE once was a Roman public servant (on your left) who was considering whether to carve a piece off a woman whom he suspected of being untrue to him. Her husband, an ex-

jockey, heard about it . . . ah, what's the use? I'll tell you about the two people in front. The man's name is H. J. Cranbrooke. The lady is Mrs. R. Taffwright. Cranbrooke is a buyer of old gold, and is not quite convinced that Mrs. Taffwright has no old gold, and is attempting to have a look at her teeth for traces of gold fillings. "Can you see the point of this choice?" he asked. "I have no old gold?" she replied stubbornly. "Very well, then," rasped Cranbrooke. "I have in my possession a number of damning letters written by you when a girl. What are you going to do about it?"

"Sir!" gasped Mrs. Taffwright. "I shall call the fire brigade if you do not leave the house immediately. Beat it! I would be alone." "Not so fast, my lady," he sneered. "Do you remember a certain night in June . . . Ah! you blanch! You quiver! You sway! Don't you try to put any of that blame-mange stuff over on me. I've seen all those Mae West pictures." She turned to the fireman (on your right). "If you are a man and not a cur," she roared, "You will give me a drink out of that watering can."

But the fireman needed the water for the pigs, or dogs, or whatever they are (next to the flower pot) and ignored her.

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated By WEP



"Can you see the point of this choice," rasped Cranbrooke.

MEANWHILE the ex-jockey was rapidly getting closer to the scene of the contemplated outrage on the left, and the two girls on the right were hailing an elephant driver (1/- flagfall and 6d a mile) in order to go somewhere.

This was the only way they had of getting past the elephant unless they crawled through the tunnel under the elephant (just behind Mr. Cranbrooke's back), which would have been undignified.

"Curse you!" shrieked Cranbrooke. "You have ruined my life! We will die together!"

But the elephant never forgets. Years before, Cranbrooke had offended the elephant, which had thereupon seized his hat after Cranbrooke had made his escape, and went around trying the hat on people. He tried it on Cran-

broke, first removing the tin of molasses you see him in now, and the hat fitted. Screaming with rage, the elephant picked up the seconded, Cranbrooke, and dashed him to the ground and jumped on him. Puffed up with pride and elated by its victory, the elephant then turned on the two firemen and strangled them. It gored the Roman public servant to death, flattened the ex-jockey's wife, ate

the dogs (or pigs) and then fell backwards on the two girls. The ex-jockey's plane crashed on top of the elephant and in no time the scene was just a smoking ruin.

I think this just about cleans it up; but, believe me, if Wep ever does this to me again I'll throw this job in and become a male impersonator. There's more money in it and it's less trouble. Now I'm going back to my dominoes.

The TWO-TRICK Double RULE

By ELY CULBERTSON

The penalty double is the most powerful weapon in all contract bridge. The whole object of the game is to acquire more points than the opponents, and while a series of games and rubbers are very nice, the greatest number of points are acquired in the long run through the judicious use of penalty doubles—particularly when the opponents are vulnerable.

It does not follow, however, that these doubles can be made indiscriminately, as the opponents also have a very powerful weapon at their command, namely, the redouble.

It is absolutely essential to have a fair degree of certainty that a contract will be defeated. This is the reason for the existence of the Culbertson two-trick penalty double rule.

This means that a player should count the number of tricks in his own hand and those which he can logically expect from partner on the bidding, and double whenever it seems likely that the adverse contract will be defeated at least two tricks.

A one-trick margin is not sufficient, on account of the fact that the opponents will have a one-trick advantage due to their ability to see both hands.

In counting tricks for a penalty double, only honor tricks and trump tricks are counted. Long-suit tricks and possibly ruffing tricks cannot be considered because of the uncertainty of their nature. The honor tricks held by both sides can readily be determined through an application of the rule of eight. The trump tricks are much harder to determine; their value varies considerably, according to their position—that is, the question of whether the adverse trump strength is located in front of or behind the declarer may make a considerable difference.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the largest penalties are obtained by doubling low contracts of one or two—not by doubling high contracts, for when the opponents bid cheerfully up to a contract of four and five-odd, they must hold somewhere near their values.

Moreover, a preponderance of honor tricks in one of the defensive hands may not be sufficient grounds on which to double, as it may develop that the opponents are bidding chiefly on distributional values.

When the bidding is at the range of

one or two, however, the opponents have been unable to find out anything about the fit or misfit of their hands, and consequently may be unable to extricate themselves from a very precarious position.

As an example of this, suppose that the bidding were opened with one spade and second hand overcalled with two diamonds, the following hand would be an ideal double:

S-4 3. H-A K 2. D-Q 10 9 8 6. C-J 7 6.

It seems as though three trump tricks must certainly be taken and also two heart tricks; moreover, partner's opening bid guarantees at least two defensive tricks, and probably more. Consequently, the hand at the very least may be penalized two tricks, and there is an excellent chance for a four or five-trick penalty if the opponents' bid turns out to have been unsound.

Even doubles of one may occasionally be very profitable, as, for example: If partner opens with a bid of one heart and second hand overcalls with one

spade, a double of one spade is bound to prove highly profitable, holding the following:

S-K J 9 7 4. H-J 4. D-A 10 2. C-9 4.

As a matter of fact, if the defence plays correctly a player can even make six tricks in his own hand.

It is not wise to double a game contract on a very close margin when a doubtful trick in trumps is held. For example, if the bidding should go:

South	North
1 H.	2 C.
2 H.	3 H.
4 H.	

a double with the following hand would be positively suicidal.

S-A 6 2. H-Q 9 5. D-A K J 3. C-K 4 3.

The chances are that the Ace and King of diamonds and the Ace of spades will take tricks, but the King of clubs is obviously located unfavorably, so that the only possible setting trick is the Queen of hearts. The double exposes the location of this card to the declarer, and thus tells him in what direction to finesse for it; without the double, the finesse would be sheer guesswork, and if declarer and his partner held nine cards between them, they would probably play for the drop.

As a matter of fact, it is sometimes possible to double-cross the opponents on exactly the theory which I described above. Many experts double with a good hand on a singleton trump, hoping that the declarer will misguess the trumps. Such tactics are recommended only to advanced players, however.

(Copyright)

Nine Years Old and Spends £1000 a Month!

By Air Mail.

HOW would you like to have £1000 a month pocket-money? That is the good fortune of Miss Lucy Thomas, a nine-year-old New York schoolgirl, who spends £250 a week on herself.

These are a few items of her weekly budget:

Hotel rent, £75 a week.
Salaries of chauffeur and maid, £13.
Toys, £15 a month.
Country club, monthly subscription, £50.
Massage, just a pound a week.
Saturday's grocery bills account for

another £13—including her supplies of caviare, artichokes, pate de foie gras, and escargots.

Her piano needs £30 a month to keep it clean and in tune.

Wall draperies cost her £10 each week, although the telephone takes only a couple of pounds.

Lucy inherited her fortune of nearly half a million sterling from her father, Mr. E. Russell Thomas, a well-known American sportsman.

These astonishing accounts have been filed by her mother, who is petitioning for a reduction of the £60,000 she had to deposit with the Courts to cover her acts as guardian.



Financing
Australia's Trade
Throughout the World

PRACTICALLY the whole of Australia's great export and import trade is financed by the Trading Banks.

Wool, wheat and other products sold to buyers in Great Britain, Italy, Japan and other countries are paid for by the Banks in Australian currency when shipped from Australian Ports, the Banks collecting payment in British or foreign currency after the shipments reach their destination.

For goods valued at, say, 100 British pounds a Bank pays the Australian Producer 125 Australian pounds. The 100 British pounds, when received, become part of that Bank's London funds and in due course are made available to an Australian importer who requires funds in London to pay for imports. The importer pays 125 Australian pounds for the 100 British pounds in London.

Thus the Bank's gross profit on the buying and selling transaction is 10/- in Australian currency of which a considerable proportion is paid away in salaries and office expenses.

This is one of the many services rendered to producers, merchants and the community generally by the Australian Trading Banks.

Bank of New South Wales

54C.

Jantzen Buy any of the Jantzen Costumes on the Fashion Page (9) from the Main Jantzen Store...

ASHDOWN'S "The JANTZEN King"

Wise women realise that to show their figure to perfection on the Beach, only Jantzen can give the desired effect... and you, like thousands of other particular women, will buy your new Jantzen at Ashdown's, the Jantzen King, because there, and there only, can you select from the full range of colours, sizes, and styles sponsored by Jantzen... the swim suit that is more popular than ever.

This applies to Jantzens for men and kiddies, too.

STATE YOUR WEIGHT IF YOU ORDER BY MAIL.

See the 1934-5
Jantzen "3inOne"
22'.



Mail Orders
Promptly
Filled. Write
for Jantzen
Catalogue.

Ashdown's Chic "Basque Kerchief"

This style is exclusively Jantzen, and Ashdown's have the full range of colours and sizes. The smart beach girl in her flashing open-air life, demands the ultra modern in beach costumes... the Basque Kerchief more than meets the demand... it creates a new standard in beach suit styles... and is being rushed by surf girls who have found in it the fullest expression of their ideal surf suit.

25'.

A two-piece suit, it has skirted trunks and a kerchief styled upper, with a basque striped effect. The border band ties in a bow at the back on the waist line, allowing an adjustable fit. Colours are Bahama and White, Cardinal and White, Pagan and White, Black and White. Small women's size, 25/-; Women's, 26/-; 2 lbs. and over, 27/6.



Ashdown's Alluring "Cordaire" Jantzens

New... different... distinctive... like all Jantzen swim suits at Ashdown's, this "Cordaire" style enhances the beauty of the figure and is a delight to wear.

The contrasting cord on this new creation gives a very striking effect. The detached skirt allows a perfect-fitting one-piece suit, ideal for wear under shorts or slacks. The necklaces permits adjustment of suit for length, and allows full exposure of the back for sun bathing.

Snug fitting around the back and bust is assured by Jantzen's patented draw cord feature.

Colours are Black with White cord, Nile Green with Black and White cord. Small women's, 22/-; Women's, 23/6. White with Black and White cord, 1/6 extra.

ASHDOWN'S
134 PITT ST. (2 doors from King St.) SYDNEY

Also at Bondi Junction and Leichhardt.

(Trevor)



ALICE DELYSIA, who will open her Sydney season at the New Tivoli on Saturday (October 13), in "Mother of Pearl."

ALICE DELYSIA for New Tivoli SEASON!

Alice Delysia, "the highest paid musical comedy artist ever brought to Australia," has arrived in Sydney and opens at the New Tivoli on Saturday (October 13) in "Mother of Pearl," the famous comedy written by A. P. Herbert, with music by Oscar Strauss. Sydney may well be expected to sit up and take notice of this news.

BUT judging from experience, even if all this glamour were missing and Delysia just an unknown name, so charming is her art, so exquisite her appearance, and so unusual and vivid her personality, that one feels sure that Sydney would soon sit up and take notice in any case.

Alice Delysia is a mass of the most satisfying contradictions. When travelling to Australia she thought nothing of rising at 4 a.m. for a jaunt ashore, and of pacing the decks in a raging gale, and when a schoolgirl she was the champion walker of Paris. Yet on the stage she is the acme of sophisticated allure and sensuous beauty, so that one would imagine her whole life must be spent lounging gracefully on cushions under shaded lights.

Her appearance, too, is contradictory. For years she has not touched her face cream or powder for daytime use, yet her eyes are heavily lidded with blue, her eyebrows pencilled, and her lips, nails, and toenails varnished. Even with a tailored costume she wears her exotic snake anklet.

"Yes, it is for chic!" says she. "I am not superstitious, like most of us on the stage. I believe in God, so I do not need a mascot." Her figure is perfect, and that of a slim young girl, yet dieting is just a word to her.

WHEN house-hunting in Melbourne—for Delysia prefers a flat to an hotel, and is a splendid cook—she said to her escort, "No, this one will not do. There is no room for my dogs."

"But I didn't know you had any dogs," said he. "Oh, I haven't yet, but I soon will have—four, or maybe five. I collect them wherever I go, for the two things I could never live without are dogs and flowers."

And, while babies and dogs are not exactly on the same par, one remembers that during the war Delysia's dressing-room was usually occupied by one or more of the babies she adopted. Two of these have remained in her care, and one is now a leading soubrette in France.

Delysia wants to see our bush, as well as our cities. "Because, you see, I have promised to bring back kangaroos and bears to my friends in England." When told that our bears die unless fed on a certain kind of gumleaf, Delysia replied: "That is all right then. I will take the gum trees back as well." Those who know her say she most probably will.

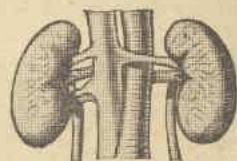
Delysia has two homes, one in London and one in Paris. As her favorite colors are blue and yellow, her Biarritz home is blue and yellow throughout, even to the cocktail bar. This same cocktail bar, by the way, may soon hold some of our wines, for Delysia praises them highly.

DELYSIA'S generosity is amazing. For 20 years associated with Cochrane, who "discovered" her, they never had one written contract, and never the slightest quarrel, and, on his business troubles becoming acute, she offered him her wealth to carry on with.

It is strange that Delysia's visit should occur at the same time as that of the Duke of Gloucester. For Delysia "adores" Royalty. She gives all the allegiance of a faithful subject to the Duke of Orleans, and passionately hopes that some day he may become King, and France no longer be a republic. If this

HORT Holbrook says: I brew a special vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called "Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar."

BACKACHE starts here



STOP IT NATURE'S OWN WAY

IMPURITIES and clogging waste matter in the kidneys are the root-cause of agonising backache. Relief can only be obtained by drinking alkaline mineral water, which thoroughly flushes the kidneys free of these pain-causing impurities. The effect is marvellous—pain is quickly banished—you forget you ever had backache! Drink before breakfast every morning a half-tumbler of water with a little 'Alkia Saltrates' added; this reproduces the essential constituents of the world-famous mineral water spas and acts at once to cleanse kidneys and the entire system. The pain must naturally disappear with the acids and toxins which cause them. You can get 'Alkia Saltrates' from any chemist. Start the treatment to-day—you'll soon find relief from persistent backache. Price 3/3 per bottle.

ALKIA SALTRATES

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination—Swift.

NEW LARGE SWIMMING POOL PROMENADE & PICNIC GROUND at CLIFTON GARDENS



This Summer
PICNIC
AND
SWIM
AT

THE popular Clifton Gardens baths and the former protected bathing enclosure have been combined to form a new, magnificent swimming area over three hundred feet in length by two hundred feet wide, surrounded by a promenade and equipped with springboards and floats. The picnic area has been levelled and beautified, and shade shelters erected. Fifteen acres of glorious picnic space and bushland! Cheap Fares—Adults 4d; Children 1d, each way. Ferries from No. 4 Jetty, Circular Quay, regularly.

Sydney Ferries Limited.

CLIFTON GARDENS

FERRIES FROM NO. 4 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY

If you don't want a heavy lunch try

Peck's
ANCHOVETTE
FISH PASTE



For a milder flavour ask for Peck's Salmon & Shrimp

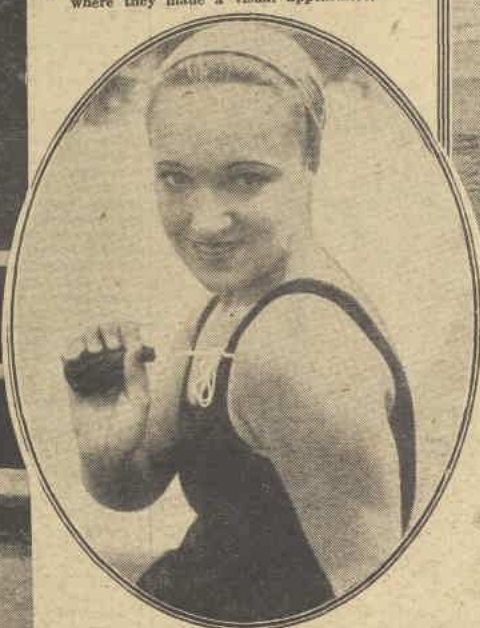
Some New Ideas for the Beach This Season



DANCING ON THE SAND. A study in light and shade and beauty of the Eight Step Sisters, British radio performers who have been heard but not seen. Worthing was the first beach where they made a visual appearance.



VOLLEYBALL is a new beach game introduced at continental seaside resorts. It requires a great deal of skill, and of course a knowledge of how to run about on stilts. A few games of this kind on Australian beaches would help to brighten things up.



AN ENGLISH GIRL shows an idea which may yet be enforced on all beaches. It is the latest thing in pocket life savers. In the small balloon attached to the girl's costume is a phial, which when squeezed and broken releases a gas which blows up the balloon. An adult can be kept afloat in this way for several hours.



NOW WHY DOESN'T someone start something like this in Australia. Kyak racing on a Californian beach. St. Kilda has its Canoe Club, we know, and Manly has tried to introduce canoeing on the harbor side, but the little kyak has yet to make its appearance.

THE NEWEST THING in bathing attire. Unlike many of the other novel suggestions for beach use on this page, the one above is not likely to be exploited on Australian beaches for some time. Whatever one's views may be, one cannot deny that this particular girl looks very nice. The hat and sandals are worth noting. They are quite safe to copy.



HERE IS SOMETHING for those hot, sunny days when it is pleasant to stay in the water for long periods. You can lie in the sea and sunbake at the same time with these rubber balloon floats which pack up into a small suitcase.



A REALLY PRACTICAL INVENTION for surfers who like to have a game of cards on the beach. These light, portable tables can be folded up and carried easily. They have green tops, and straps to hold the cards in place and prevent them being blown away by sea breezes. Note the trunks only for men. It is the thing everywhere abroad.



RUBBER PADDLES as an aid to swimmers. Invented by an American, they are most useful for propelling surfboards out beyond the breakers. Who knows, but that this idea may revolutionise swimming and lead to the breaking of new speed records. Make yourself a pair and try them this summer.

The "PERFECT" Wave Setter as used by Leading Hairdressers



WAVE your own hair at home in the shortest possible time by using this marvellous "Perfect" wave setter, which is used by leading hairdressers. (No setting lotion required.)

Some of the advantages of this Wave Setter (which are protected by patent application) are THE SPECIAL SETTING OF THE TEETH, WHICH ASSURES A MAXIMUM OF COMFORT TO THE WEARER, AND MAKES A FIRM WAVE, AND THE WIDER OPENING SPACE, WHICH AFFORDS DEEPER WAVES AND ENABLES IT TO BE EASILY REMOVED.

GUARANTEE

The "Perfect" Wave Setter is the only article of its kind sold with a guarantee not to split or damage the hair or scalp in any way. It is the CHEAPEST, so why pay more for inferior substitutes?

Obtainable in all stores throughout Australia and New Zealand. Be sure it is a "PERFECT" WAVE SETTER you get, and you will enjoy perfect waves at all times.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS FOR N.S.W.
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Things That Happen

TOLD BY
READERS

"Call Me Bill"

A FRIEND of mine, while buying fruit at a barrow, mentioned that she always liked to help the barrowmen, only she had been had so often by them.

Imagine her surprise when the man said, "When you come to buy from me, call me 'Bill' and I will know you are a regular, and will serve you well."—N.K.

Dad Did Not Agree

MY sister was teaching at a rural school in our district, and spent an hour one afternoon giving a lesson on manners. She explained the simple courtesies in everyday life and also table etiquette.

The next day she was approached by one of her pupils, who said: "Please, teacher, you know that lesson you gave us yesterday on manners, well Dad says 'that is all tommy rot!'"—M.D.

From White to Black

A NEIGHBOR of ours owned a white dog, which he used among his sheep. But, declaring that the dog frightened the sheep because of its white coat, he procured a packet of dye and dyed the unfortunate animal black.—D.D.

Keen "News Sense"

AS I was walking along Rundle St. a few weeks ago, I saw a small fire in a shoe shop. Of course the usual crowd of onlookers had gathered, including a small child selling papers. He was quite close to me, lustily crying his wares, when all at once he darted across the road simply yelling "Fire you are, paper, paper, all about the fire in Rundle St."—L.L.M.

Back to Front

A FRIEND of mine found her magpie with its leg broken, and did her best to set it with the aid of some fine splints. Soon the bird began to walk, although not quite as before. She had set the foot the wrong way round.—A.R.

Impromptu Pickpocket

MY father was a very heavy smoker, and mother found it difficult to keep a box of matches in the stand on the stove. On one occasion when father happened to be home from work, he walked into the kitchen and took the only box mother had left. When mother went to light the stove there was not a match to be found.

Going into the garden to find father, she couldn't see him anywhere but, seeing a coat slung on the fence, she investigated all the pockets, turning out and examining every object she found. All of a sudden she had a feeling that she was being watched. On looking up she noticed that in a paddock next door to our place there were three men clearing off weeds.

Mother found, to her great embarrassment, she had been going through a perfect stranger's coat pockets. Moreover, throughout the performance he had been watching her.—G.E.R.

Women's Weekly Sessions on 2GB

Day Sessions by Dorothea Vautier.

FRIDAY.—11.45 a.m., featured talk and music. 3.30 p.m., "From Far and Near," news items from abroad.

SATURDAY.—9.15-9.45, Celebrity recital conducted by "Discobolus."

SUNDAY.—9.15-9.45, "Billy Jones and Ernie Hart," world entertainers.

MONDAY.—11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight," "From Far and Near."

TUESDAY.—11.45 a.m., So They Say topics. 3.30 p.m., musical personalities.

WEDNESDAY.—11.45 a.m., "What the World is Reading," 3.30 p.m., music and featured talk.

THURSDAY.—11.45 a.m., Highlights of The Australian Women's Weekly. 3.30 p.m., So They Say topics.

Dog Was Immune

DINGO bats are issued by the Government to the farmers of our district. Unfortunately, nine times out of ten the domestic dogs are poisoned, one half being sufficient to kill the animal. However, a neighboring farmer had a useless dog he did not want. Instead of shooting it, he gave it three Government bails one night.

Next morning he was astounded to see the intended victim playing energetically in the garden.—F.H.

"Good Morning, Brother Sunshine"

WALKING down the road at 7 one frosty morning, I met a plump boy of 21 years, stark naked except for his father's hat. He was dragging a lawn mower down the main street of our up-to-date country town.—J.B.E.

An Assiduous Lad

A BIRTHDAY party was being celebrated in a country hall and, as there was no means of boiling water for tea and coffee a near neighbor was asked if she would allow her copper to be used. Being anxious to oblige, the lady in question spent a good deal of time and energy making the copper bright and clean.

She had filled the copper with clean water ready to boil, when her small son appeared on the scene. Thinking it must be mother's washing day, he cut up a bar of soap and put it into the water.—A.B.

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A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

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keep her children well

THIS is the story of a mother and her three children, who have been enjoying the blessings of perfect health ever since her doctor told her the secret ten years ago. We are glad to publish her letter, as it tells the story better than we can.

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"I have seen all three of them through all the children's diseases, which invariably come with the school age. However, no complications have ever occurred, nor have any bad after-effects developed, and I have always felt that this was due to the regular habits acquired by the systematic use of Nujol. We are all healthy and busily active from morning till night."

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by . . . L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seven or eight. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



PATIENT: You said you would give me something to stir me up and put me in fighting trim.
DOCTOR: Gracious! Haven't you got my hill yet?



"Gosh, it's twelve o'clock!"



RURAL CUSTOMER: Poached eggs!
WAITRESS: On toast?
CUSTOMER: Yeah, if yer got no plates.



"H-h-have you ever b-been u-up-u-n-up N-N-North?"
"Yes, but not as far as that!"



"So long, pal. Look after yourself!"



MANAGER: You understand two languages?
TYPIST: Yes, flowers and stamps.



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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TWO men were seated in a railway carriage travelling to London. As soon as the train started one of them got up and opened the window. After a few moments the other shut it. The first man immediately opened it once more.

"What do you think you're playin' at?" demanded the man who wanted the window closed.
"Draughts!" said the other sweetly.
"Your move!"

MILLY: You may not believe it, my dear, but during the past month I have said "No" to a dozen men.
TILLY: Really? Those hawks are a nuisance, aren't they?


"JIMMY," said the geography mistress, "Come and point out Australia to the class on the map."
"Now, Johnny," went on the teacher, "can you tell me who discovered Australia?"

"Jimmy did," said Johnny promptly.

EMPLOYER: You should have been here at 9 o'clock.
Office Boy: Why? Did anything happen?

PROUD YOUNG MOTHER: John, look! Baby can walk!
Young Father (not quite so proud): Good egg. Now he can walk up and down at night by himself!

GROCER (to boy): On Monday you were impertinent to a customer; Tuesday you left goods at the wrong house; Wednesday you broke the bicycle. What have you got to say for yourself?
Boy (lighting up cigarette): Nothin'—I've left!



Headache

NATURE'S WARNING OF ILL-HEALTH . . .

The majority of people do not realise what a "danger signal" the headache is. In many cases the sick headache is the indication of Biliousness, Constipation, or disorders of the Stomach or Liver. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills do not pretend to be a headache cure, but if the headache is caused by any of the foregoing complaints, a short course of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills will banish it, at the same time giving a clean, healthy system.

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS

FOR THE LIVER

BRILLIANT Child ACTRESS



Nova Pilbeam a Youthful Bergner?

NOVA PILBEAM, a new discovery of the English studios, is hailed by those who are in the best position to judge as a youthful actress of great promise.

It is claimed for her that she is in her emotional capacity, immature though she must be, comparable with Elizabeth Bergner, whose performances in strongly dramatic roles on stage and screen have brought her into recent prominence.

BY BEATRICE TILDESLEY

NOVA PILBEAM, barely 14 years old and still a school-girl, of course, has leapt into the ranks of British film stars with her performance in "Little Friend," a Gaumont-British picture to be released in Australia presently.

When it was decided to make a screen version of this story by the Viennese journalist, Ernst Lothar, it was realised that great care would have to be taken in the selection of the youthful performer to play the child's part. More than 100 children were considered, but Nova Pilbeam was chosen without hesitation. As the director of the picture, Berthold Viertel, says, she showed herself "not an infantile caricature of a grown-up, but a high-spirited yet completely unspoiled child."

A great deal hinges in this film drama upon the child, who is spectator and participant in her parents' unhappiness. Her father and mother have drifted apart. The little girl is vaguely aware and uneasy. Then comes an even rupture due to the husband's jealousy of the lover to whom his wife has turned.

The child broods upon the estrangement between her parents. She is fond of her father and idolises her mother, of whom she will believe no wrong. Finally by these opposing loyalties she is wrought to the point of hysteria.

She is called as a witness in the action for divorce brought by her father. After maintaining silence in the witness-box as to the incident she had observed which puts her mother in the wrong, she goes home and breaks down completely.

This collapse, however, is the cause of her parents' ultimate reconciliation.

As will be seen, such a part would make great demands even upon an experienced actress. But little Nova's powers of expression have great range. In the scene where her daddy takes her to the pantomime, she shows a childish absorption in the giant and the

Top: The 14-year-old Nova Pilbeam in the garden of her parents' house at Wimbledon.

other marvels of the stage. Later, she rises to emotional heights in her nightmare. And her performance in the court scene is reported to be most affecting.

Parentage

NOVA PILBEAM comes by her unusual name through being born in Nova Scotia, Canada. There is nothing foreign in her stock. Her father is Arnold Pilbeam, an actor who was for many years manager to the late Sir Nigel Playfair. He was associated with Playfair in the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. This theatre in an outer London suburb, taken over in a derelict condition by Playfair rather less than twenty years ago, made theatrical history with its run of Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," and later of "The Beggar's Opera" and other delightful 18th century revivals.

Nova's second name is Margery, after her mother. It was only to avoid the confusion of two Margerys in the family that the name Nova was thought of originally. But it stuck. From the time she was christened she has been known by it.

She lives with her parents at Wimbledon, another suburb of London, chiefly connected in the minds of Australians with the world-famous tennis courts on which several Australian champions have added to their laurels.

Though she has been freely congratulated on her screen debut she is not by any means wrapped up in film work. In spite of the fact that as a result of this first performance she was immediately given a three years' contract. She likes the work, of course, and she has started already on another film, "The Man Who Knew Too Much." But here she has a smaller and less exacting part than in "Little Friend."

What she feels is that she has a good deal to learn apart from film technique. Like a wise girl, she does not want to

In Circle: A picture of Nova's little face which shows plenty of character and attractive vivacity.

neglect school. Besides, most of her friends are still at school, naturally.

She has, too, many other interests. She loves outdoor sports—tennis and badminton particularly. And she enjoys caravanning. She has some pets as well. There is a cat called Slapbang, and a goldfish whose life she says she saved by dosing it with brandy when it seemed unwell. After the brandy, given on the advice of her father, the goldfish perked up wonderfully.

IT is a distinguished cast with which this child actress appears in "Little Friend." Matheson Lang, the celebrated actor seen here recently in "Channel Crossing," takes the part of the child's father, an elderly shipping agent. Lydia Sherwood plays the mother, a still young and beautiful woman, and Arthur Margetson is her actor-lover.

Continental Actor

Another important member of the cast is Jimmy Hanley, who will be remembered in "Red Wagon," where he plays the hero in his teens. Fritz Kortner, also, the well-known Continental actor, who makes his first appearance in British films as Abu Hassan in "Chu Chin Chow," found it an enjoyable holiday to play the pantomime giant in "Little Friend."

Kortner, like his friend Berthold Viertel, has been associated with the great producer Max Reinhardt. He puts immense gusto into everything he does, and he loved the idea of playing an act. "Listen, Berthold," he used to say, "do I r-r-r-roar properly?"

But Nova rather dislikes being called a child-actress. It seems to her to suggest a little Lord Fauntleroy type. Anything less like a languishing angel-child than Nova it would be hard to imagine. The fact remains, however, that she is a child, and will be for a little time yet. And she seems to have proved her title to be called an actress.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

*** BLOSSOM TIME

Richard Tauber, Jane Baxter, Willy Eichberger. (B.E.F.)

PROCLAIMED in advance, like many another, as a triumph, this film really does fulfill the great expectations entertained concerning it. The reproduction of Tauber's beautiful voice is quite the best we have heard. In fact, the music altogether, including as it does some of Schubert's loveliest songs and introducing some fine organ playing and choir singing at Vicki's wedding, would more than outweigh weaknesses in other respects. But there are none. The settings are particularly pleasing and are photographed to advantage. And the acting all round is very natural.

The story is slight. It purports to be founded on the musical play, "Lilac Time." But it departs from that to some extent, and probably even more from historical fact. At least we do not recollect any Archduchess such as Athens Seyler portrays with admirable point and vivacity. But that is of no consequence. If no Archduchess of the sort existed, it was Vienna's loss. Willy Eichberger makes a gallant young lieutenant, and Jane Baxter a charming, unspoiled Vicki. The character of Schubert is clearly most congenial to Tauber. In its gaiety and in its pathos alike this tale has no hint of stridency. One is left with the memory of a tender fragrance and a sweet melodiousness that are captivating.—Embassy.

★★ LITTLE MISS MARKER

Shirley Temple, Adolphe Menjou, Dorothy Dell. (Paramount.)

ARE little girls in New York do you suppose, ever ready to sleep with stories of King Arthur and his Table Round? That delightful child actress, Shirley Temple, almost persuades us that it can be true. And if you believe it, then there is no great difficulty about taking on trust the rest of this very able production, which shows how the hearts of betting racketeers are soft enough at the core.

The lingo of the betting ring and their night club associates is almost like a foreign tongue. But their actions speak for them. We follow the plot about the doped horse, put up by its crooked owner (Charles Bickford), into ramifications involving his girl (Dorothy Dell), the night club crooner, and Adolphe Menjou, toughest of the book-making fraternity. It is on these two last that the child, left as security for a bet by a father who never comes back, lays her most powerful spell. The humanising effect on them, and the counter effect on the child, which they themselves consider regrettable, of this association is very well suggested. There is a good deal of humor blended with the sentiment. And the end is nicely calculated to touch all but the "hard-boiled"—Prince Edward.

★★ A CUP OF KINDNESS

Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Dorothy Hyson. (Gaumont-British.)

TOM WALLS has never done anything better than his characterisation in this Ben Travers' farce of a teary-rired major, by the name of Tutt, who looks down upon his suburban neighbor, Ramsbotham (Robertson Hare), who earns a modest livelihood in the City. And Ralph Lynn's familiar vein of fatuity is exploited richly as the elder of Tutt's incompetent sons, with Claude Hulbert as the family hope "sent down" from Oxford. The only criticism to be levelled at any member of the opposing groups of Tutts and Ramsbothams is that Lynn's appearance is no longer quite youthful enough for his study of callow irresponsibility. But for that you must blame the passage of the years, height; not Lynn's performance. Still, it does make the devotion to him of a lovely young creature like Dorothy Hyson, as Ramsbotham's daughter, a little inexplicable.

There are some superbly comic scenes between Lynn and his incapable parent. But perhaps the most destructive to the gaiety of audiences are the Stone Age sequence, included as Lynn's uneasy dream, and the scene where Walls on the last night of the old year, in a spirit of brotherly love engendered by too much celebrating, induces the shrinking Ramsbotham to sing with him "The Boys of the Old Brigade."—State.

★ THE LADY IS WILLING

Leslie Howard, Binnie Barnes, Cedric Hardwicke. (Dorchester Prod.)

THERE is much that is very agreeable about this comedy. Leslie Howard, as a private detective trying to win back by quite unorthodox methods for three unfortunate clients the money of which they have been defrauded by an unscrupulous financier, pops in and out of disguise without sacrificing any of his charm. The role gives him, too, a number of amusing things to do and say. And Cedric Hardwicke contributes a performance of accomplished naturalism

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

as the financier, whose acquisitiveness makes him try to cheat his beautiful wife (Binnie Barnes) out of a valuable estate, but whose defective vision gives the plotters some chance.

The cast is distinguished, Nigel Bruce, Graham Greene and Nigel Playfair giving unusual individuality to their minor parts as the defrauded trio. The very English under-emphasis of the acting, however, though pleasing, seems somewhat to subvert the sparkle proper to a comedy of French characters.—Liberty.

★ GENERAL JOHN REGAN

Henry Edwards, Chrissie White. (B.D.F.)

GEORGE BIRMINGHAM'S light-hearted story of how a statue to a non-existent local hero was set up in a sleepy little Irish village lends itself remarkably well to adaptation for the screen. Some charming views of Irish scenery have been introduced, and the village itself, though actually a studio set, is a faithful reproduction of a real place. Henry Edwards, as Doctor O'Grady with the beguiling manner and the urge to get things going, is an attractive central character, and he contrives a modified brogue that is very suitable to the part and agreeable to the ear.

The local color, however, owes most of its verisimilitude to several Irish actors of repute, notably W. G. Fay as the newspaper proprietor, and Fred O'Donovan as the slow-witted innkeeper. It is a genial farce-comedy, in which the humor is always kindly, and the tempo gradually quickens to the end, where the practical-joking American is reduced to admiring silence.—Lyceum.

★ GRAND CANARY

Warner Baxter, Madge Evans. (Fox.)

IF the starting point of the sea voyage on which the characters in this film embark had been New York and its close, say, Jamaica, instead of the trip being from London to the Canary Islands, the result would have been more satisfactory. For that very likeable actor, Warner Baxter, as a London doctor who is allowing himself to be bamboozled from the profession by the jealousy of colleagues, has not the mannerisms or speech of an Englishman. And, as a matter of fact, the London Press would not be hounding him down for the kind of misfortune that we are told befell him. Then Madge Evans, as Lady Fielding or Lady Mary Fielding (nobody seems to realize that there is any difference), the English wife of a man she does not love, is under a similar handicap. So with several others, including Marjorie Rambeau, whose cockney accent slips more than once.


The shipboard settings and the scenes on the island, particularly the House of the Swans, are effective. But one foresees, as soon as yellow fever is mentioned, that Baxter, already pulling himself together, will bring his stock up again sky high over his handling of the epidemic. And the end with Lady Mary is too easy.—Regent.

THE DEFENCE RESTS

Jack Holt, Joan Arthur. (Columbia.)

SUCH an attitude to law and legal practice as is witnessed here seems more properly material for farce. Taken seriously as it is apparently meant to be, it can only produce in us gaping astonishment. We are shown as here an attorney (Jack Holt), a pastmaster in self-advertisement, who has never during several years' practice in defending gangsters and racketeers lost a case. He is an expert, you see, in the manufacture of cast-iron alibis for men whom he knows to be guilty, and he is also able, so it seems, to pick and choose the cases he is confident of winning.

To his office comes a sweet girl graduate in the science of law (Joan Arthur), who, without previous experience, whatsoever, is promptly installed in partnership and proceeds to investigate cases on her own account. In doing so she corners her chief. But she is, of course, devoted to him as a man, in spite of what she knows of him as a lawyer, and so by a process peculiar to these film dramas eventually the claims of love and honor are satisfied. Too marvelous!



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WINNERS Of Our FILM Personality Quest

Winners of the Screen Personality Contest, which The Australian Women's Weekly conducted in co-operation with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy, are Miss Elaine Hamill and Mr. Peter Osborn.

These clever and fortunate young people will each receive a part in a Cinesound production and a cash prize of £50. Miss Hamill has already signed her contract with Cinesound for one of the leading parts in their next production, "Grandad Rudd." Mr. Osborn (who entered the quest under the name of "Richard Francis") will be allotted a part as soon as practicable.

A third competitor, Mr. Morris Dunkley, was so successful in his film test that he, too, has been engaged by Cinesound to play a part in "Grandad Rudd."

INDEED, the finalists revealed so much talent that a most interesting talkie "short" has been made of their tests, and this, it is hoped, will shortly be presented at leading picture theatres throughout the State. Competitors and all others interested will then be able to see and hear for themselves the final results of this great competition.

Miss Elaine Hamill is, without a doubt, one of the most versatile of the competitors in the quest. She has trained as a nurse, done mannequin work, posed for commercial artists, and studied dramatic art. Some months ago she came to Sydney in the hope of getting on the stage or screen. She secured an engagement from J. C. Williamson and is at present in the cast of "Blue Mountain Melody." She will now relinquish her stage work and go into rehearsal with Cinesound right away. She is also rehearsing a part in "Sometimes Even Now," which the Cinema Academy is producing on November 21. She is tall, with pretty brown hair, and has a delightful voice.

Mr. Peter Osborn ("Richard Francis") is an undergraduate of the Sydney University. He is twenty years of age and has appeared in many plays at the University. He is a son of Professor T. G. Osborn and Mrs. Osborn, of Double Bay. His parents wish him to complete his Arts course before he devotes all his time to film and theatrical work. His ability is unquestionable and outstanding.

Mr. Morris Dunkley has had almost as varied a career as our winning competitor, Miss Hamill. Mr. Dunkley practised law for some years, then took up mining and prospecting work. He has been secretary of a Repertory amateur theatrical company, and has had a good deal of amateur stage experience.

ABOVE: Miss Elaine Hamill, winner of the Screen Personality Quest which this paper conducted in conjunction with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy. Miss Hamill wins a cash prize of £50 and a part in the forthcoming Cinesound production, "Grandad Rudd." LEFT: Mr. Peter Osborn, the other winner of the Film Personality Quest. Mr. Osborn also wins a cash prize of £50 and will be allotted a part in a Cinesound production.

—Women's Weekly photos.

BELOW: Mr. Morris Dunkley, one of the finalists in the Screen Personality Quest, who, although he did not win one of the two first prizes awarded, has been engaged by Cinesound for a part in their forthcoming production, "Grandad Rudd."



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MUSIC of the WEEK

Class Clarinettist to Broadcast

UNEXPLORED musical territory from a feminine viewpoint, the clarinet was chosen by Isobel Carter as a "second study" instrument for her Bachelor of Music course at Melbourne University. To what extent she has mastered this difficult member of the wood-wind family will be revealed in the Broadcasting Commission's national programme on Thursday, October 18.

That night Isobel Carter is to be solo instrumentalist in two concertos with the A.B.C. (Melbourne) Chamber Orchestra. After achieving distinction as a pianist, Miss Carter left Melbourne five years ago for London as a Clarke scholarship winner for clarinet playing. In London she was solo pianist in a performance of "Ballets" (Richard Strauss), conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and in the Brahms "D Minor Concerto" for which she was awarded the Danneberg prize.

Meanwhile she had been assiduously studying her "second choice" instrument with Charles Draper, and in due course played it in orchestras under conductors who included Sir Thomas Beecham, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Dr. Adrian Boult, Dr. Frank Bridge, and the Australians, Alwyn Buesst and Constant Lambert. Later she studied at the Berlin Hochschule, playing first clarinet in the concert orchestra there. As teacher she had Herr Richter, first clarinet in the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra.

Festive Bach Cantata

OF Bach's secular cantatas, perhaps the gayest and most tuneful is the "Pessant," to be performed by the Victorian Singers, directed by Harold Browning, with the A.B.C. (Melbourne) Concert Orchestra, in the national radio programme on Tuesday, October 16. Established by Harold Browning five years ago, the Victorian Singers first modelled themselves on the famous

English Singers, who trold madrigals, sitting round a table, without accompaniment. Among the soloists are Lola Edwards, dramatic soprano, who has been a Liedertafel leader; Phyllis Drake, coloratura soprano with a singing degree; Roy Warren, bass and oratorio soloist; William Hawting, competition-winning baritone; and Charles Lomas, who has gained many awards at Ballarat and Bendigo.

String Quartet Broadcast

ADDITIONAL musical charm will be given to the national broadcast programme of October 16 by the A.B.C. (Melbourne) String Quartet. The leader, Edouard Lambert, is remembered for the insight and sympathy he displayed in leading the A.B.C. and Melbourne Symphony Orchestras under Sir Hamilton Harty, Professor Bernard Heinze, Mr. Fritz Hart, and others. As second violin he has Bertha Jorgensen, a tower of musical strength to broadcasting since early days. Dorothy Roxburgh (viola) is another of the "young pioneers" of radio orchestral and quartet performances in Melbourne, while Don Howley (cello) was the worthy leader of his section under the baton of Sir Hamilton Harty.

Harty and Beecham

WORTH noting are these comments cabled from London last week: Sir Hamilton Harty: "Australian warmth and the thrilling Australian land have great potentialities, among which music should be exploited equally as much as more material things. Musicians naturally suffer from lack of cohesion, but their inherent feeling enabled me to form first-class teams. The Sydney orchestra was the more experienced, but the Melbourne musicians, by their musical gifts, achieved equality." Sir Thomas Beecham: "The apex of British imbecility was the creation of



MADGE ELLIOTT and Cyril Ritchard, who will appear in the new musical play "Roberta." The engagement of this talented pair was announced last week.

the British Broadcasting Corporation. The inevitable result of the B.B.C.'s monstrous monopoly will be that not a single musical institution will be left in Britain 20 years hence, except possibly a secret society providing music in a London cellar. If the public make no effort to alter the position, they will be a lot of blankety fools."

Emelie Hooke Acclaimed

CRITICS in London have been very complimentary about Emelie Hooke's appearance as a "Prom." artist at the Queen's Hall on September 20. It was a red-letter occasion in double sense for the young Melbourne soprano. Besides being of importance in itself, her debut with the B.B.C. orchestra marked her first official appearance under B.B.C. auspices. Miss Hooke, who left Australia last year to study abroad, is remembered for her work as a radio artist, in the Theatre Royal opera season, in opera directed by Count Filippi, and in Gilbert and Sullivan. She was a scholarship winner at Albert St. Conservatorium.

During the 1934 season of Queen's Hall promenade concerts Australia was represented by three other artists beside Emelie Hooke—Harold Williams, the B.B.C. baritone; Lauri Kennedy, solo violinist at a Strauss concert on September 1; and Eileen Joyce, the brilliant West Australian pianist, whose records have won high praise.

Opera Till January?

PROVIDED public support fulfils expectations, Sir Benjamin Fuller says that his opera company will remain in Melbourne until the middle of January. At least 20 operas, all in English, are to be staged during the present season at the Apollo. The first of the Wagnerian group listed for production is "The Valkyrie," in which Florence Austral rose to fame overnight at Covent Garden in May, 1922. The permanent orchestra is now fixed at 46, but for certain operas it will be augmented.

Players and Playgoers

AT a social afternoon held by the Old Players and Playgoers' Association in Melbourne last week, Miss Meta Pelham, believed to be the oldest living actress in the British Empire, recited "The Legend of the Soul." The guest of honor, Mr. Maxwell, M.H.R., said true artists prominent in his memory were Sarah Bernhardt, whose pathos in playing Camille was unforgettable; Brough and Boucicault, whose acting was marked by wonderful restraint; and Kennedy, a noted exponent of Scottish song.

Ethel Morrison Returning

THE many friends of Ethel Morrison will welcome an announcement that this New Zealand-born actress is returning from England to appear in J. G. Williamson's production of the new musical play, "Roberta." This will give Melbourne another opportunity of seeing Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, who are to be married as soon as their present contract terminates. Other productions by the "Roberta" company will include "Jack and Jill" (not the pantomime) and "Blue Mountain Melody," the Australian musical comedy by Jim Banks and Charles Zwer.

Mary Baillie Broadcasts

PROTEGE of the Viennese maestro, Professor Artur Schnabel, Mary Baillie, the young Melbourne pianist, will broadcast a short recital in the national programme of 10.0 on Monday, October 8. Though she was not one of those prodigies who play before they can talk, Mary Baillie showed early signs of unusual talent. Under Schnabel's direction, she perfected her art during two periods of intensive study at the State Academy of Music in Berlin, and later, at concerts in London and New York, she profited further by close analysis of his methods.



FATHER DID THE WASHING

every laundry would be a model of efficiency—completely mechanised. There would be no smoking copper... no washing-boards, no clothes strainers, no early rising—and many "wash-house" relics would disappear.

However, custom or tradition dictates that washing and laundering the family linen is one of the functions of womenfolk, and this probably explains why there are still thousands of laundries in the Sydney metropolitan area which cannot boast either labor-saving appliances or up-to-date conveniences.

But a big change has come over things, and, since the beginning of the year, hundreds of women have taken advantage of the gas company's laundry modernising offer. This provides that, for a deposit of 10/- and monthly payments of 5/-, the company will demolish the old fuel copper and instal a spick and span gas copper. Therefore, any woman who wants to enjoy 1934 comfort and convenience on washing day—wants to get away from the humdrum and drudgery of the old-fashioned method—and enjoy more leisure and pleasure—should take advantage of this modernising scheme right away.

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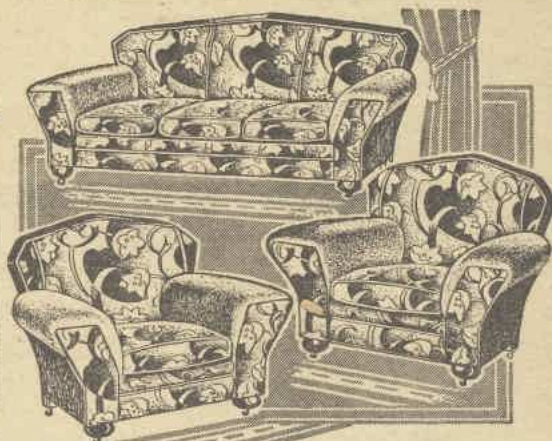
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**5' DEPOSIT
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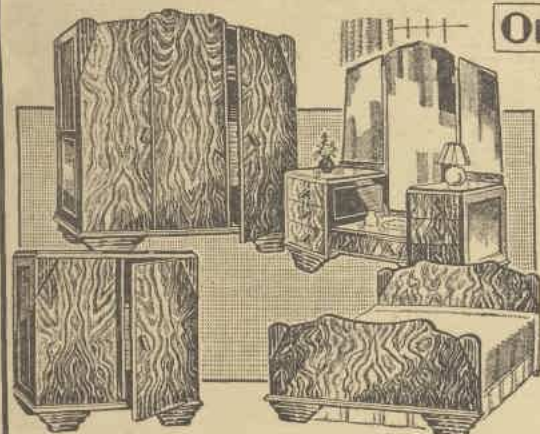
31'6

New design 4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted. Coloured leadlight doors are particularly attractive. This Week's Cash Price, 79/6.

Trousseau Chest, in Polished Walnut, has full-length sliding trays, etc., and is a beautiful article at the Special Cash Price, 65/-.

Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, drawer rails, and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

Full panel Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price, 31/6. (Kapak Mattress, pure Japara, is 26/9 extra.)



Magnificently figured Fully Polished Maple gives a particularly handsome appearance to this artistic Bedroom Suite. Extra-large 5ft. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are both fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. Extra-wide 4ft. drop-centre Dressing Table has three reflex mirrors, centre being deep and wide Cheval mirror. This is one of the best bargains ever offered. This Week's Cash Price, £19/19/-. (Bedstead extra).

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3'3, 4'3, 4'11 PER YARD

WITH THE PRINCE

24

The Australian Women's Weekly Royal Tour Section

Saturday, October 13, 1934.



UNUSUAL interest attaches to the photographs on this page. In accordance with its consistent policy of getting exclusive, last-minute news and pictures for its readers, *The Australian Women's Weekly*, by arrangement with Fox Movietone News, secured these pictures of Prince Henry's Perth tour and they were brought by plane from West Australia. Above: The Prince faces the microphone for the first time in Australia. Below: The Mayor of Perth welcomes the Royal visitor to our country.

Next to the Prince himself, the most talked-of and most admired person in Australia to-day is probably Miss Morris-Edwards, the lovely Westralienne with whom the Prince danced four times at the Yanchep Cave function.

The beautiful studies of Miss Morris-Edwards on this page were posed specially for *The Australian Women's Weekly* and taken in our own studio. Miss Edwards has pronounced them to be her favorite photos.

IT is small wonder that the Prince so signally favored Miss Edwards as to dance with her four times.

Miss Edwards is a striking blonde, with a simple, unaffected charm of manner that is as attractive as her beauty. Tall and stately, with a natural grace of carriage, she attracted the attention of the Queen when, a few years ago, she was presented at Court. Her Majesty inquired who the lovely young Australian girl was.

Miss Edwards has frequently visited Sydney with her mother, and stayed for considerable periods. Last year, while in that city, she made up her mind to obtain some interesting work to do, as she is far too brainy a young woman to be completely satisfied with the social round.

Finally, she decided to try mannequin work which would, she felt, give her a certain amount

of experience and might act as a stepping stone to the stage or pictures, in which direction her real ambitions lay. To this end, she secured an engagement as a mannequin in one of Sydney's large stores. She appeared during the autumn fashion parades this year, when her beauty was the subject of many favorable comments.

She was approached by J. C. Williamson Ltd., and would have appeared in the cast of "Blue Mountain Melody." A little while before the play was presented, however, she was recalled to Perth by her father. Her friends were under the impression that her father's ill-health was the reason she forfeited this opportunity of appearing on the stage. Now, however, they wonder whether plans in the Yanchep festivities were not then under way! This would account for the necessity for her presence in Perth, as her father is president of the Yanchep Reception Committee.



A WOMAN VIEWS Our Royal VISITOR

First-hand Impression from
our Special Correspondent
HE'S A SHY BACHELOR

Seeing the Duke on his arrival at Fremantle, and meeting him later at the Yanchep dance, our special correspondent at Perth sends a vivid close-up story of the Royal visitor.

By KATHLEEN LESMURDIE

If the thousands of readers of *The Australian Women's Weekly* could collectively put one question to me at the present moment it would be: "What do you think of the Duke?"

I saw in him the embodiment of militarism when he landed on the Fremantle wharf and make the procession to King's Park, then on to Perth, with cheering thousands at every cut and turn. Throughout he raised his hand in constant salute, and only at rare times showed an occasional fleeting smile.

WHEN the crowd had gone, I stole reverently to the State War Memorial and read the card on the wreath he had laid there. It read: "IN MEMORY, HENRY."

Had the thousands there read those three simple words; had the Press blazoned them forth they would have known many hours ahead of what they came slowly to realise that the Duke of Gloucester was not a military automaton, but a kindly, sympathetic young man with a deep love of children and horses, somewhat awed and "skanky" of the legendary Australian of Ned Kelly and two-up fame, but determined to see the job through for his father's mother's, and the Empire's sake.

Perhaps he was wondering at just why ever brother Teddy had taken such a great liking to Australians.

He arrived as His Royal High-

ness the Duke of Gloucester, but 48 hours after that arrival the people had taken him to their hearts as "Our Henry."

Not Fond of "Spots"

He likes a cigarette, but does not care for whisky and soda "in mornings or afternoons, preferring to leave spots alone until after the serious business of the day has been attended to. He does not seem keen on cocktails, though he will have an occasional one so as not to spoil the party.

The Duke confided to one Perth military man that he had seen many splendid-looking girls in Australia since he arrived, but added nothing further, making the remark quite impersonally as if it was just a fact he had recognised.

He has not so far shown any preference at all for feminine society, seeming

PRINCE HENRY carries his own cigars and cigarettes.

He is a light eater and a light drinker, but prefers spirits to wine.

Scarlet and royal blue are his colors.

He prefers a light lunch and a brief dinner of fish, meat, and savory.

He is very fond of grape-fruit.

Riding, bathing, golf and tennis are his recreations.

rather to seek that of men. He appreciates jokes even if a little risqué, and can tell one or two quite good ones himself; of course, only among men.

Good Dresser

PRINCE HENRY is taller than the Prince of Wales, erect and of athletic carriage, with a military swing in the shoulders. The full face view is much better than the profile. He is a smart dresser, whether in uniform or mufti, and has a penchant for brown hats, lounge suits, and shoes, with brown hat on suite when in Perth, though equally at home in morning or evening garb. He is a thrill in his officer's uniform of the 10th Hussars, which is navy blue and gold braided with its scarlet flat-topped cap.

But he probably will not be seen in bathers at Manly, Breading, or not in Akaloni etc.—though he is striking and tall, he has long and thin legs that even his tailor cannot totally conceal. His complexion has been rendered ruddy by sun and seawinds, and his moustache—in possession of which he stands alone among British princes—is evidently retained to contribute a more even line to the facial contour besides being quite military.

A notable thing about him is his keen glance, no matter whether he is receiving a portly Lord Mayor or a pretty debutante. I think the most human off-guard moment in which the Duke was seen during his whole stay in the Western State was when doing an old-time polka at Yanchep dance. As you know, the polka is full of hops and kicks; the Duke got plenty of bumps in the wild whirl, and gave as good in return.

His Mother

HE is religious, not in the showy sense of parading his holiness before the crowd, but in the more sincere atmosphere of his own cabin, where he quite frequently reads a chapter of the Bible. Frequently on the present tour his first morning duty has been to send a message to the Queen or, rather, I should say, to his mother, for the text of the message is just what a son would send to his mother. The Prince is a great mother's boy, and I don't say this in a derogatory sense.

In the Ballroom

THOSE who have partnered him at dances say he is a good dancer, though not too keen on dancing; apparently he prefers medium time rhythm to very slow or very fast measure, and prefers waltzing. When bumped into on the crowded floor he did not mind, but was really annoyed when cameramen kept letting off flashes in his face. A few words to his equerry soon stopped that.

Away from formal gatherings he proved a good conversationalist, bright and amusing, and is easily interested and amused. He emphatically expressed a desire that people would not all stand when he came into the ballroom. He confessed to one partner that he had felt nervous about entering the ballroom at the thronged Legacy Ball, in Government House, and added earnestly: "Really, you know, it was one of the biggest ordeals I have had to face. But you Australians are so jolly friendly and reassure one with your smiles, that it wasn't quite so bad when one was in the ballroom."

Shy at Times

WITH the ladies the Duke is perfectly natural, but somewhat shy. This may seem amazing considering that he has been years in public life, and must have met thousands.

Maybe that in itself is the reason; I do not know, as the few remarks we exchanged at the somewhat tame Yanchep dance only left me with one impression—he is a real Prince Charming.

I liked him immensely. I hope my sisters throughout Australia will do the same. I know they will.

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OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street) ***

FOUR ATTRACTIVE STYLES For Sun, Sea & Sand



A smart Beach Shirt with short sleeves and breast pocket in good quality Figured Cambric. In attractive tonings of red, blue and brown. Sizes S.W. and W. Price 3/6

Smartly tailored Gossamer. Shorts finished with patch pocket in front. In green, sage, white and black. S.W. and W. fittings. Price 4/11

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An ultra smart Swim Suit, featuring the new and attractive square front and low back. Note the unusual back line achieved by the straps passing through ring and continuing to form belt round waistline. In red, green and black with contrasting straps of white. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S. 12/11

AT LEFT ...

Special value in an ALL-WOOL BATHER

Spend some jolly days at the beach in this All-Wool Bather, attractively designed with a well-defined brauniere top. The straps form a low V back. In green, royal, red, brown and black. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S. Price .. 11/9



AT RIGHT ... Criss-Cross JANTZEN

This attractive Jantzen "Criss-Cross" Bather has been selected to fill a definite place in the new season's mode. It is a perfect fitting garment and is obtainable in smart colorings: blue, coral, coral, pique and black, neatly edged with white. Ladies' fitting ... 19/6

HORDERN BROTHERS

OUR READERS' BALLOT "What I Like About the Women's Weekly"

The Australian Women's Weekly wants to find out which features are most liked by readers, and which features (if any) are not so popular.

All readers writing to the paper for any purpose at all are asked to cut out and fill in the ballot paper below.

Our object is to find out just what our readers like, in order that the paper can be made as attractive as possible.

You have only got to do two things:

FIRST: Write a short letter about the features of the paper that interest you most. We only want your opinions; the style of the letter does not matter.

SECOND: Cut out the voting coupon below and number from one to six the half-dozen features you like best. You can mark more than six if you like. In cases where you like several features equally well you can give them the same number. There is also a space where you can mention any feature which you would like to see more of or less.

VOTING COUPON

Mark the list in order of preference, from one to six, or more if you want to.

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| ...Cover Drawing, by Boothroyd. | ...Film Page Article. |
| ...Poem, P. Duncan-Brown. | ...Film Reviews, by Beatrice Tildesley. |
| ...News Articles. | ...Homemaker Section. |
| ...Book Reviews. | ...Mirror of Society. |
| ...Short Stories. | ...Intimate Jottings. |
| ...Serial Story. | ...In and Out of Society, by Wop. |
| ...J. W. Lower. | ...Louise Mack Advises. |
| ...Bridge Article. | ...Young Wives and Mothers. |
| ...Editorial. | ...Needlework. |
| ...Points of View. | ...Knitting Designs and Directions. |
| ...Lyrics of Life. | ...Fashion Service and Free Pattern Department. |
| ...Photographic Fashion Page. | ...Body Beautiful. |
| ...Fashion Article by Jessie Tail. | ...What My Patients Ask Me. |
| ...Fashion Drawings by Petrov. | ...Cooking, by Margaret Shepherd. |
| ...Pictorial Page. | ...Children's Page. |
| ...Some New Laughs. | ...Sports Page. |
| ...Brainwaves. | ...Old Gardener. |
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I THINK YOU SHOULD GIVE MORE OF THESE:

I THINK YOU SHOULD GIVE LESS OF THESE:

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• AT ALL LEADING STORES

PIED PIPER'S 650th ANNIVERSARY

This year in the ancient town of Hamelin in Germany, the 650th anniversary of the famous legend of the "Pied Piper" will be celebrated. Many of the present inhabitants of this little town are said to be direct descendants of the people who made the bargain with the "Pied Piper" and failed to keep it.

THE natives of Hamelin insist that the legend is true, and that all the children in the town were really led into the mountain by the Piper and never seen again. In their museum they have various relics and literature, all supporting the authenticity of the story, while every visitor to Hamelin is shown the ancient building on the Osterstrasse, known as Ratcatcher House, where there is an inscription dated 1284, commemorating the outgoing of the children.

The celebrating of the legend will be marked by a big fête in the old German town of Hamelin.

The coming celebration of this world-famous legend will be the subject of a talk by Dorothea Vautier, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly sessions, on Wednesday, 17th, at 3.30, from 2GB.

Author From 2GB

ON Wednesday, 17th, at 11.45 a.m., Mrs. E. M. Bally, who has written one of our new series of full-length novels, will speak to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly from station 2GB. Mrs. Bally has already achieved a considerable amount of success with her novels, both in complete and serial form, having written for many of the best-known papers in Australia. In "Pathways to the Sky," one of her earliest and most successful novels, she claims all the reader's attention, sympathy, and admiration for the "Flying Mission" of the great inland spaces of Australia. On Wednesday at 11.45 a.m. Mrs. Bally will tell 2GB listeners about the wonderful work being done in the interior of our vast continent.

During the morning session on Friday, 12th, at 11.45, Dorothea Vautier has invited Mr. Clive Carney to tell listeners some of the fascinating points of modern interior decorating. Mr. Carney is an authority on this subject, and after his talk Sydney homes should be even brighter and more attractive than they are at present.

The Australian Women's Weekly feature sessions are broadcast every day at 11.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., and on Saturday and Sunday nights at 9.15 p.m. The features for Saturday will include "Greetings From Grieg," a programme



DOROTHEA VAUTIER

devoted to the popular works by the famous Norwegian composer. And on Sunday there will be four celebrity items — "The Opera Ball" overture, played by the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra; "Down Among the Dead Men," sung by Malcolm McEachern (bass); "Japanese Lantern Dance," played by the Orchestra Mascot; and Jones and Hare, that inimitable pair.

The Call of the Great Out-doors

By ESTELLE

"A house does not a prison make,
Nor kitchen walls a cage."

In all of us there is the urge to "go places." As we hurry through our housework we find ourselves thinking of open roads, the bush, the seashore—and picnics.

ARE you one of those women who know that, unless they get up at a ridiculously early hour, they can't "make it ten"? ... who know that by the time they have cooked breakfast, washed up, hurried over the carpets, prepared the picnic basket and dressed themselves and the children they will not only be late, but tired?

Compare the position I have indicated with that of another woman I know. She has two children and her home is perfectly kept and run—yet she has plenty of time for picnics, the beach, and "days out." When I asked her how she did it, she answered with the one word, "Electricity!" At that time, I had the idea that to run a home with electrical appliances was fairly costly (funny how so many of us used to think that!), so I ventured to wonder how she could afford it. "Afford it, my dear! Don't you know that it actually saves money?"

You see, this friend of mine is able to do everything about the home in half the time that it takes to do them by non-electric means. Cooking breakfast on her electric range is only a matter of a few minutes. Whilst the range is doing the cooking (there is no need to supervise it) she gets ahead with the carpets—using her electric cleaner. The pressing of frocks and so forth is perfectly easy with the electric iron. There is no fuss, no confusion, and no fatigue. Her kitchen is cool and clean always—and the whole cost of this smooth-running, electrical housekeeping is only a few pence per week for current!

MAN WORKED OVER- TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"Varix" treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure. Write to-day for free Varix Booklet. Ernest Healey, First-macculloch Chemist, Varix Ltd., 2nd Floor, Dymally Building, 64N George Street, Sydney.***

POULTRY

CHICKS. Black Orpingtons and White Leghorns, 6/- per doz.; Black Orpingtons, 40/- per 100; White Leghorns, 35/- per 100, plus freight, for October delivery. Eggs hatched, 6/- per 100. Chicks are not sexed. Tyrol Hatchery, 269 Connell's Point Road, Hurstville. LW2483.***



RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

Men and women who have suffered for years the weakness and pain caused by kidney trouble have found in De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills the means of regaining vigorous health, splendid energy and the happiness of once again enjoying work and pleasure. In 24 hours from the very first dose you see how quickly they act on the kidneys.

Don't let constant pain cripple you for a moment longer—get your supply of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—take them regularly, and once again enjoy health, strength and happiness. De Witt's Pills are sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6. See the name of the manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.), Pty. Ltd., clearly printed on the box.

CHRONIC BACKACHE

VIGOUR AND VITALITY SAPPED BY CONSTANT PAIN

WEAK KIDNEYS

are the real cause of your trouble!

There is an epidemic of premature "oldness." Men and women who should be in the prime of life, vigorous and vitally fit, find their capacity for work and pleasure destroyed by constant down-dragging pain.

Awful backache, sharp, agonising pains shooting through the body, stiff, swollen joints, blood impurities, headaches, bad nights or bladder troubles then follow.

The kidneys lie at the root of your trouble, for if they are not filtering and purifying the blood as it passes through the system, they are allowing impurities and poisons, such as uric acid, to accumulate. Nerves become inflamed, muscles ache with pain. Neglect your warning and you are heading for breakdown.

There is only one thing to do and that is to prompt the kidneys to clear out from the body the pain-giving impurities. Keep the kidneys active and healthy and your pain and suffering will disappear. For this purpose we do most strongly recommend a short course with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

THIS FAMOUS REMEDY FOR OVER 40 YEARS HAS BEEN TRUSTED BY THE PUBLIC

The very young, the weakest and the oldest can take De Witt's Pills with confidence. They contain no dangerous drugs, but are a scientific preparation that will do you good from the very first dose. Every box sold bears the prescription from which they are made.



De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



MY DEAR JULIET,—
So very fascinating is Mlle. Alice Delysia that one scarcely heeds the words of wisdom that fall from her perfectly modelled lips.

Last Monday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Thring entertained at a cocktail party in her honor at the Hotel Australia, and the guests one and all were charmed by this world-famous actress and dancer.

HER ensemble, Juliet, was enough to make even the most self-satisfied among us green with envy. To the last little detail everything was perfection. Her black cloth frock was severely tailored, and with this was worn a jade green velvet hat with a becoming roll, and a one-ended scarf of green velvet to tone. Her large finger ring, bracelet, hat ornament, and cigarette case were made of infinitesimal pieces of glass, and her silver anklet heavily embossed with Oriental traceries came from Africa. It belonged to a member of the Ouled-Nails, and was an unusual gift that was much appreciated by the owner. Delysia has always been attracted by things African, and is the owner of some land in the vicinity of Algiers, where she intends to build a home at no very distant date.

Powder does not form any part of her make-up, and a discreet use of blue eye-shadow adds allure to her expressive eyes which are offset by thin straight brows. "I am thrilled to be in Sydney," said Mademoiselle, and it is safe to say that Sydney is more than thrilled to have her here.

ONE lone debutante, complete with white satin and an early Victorian pose, made her formal bow to society at the Royal Sydney Golf Club dance last Saturday night. This was Miss Judy Molesworth, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Molesworth, of Fairfax Road, Bellevue Hill. Dangling a programme from her wrist, Miss Molesworth made a charming figure as the seven young men in her party competed for the right to sign their names on the card.

Special floral decorations were a feature of the many pre-dance dinner parties given in the paneled dining-room. Mrs. Rodney Dangar, wearing a frock of cream lace and a cluster of cream orchids at her shoulder, was hostess at one of the largest parties.

ALSO among the diners were Mrs. Van Valzah, who came over from Melbourne for race week. Her table was gay with giant lilies and waratahs, arranged artistically, which had been found on her father's week-end farm on the Hawkesbury. Mrs. Van Valzah was formerly Miss Olive Dalsell, of Darling Point.

Our new and popular golf champion, Mrs. Olive Robinson, was frequently congratulated on her New Zealand form as she moved around the ballroom. Mrs. Robinson's frock was made of green and brown floral chiffon, and long jade earrings made effective ornaments. At a nearby table were Mr. and Mrs. Colin Vein, the latter looking handsome in fine black lace.

SEVERAL Dunroon cadets, in their spick-and-span uniforms, successfully tried out the steps that they must have been diligently practicing in their gymnasium in the morning.

Mrs. Wallace Huxley arrived with her polo-playing husband. Her frock was made of black chiffon, which proved a becoming background for her short cape, composed of scarlet organza poppies.

Recently returned from their honeymoon are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fearon, of Elizabeth Bay. Mrs. Fearon chose a gown of Gathay blue sheer silk cut with a short train.

Red beads formed an attractive head-dress for Miss Mimi Healy, whose matching satin frock was cut on tailored lines. Miss Enid Riddle also wore lacquered satin in pillar-box red.

AMONG the many wearers of blue was Mrs. Clive Inglis, who was among the guests entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Ute.

Miss Janet Thatcher danced with her fiancé, Mr. Geoff Ashton, in a gown of pastel floral brocade. A floral material was also the choice of Miss Enid Hull.

Also present were Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran, Miss Peggy Hesse, Mrs. Doris Clayton, Captain and Mrs. "Snowy" Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Mick Bardley, Mr. and Mrs. Langford Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Clapp, Miss Sheila Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. John Keep, Mrs. Gordon Alford, and Mrs. Garnet Marsden.

FLOWERS from her mountain home decorated Mrs. Davidson's flat at Kingsclere, Potts Point, for her arrival in Sydney last week. Since the moment of disembarkation Mrs. Davidson has scarcely had a moment to herself. Clad in a navy ensemble, purchased in Paris, Mrs. Davidson attended on the last day of the spring meeting and was the centre of interest to her friends.

From the races, Mrs. Davidson and her husband motored to the home of Sir Kelsey and Lady King for a cocktail party. Notwithstanding neglected unpacking, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson spent Sunday at Leura, where their garden looked its best for their visit.

FLAGS were arranged in decorative fashion at the entrance, when Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Gibson, of Killara, gave a musicale, at which the Misses Bainton were the guests of honor. The elder of the girls is a musician, and played the piano delightfully during the afternoon. Her sister is an artist and specialises in etching.

TRUE hospitality was dispensed by officers and members of the Australian Motor Yacht Squadron at the opening of their 1934-35 season last Saturday. Commodore R. Smith, Vice-Commodore A. Blackwood, and Rear-Commodore Bruce, who is, by the way, a brother of our High Commissioner, were the officers for the day.

Not only friends of the members, but all-comers were made welcome at the club house, Middle Harbor, for afternoon tea, and from there they were taken in the smartly-appointed cruisers to Schnapper Island, where an impromptu dance was held.

THE Wentworth Hotel is the temporary abiding place of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Reid, of Boggabri. They are accompanied by their titian-haired daughter, Barbara, and the trio are off to Melbourne for the Centenary celebrations.

TWO country girls were thought by many to be the best-dressed dancers at Romano's last Saturday night. They were Mollie Williamson, of Collarenebri, and Dorothy Macdonald, from Muswellbrook. A magnificent spray of orchids was pinned to the shoulder of the figured parchment satin frock worn by Miss Williamson.

The frock depended on the lustre of the satin for effect, and was perfectly tailored with long sleeves tight to the wrist. The same shade was also chosen by Miss Macdonald, whose gown was joined across the back of the neck by a chain of semi-precious gems in shades of green.



AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE of Mrs. E. E. Blight, showing a little visitor, Claire Miles, around the garden of her home in Gordon. —Women's Weekly photo.

MISS BERTHA TRIKOJUS, of Bellevue Hill, who has just announced her engagement to Dr. T. Bolger, of Waverley. —Raymond Sawyer.

brand of whisky, were interspersed on the buffet supper tables among decorations consisting of glittering trophies won in various contests, and a beautiful old silver punch-bowl.

Dancers included Rear-Admiral Burges Watson, who entertained a large party, including, later in the evening, Jean Batten; Commander William Powlett, and his young bulldog, the Dunedin's mascot, who has been reared since the bottle stage by the Commander, who, it is said, used to give orders to his men that if he was asleep and the puppy grew restless he was to be awakened at once; Betty Thompson, holidaying from Rylstone, in parchment velvet with coral ornaments; Ron Hull, coming on from Jean Ruthven's wedding where he was groomsmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Holness were entertained by an old friend, Lieutenant Richard Shillpote, whose party also included Mr. and Mrs. Ted MacCulloch and Miss Bonnie Howgate; and Mrs. Arthur Bowman and Maybole Barkell, both in figured crepe.

MRS. IVOR STOKES, formerly Olive Anglinetta, one of the original and most popular members of the Girls' Secondary Schools' Club, is welcoming a new arrival, a baby son.

In the Bachelors' Gallery

WILFRID BLACKETT, tall, slim, black hair and blue eyes. A barrister, and nephew of the K.C. Fond of dancing, but acting is his main pastime. One of the best actors of the Sydney Players' Club. Played lead in "Doctor Knock," the last production.

SYDNEY'S popular hat designer, Ann Collins, who in private life is Mrs. Macdonald, is being congratulated on the birth of a daughter. Suggestions for baby bonnets and flowers are being received at Dilbur Hall, Woolahra.

EVERY SUBURB contains at least one tennis club, and every tennis club is composed of Davis Cup enthusiasts, so that it was no wonder that the Lawn Tennis Association's Welcome Home Ball at the Blackland Galleries on Thursday was packed to the brim, and even overflowed the brim to the floor above.

Jack Crawford and Vivian McGrath both made speeches, under the fatherly proud smile of Mr. Peach, and standing beside the Premier, Mr. Stevens. Vivian told how, after his match with Crawford, Borotra came into the room where Crawford was resting, and said, throwing his arms around in a very Borotra-like manner, "That was a wonderful game you played, Jack—I wish I could have seen it!"

Among the dancers were Mrs. M. J. Plonley and Helen Herz, wearing the only two trained frocks in the room; Mrs. G. S. Warburton, president of the Girls' Secondary Schools' Club, and a great tennis enthusiast; Mrs. Jack Crawford, looking very pink and white and dainty for a tennis champion; Mrs. Harry Hopman, who, like Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens, and Mrs. Crawford, wore blue; Dr. T. C. Meurer, and Mr. Ted Pilkington, who revived stories of when they toured with University teams together; Mr. Fred Prince, president of the Sydney University Lawn Tennis Association; Pat Rickards, Helen Bowker, Sylvia Godhard, Alison Bluet, Beryl Carruthers, Joan Crowhurst, Pearl Galbraith, Eileen Dinley, and Barbara Ramsay.

Jane Anne

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Delysia was present at the wedding in London of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Dickson?

Mrs. Pat Levy's unusual frock of green with bustle bow and sleeve ties of brown taffeta?

The "guardee" moustache as worn by Mr. Cuthbert Sheldon has not proved popular in Sydney in spite of the London fashion?

That Mr. George Main, popular member of the Australian Jockey Club Committee, has a voice very similar to that of Mr. George Arliss?

A Correction

WE regret that an unfortunate confusion of names occurred in the announcement of an engagement in our last issue. The announcement made was that Miss Bertha Engels was engaged to Dr. T. Bolger. The engagement has since been officially announced of Miss Bertha Trikojus to Dr. Bolger. Reference was made in the paragraph to Dr. Bolger's fiancée having come from Russia. Miss Trikojus was born in Australia and has never been out of this country.

Sacred Alligator Posed

MR. HAROLD LEON, a visitor from South Africa, is justly proud of the wonderful moving pictures that he took along the east coast of Africa. His "shots" include one of a famous sacred alligator being lured from the lake by a native waving a large fish as bait. This particular native is the only man who dares to go near the beast, who in his turn returns good for evil by not attempting to molest him.

Very wonderful are the films showing the massive and unique carved doors of Mombasa. These works of art are only to be found in that part of the world, and give a most fascinating aspect to the white-walled houses. Rows of large brass studs set in conventional designs and a weighty hinge fastened to the floor by a padlock add to the burglar-proof appearance.

Home-coming

DURING their recent stay in Sydney, the newly-married Dr. and Mrs. Hertford Weedon spent their mornings diligently searching for just the right carpets and furnishings for their new home in Wagga. The house belonged originally to the Copeland family, and is having renovations, repairs, and extensions made for the reception of the bride.

Xmas Visitor

IT is nearly five years since Mrs. Charles Lapage, of Hampshire, England, last paid a visit to Australia, her native country. Mrs. Lapage entertains many Australians in her delightful country home, but will be glad to meet again many Sydney friends who have not been abroad recently.

While in Sydney, Mrs. Lapage will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Campbell Bauer, of Rose Bay. She is expected to arrive before Christmas.

Famous Heirloom

ANCE in the possession of Captain Cook was the key which has been brought to Australia by Mrs. Arnold Dixon.

The key, which is a family heirloom, never leaves Mrs. Dixon's possession, and the anxious guardian of the treasure will sigh with relief when she hands it over to the Centenary authorities in Melbourne, shortly.

The site of Captain Cook's cottage in York-shire has been presented to the Victorian Government by the Dixon Brothers, and it is expected that a memorial to the famous explorer will be erected there.



Married in India

ALTHOUGH she comes from Adelaide, Miss Rosalie Joyce has been well known all over Australia as a woman preacher, and has many friends among the Mothers' Union in Sydney. News comes from India that Miss Joyce has married a missionary, Rev. Oliver McCutcheon, who is said to be very popular and to be nicknamed "Oko." The wedding was celebrated in Lucknow, and a harp was included in the list of presents.

Settling In

MRS. ARCHIE RAMSAY has now almost completely settled into Cranbrook Rd., and is kept busy showing friends over the new home. She has decided, however, to have the

tennis court ground, which is at present down in a hollow, filled in to make its drainage as satisfactory as possible, and cartloads of sand are daily arriving for this purpose.

Her former home, Lincluden Gardens, in Fairfax Rd., was put up for auction sale, but apparently this will not make any difference to the tenants. Her former flat has been taken by Sir Robert Anderson, who will shortly move there from Buckhurst, in New South Head Rd.

Miss Merivale's Plans

ALL in a hurry, Miss Rose Merivale has decided to leave for a trip to England. She will ask for leave of absence from the many philanthropic institutions that have the good fortune to include her name on their committees, and sail by the Nieuw Zealand next month.

At present Miss Merivale is undecided whether to visit Bali and spend some time in Java, or to make straight for Singapore, where she will eventually tranship for Europe.

This will be glad tidings for her niece, Rosemary Shepherd, who has been away for a long time now, and will be delighted to hear first hand news of her family. Rosemary, in between motor trips to London and neighboring festivities, is thoroughly enjoying English country life as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gibbs.

Wedding Plans

KATHLEEN BELBRIDGE, who will be married quietly on October 31 to Mr. Russell Hicks, will have her reception in the form of a cocktail party at the Forum Club. The wedding will probably be celebrated about 5 p.m. at St. Mark's, and Kathleen will wear an afternoon frock and dispense with bridesmaids. On October 20 she will be given a kitchen bridge party by Miss Dorothy Hobson. She has not yet decided where she will live, although she wants it to be in the Eastern Suburbs. She wants a home of her own as she has no liking for flats.

Tripping Abroad

ALTHOUGH he has been married for some weeks, the ceremony was so quiet that not many people except his close friends realise that Professor Bailey, Professor of Physics at Sydney University, now has a wife.

Mrs. Bailey was Miss Joyce Hewitt, a New Zealand University girl, and daughter of a well-known solicitor. Professor and Mrs. Bailey will leave for a holiday trip in the Moldavia on November 2, visiting Egypt for a month or so, where the Professor's mother lives, and going on to London. They will return by March.

In and Out of Society :: By WEP



Mrs. Gregg's Return

WELCOME home parties were the order of the week for Mrs. Norman Gregg, who has just arrived from her European holiday. Mrs. F. C. Thompson was her first hostess, and entertained the traveller at the Queen's Club at a tea-party. Miss Beryl Osborne, Mrs. Alan Hardie, Mrs. John Keep, Mrs. John Charley, Mrs. John Digby, Mrs. John Sheppard, Miss Gwen Rofe, Mrs. Ted Sandy, and Mrs. John Playfair were among the guests.

Dr. Norman Gregg will act as host to many friends at the Royal Sydney Golf Club in honor of his wife's return to Sydney.

Riviera Highlights

"JUAN-LES-PINS, on the French Riviera, was a popular resort for Continental holiday-makers in search of sea and sun this year," said Mrs. Hugh Munro, who recently returned to Sydney after an extensive tour. Mrs. Munro has brought out a sample of the suntan cream and sunbreeze oil that is used in such lavish quantities by the bathers.

The procedure for the day is to engage a large, gaily-striped umbrella which shades a comfortable lounge-chair, and it is there that the beauty protection treatment takes place. The oil make-up is the only one in vogue, and those who are not smartly brown soon acquire the correct color with the aid of oils and creams.

Twenty-first Birthday

ALTHOUGH Betty Higgins attained her majority last month, she celebrated the event by giving a party at her home during Race Week. Among the members of Betty's bright particular set who sampled her hospitality were Jean Kennedy, Shirley Scandrett, Leslie Eales, Rosalind Macarthur-Onslow, Betty and Peggy Kopsen, Mary Mansfield, Mollie Brearly, Lois Basil Jones, Naomi Williams, Betty Hungerford, Philip Game, John McCaffrey, John Newton, and John Parsons.

His First Match

DR. ARCHIBALD MAIN, of the Theological College, Glasgow, the Presbyterian cleric who has come to Australia specially to preach the Centenary sermon at the Scots Church, Melbourne, witnessed his first cricket match in Australia, in Sydney, last week. Dr. Main, accompanied by his wife and daughter, Maisie, was a spectator at the University match when the Professors played the women graduates.

Have You Noticed—

The cream Rolls Royce which makes such a perfect setting for the spring frocks worn by its owner, Mrs. Leslie Utz?

That Don Mariano Amodeo, Consul-General for Spain, is one of the best dancers in Sydney?

That Miss Jean Cheriton is not superstitious about green?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, October 13, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

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The ... Romance of the Sewing Machine

Coupled With Tragedy
of the Great Inventor

EVERY woman should feel like putting up a memorial to Barthélemy Thimmonier. The average woman may not be familiar with this famous name; yet it is certainly one of the greatest in commercial history. His invention of the sewing machine not only revolutionised the clothing industry throughout the world, but brought a boon into every home from the highest to the lowest.

TO BE the means of relieving woman's untold drudgery of needlework, which the machine could do better and quicker, is surely a great distinction for any man.

He must have felt the pathos and urgent message in Thomas Hood's famous lines from the "Song of the Shirt":

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread,
Stitch, stitch, stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."
Perhaps Thimmonier was influenced to consider his invention by the poor life he had when a child, and the memory of how his mother had spent many dreary hours making clothes and mending them, so that her children might be suitably clad.

Stitch a Minute

Early in his teens he was apprenticed to a tailor, and, as he worked, his mind was fixed on one objective—to somehow make lighter the task of sewing.

Each night he would sit up for hours endeavoring to construct an apparatus that would do stitching itself. He pursued his experiments with incredible tenacity, and in 1839 he saw his ideas take form.

It was a primitive machine, made of wood and turned by a rope, producing only one stitch a minute, but it was the beginning of the 400 stitches a minute reached by some machines of to-day.

Thimmonier's first thought was to get to Paris with his invention. He had only 400 miles to go, as he lived in Lyons. But the journey took many months, for he had to earn his food on the way.

When he did arrive in Paris the first thing he met was disillusionment. Nobody was interested in his invention, and to place it on the market himself would have cost a great deal of money. Disappointed, he prepared to return to Lyons. But the timely arrival of an engineer, named Perard, prevented him. Perard agreed to manufacture the machines and advertise them for half the profits.

Before long Thimmonier found himself in charge of a workshop with 80 of his machines making military uniforms.

Sad to say, his success was short-lived, for the reaction of the working people had not been foreseen. Far from accepting sewing machines as useful articles, they saw in them dangerous competitors, so Thimmonier suffered the fate of so many clever inventors who have sought to benefit the world.

Infuriated mobs invaded his workshop and smashed all his machines. To escape being torn to pieces himself he fled to a small town on the outskirts of Paris.

ONCE more he took up the tedious job of tailoring, and, in spite of all opposition, still worked on his invention.

An extract from a letter in a paper of the period is significant of the feeling against the machine, and should



"A GARDEN is a lovely spot," sang the poet, and here are two pretty girls, Beryl Davie and Mrs. Charles Inman, who heartily agree with him. Our photographer persuaded Mrs. Inman to close her book for a moment while he secured this charming study of her and her hostess in the garden of the latter's home at Vaucluse. Beryl is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Davie, and Mrs. Inman, who was formerly Muriel Hobson, has come down from Toowoomba to visit her parents.

—Women's Weekly photo.

give you a fair idea of all Thimmonier went through:

"It is reported that the sewing machine is destined to produce a revolution in the sewing industry. It is this revolution that I am looking at (says the writer) for it will have disastrous results. The poor women earn a salary recognised as insufficient, and are often out of work, but what will it be like when the sewing machine takes away from five out of six their only means of existence? The orphans, the widows, the daughters are going to be reduced to public charity."

With public feeling so much against him it is surprising to learn that he kept on with his invention.

Within a few years he had made a machine that could twist the thread, do embroidery, and sew all materials from

muslin to leather at the speed of 300 stitches a minute.

No sooner had he completed this than the French Revolution broke out and Thimmonier, with his invention, went over to London for a while.

On leaving he gave his patent to a Manchester company. It was this company which arranged for the machine to be shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

But by extreme bad luck the machine was not entered, and in its place was an American improved sewing machine, which Elias Howe had invented in 1845, and patented in 1846.

From then on Thimmonier's name fell gradually into oblivion. He died in poverty—stricken circumstances a couple of years later, unknown and uncared for.

CLEVER IDEAS

TO SWEETEN jars or tins that have been used for tobacco, onions, etc., and smell strongly, you may make them quite clean and fresh by filling them with earth. Let them stand for 24 hours, then wash and dry them, and they will be fit for use again—"Bridget," Swansea, S.A.

AFTER USING a paper pattern tie it up with a piece of the material from the garment made. You will know directly what the pattern is without a lot of tiresome unwrapping—"Chico," Swansea, N.S.W.

IF YOU walk into a house where cabbage is being cooked, the smell of the cabbage is at once apparent. To obviate the smell, put a sprig of mint in with the cabbage; mint gives a nice flavor as well.—Miss Felice Sterne, Dragon St., Warwick, Qld.

SHOULD YOU be called away while ironing by electricity, turn off the current and put a tea-cosy over the iron, this will keep it warm for a long time and heat up much more quickly when wanted.—Mrs. C. Trappett, Enner St., Nundah, Qld.

GLASS DISHES to clean. Put a little vinegar in the dish to be cleaned. Then put one or two teaspoonfuls of common salt. Shake well, and rub all over the dish. Then rinse well in cold water. This will bring a fine gloss to the dish, and also take out all stains—"Merle O.," Geelong, Vic.

BUTTERSCOTCH AND other toffees often become very sticky. Roll the pieces in desiccated coconut. This will greatly enhance the appearance and prevent their sticking together.—Folla Hareus, 37 Coventry St., Homebush.

IF IT takes too many candles to indicate on a birthday cake the age of the guest of honor, arrange the candles in the form of figures.—Miss Natalie Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Wooloowin, Brisbane.

SHOE-TREES SHOULD never be used to keep fabric shoes in shape as they are sure to stretch them unduly and cause the material to break away at the sole and edges. Instead, when taking off, use paper pressed into the shoes while they are warm—"Madeline," Port Pirie, S.A.

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We are Selling Agents for both Australian Home Journal Patterns and Weldon's Patterns, and expert cutters are available to help you to cut-out from Weldon's Patterns.

Pique Voiles

Pique Voiles, Double width. All British weaves, guaranteed fast to washing and sunlight. Exclusive novelty printings in checks, spots, florals, and diagonals on White, Tinted, and Dark grounds. Usually 1/11.

HUB PRICE, yard ... **1/6½**

Pioneer Cloth

36in. Pioneer Cloth, British heavy pinhead weave, Fadeless dye. Serviceable for Frocks, Uniforms, Furnishings, etc. Selected shades of Sky, Pink, Grey, Lemon, Sage, Royal, Brown, Red, Nigger, Nil, Jade, Bottle, Apricot, Rose, Navy, White, and Black. Usually 1/6½.

HUB PRICE, yard ... **1/2½**

Ptd. Haircords

Printed Haircords, Double width. Wear and washing guaranteed. Floral and geometrical designs. Grounds of White, Sage, Red, Nil, Apricot, Lemon, and Pink. Usually 1/6½.

HUB PRICE, yard ... **12½d**

Sensational Value!

PRINTED CRUISE CLOTH

Guaranteed Fadeless!

Fadeless Printed Cruise Cloth. Double width. Featuring a weighty linen like wash fabric in the newest multi-colour florals; also new treatments in spot effects and new checks. Usually 2/11.

HUB PRICE, Yard ... **1/11½**

Pique Crepe

Pique Crepe, 36in. Rich appearance. Smart for Frocks, Coats, Ensembles. Selected shades of Pink, Nil, Salmon, Red, Grey, Sage, Brown, Lido, Navy, Black, and White. Usually 4/11.

HUB PRICE, yard ... **2/11**

Ptd. Flat Crepe

Printed Flat Crepes, Double width. Just landed and specially selected by our London buyer as the latest fashion trend in prints. Novel treatments in spots, checks, motifs, on White, Sage, Brown, Navy, Green, and Black grounds. Usually 6/11.

HUB PRICE, yard ... **4/11**

Check Taffeta

Check Taffeta, 27in. Woven checks in fine, small, and medium block checks, also broken checks in Red, Green, Sage, Brown, Navy, and Black. Usually 1/11½.

HUB PRICE, yard ... **1/-**

Ptd. Morocain

Printed Crepe Morocain, Double width. A weighty Morocain weave in a varied colourful range of spots, diagonals, geometricals, and florals, on grounds of Nil, White, Pink, Sage, Jade, Red, Lemon, Navy, and Black. Usually 2/6.

HUB PRICE, yard ... **1/6½**

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BEGONIAS ... Delicately Lovely

Yet So Easy to Grow!

Raise them from seed or multiply their prolific beauty by tuber division says
THE OLD GARDENER

TUBEROUS rooted begonias are among the most beautiful plants from the decorative angle that can be grown in sheltered corners, on the verandah, in bush house or conservatory. As basket plants they are gloriously effective—they stand alone. Let the Old Gardener help you to grow them in profusion no matter where you live.

WELL, Miss, I'll have a look over this garden and see if we can improve it in some way. There is sure to be something we have forgotten.

Just come over here. See this plot—how cool and inviting. Now, what can we plant here? Semi-shaded, well-sheltered from hot westerly winds during the summer, and well-protected from frost, etc., in winter. Let me think. ... Yes, I know what will do well here—tuberous-rooted begonias.

You can raise them quite easily from seed. Just a little bottom heat, a small glass frame or even a hessian frame, are necessary.

Bottom heat is made by digging out the soil in the frame for about two feet, and filling in with manure. Tramp down well, then cover the manure with about two inches of soil, sow the seed, and cover very lightly with finely-sieved, well-decayed manure. Water well, place covering over the frame, and in a few days the plants will appear.

They can also be raised in boxes, if covered with a piece of glass. Keep in a sunny corner, placing a temporary shade over the box if the sun is too hot. Be sure to keep the seed-bed or boxes moist, but not too wet. They must on no account be allowed to dry out. They have been known to flower the same season from seed.

Renovate this soil with plenty of leaf-mould and well-decayed manure. A little sand is beneficial.

One of the main things is to see that the position is well-drained. All excess water must drain away. If the soil becomes sour, fatal results will follow.

Grow Them in Baskets!

BEGONIAS are one of the most useful plants for decorative purposes for indoors, verandah, bush-house, and conservatory. As basket plants there is nothing to excel them.

If tubers are used for this purpose, they should first be started into growth in pots. When they have made shoots some few inches in length they should then be transferred to wire baskets, in which they are to flower. These wire baskets should be about 15 inches in diameter.

Place three plants in each basket. If special care is taken in watering and general attention, the shoots will appear naturally over the sides of the basket and when in full bloom they give a wonderful display.

Now, you city dwellers in flats and cramped areas, see what you can do! Get your hanging baskets to work; make up your mind this season to have a show that will make your suburban visitors envious.

WHEN your begonias come into flower there may be one that surpasses all the others in color, bloom, and formation, and you may desire to propagate from that one plant.

Oh, yes, this can be done quite simply. Just start the bulb into action next season, then, when the shoots are a few inches in length, divide them up and plant out into sheltered beds, baskets, or pots.

You can most certainly save your own seed. Do so this season, and you may possibly raise something new, probably one that has never yet been noticed. It's most interesting work saving seeds of various plants, because there is always the hope that you may secure something new.

When the begonia has finished flowering, and the cold weather sets in, the tubers must be wintered; that is, dig the tubers up and pack them away in a box of dry sand until planting time arrives. This preserves the tuber, and keeps it from becoming dried and useless.



A COOL RETREAT in summer, showing just what can be done with a corner or the side of a home with not too great an area of land at its disposal, yet one which catches a small portion at least of the morning sun. Choose tall, flowering shrubs, like white and pink oleanders, for the background, work down to a border of fragrant roses and, if energy survives, a fish pond to decorate the centre of the velvet-like turf.

Another triumph for THE CINEMA ACADEMY Elaine Hamill Starred



This beautiful young New Zealander has been awarded a contract by Cinesound, and plays the juvenile lead in Cinesound's very next production.

Miss Hamill's only training in this country was received from the Cinema Academy, where she studied under various teachers.

Miss Hamill also wins the special first prize in "The Australian Women's Weekly Screen Personality Contest"—surely a proof of the efficacy of the Academy training in screen technique.

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These humble instruments are the medium by which we seal our human contracts — partners to countless noble deeds the world over from time immemorial.

The Prudential Assurance Co. Ltd., for example, has pledged itself with pen and ink, on twenty-eight million life assurance contracts, to pay in due course sums aggregating £745,000,000. And every one of the millions of people who comprise this vast thrift organisation knows that that signature will be honoured, and that every obligation entered into, and attested with pen and ink, will be fully and honourably met.

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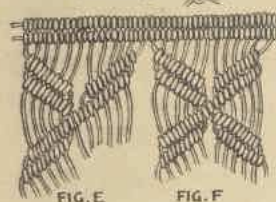
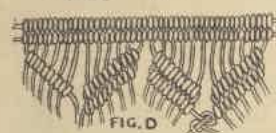
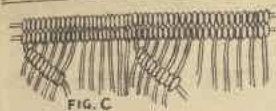


FIG. F

DIAGRAMS showing the various stages in the making of the smart handbag.

THE Australian Women's Weekly is the first to publish directions for making the smartest handbag you could wish to have from this fascinating new product, which has just made its appearance here and which is destined to become a tremendous vogue this season. Many of you will possibly remember the old macramé designs which, with their fringed ends, did yeoman decorative service in the "parlor" or drawing-room of yesteryear.

Last season we had our string belts, hats, bags, and the like, mostly crocheted, but the real significance of old macramé—that is the knotting, plaiting, and tying together of threads—is here again with us, but in modernised form.

Articles made with the fascinating Sylcord will wash and boil without fading, and never lose their original lustre. They will stand up to salt water—imagine yourself being able to wear an intriguing bracelet and necklace in any desired color combination to match your smartest bathing suit!

Things to know and remember when knotting:

Keep the work firmly on a board by placing small tacks between the foundation cords. Be careful not to drive them through the Sylcord, and be sure they are in a perfectly straight line. This is done by placing a ruler along the board, and each tack should touch the edge of it.

Tack at edges when turning. Always keep the leaders tight, and knot the other cords on to them. When two leaders meet, knot them together. Hold the leader over the cords to be knotted to it.

Lengths given refer to each single cord, which is afterwards doubled to loop over the foundation cord. All cords are knotted twice to the leader.

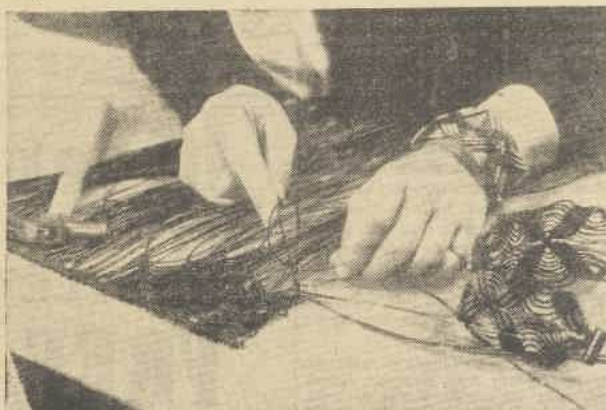
HERE are the directions for making the bag shown in course of construction, which is about 10in. x 8in.

Cut 48 Sylcord strands 90in. long, and double in half—four cords 20in. long for foundation cords—two for the com-

Now Comes a ... Fashionable CRAFT

Loveliest of accessories for personal adornment and home decoration can be evolved from the newest medium—Sylcord—the sun and sea-proof lacquered twine.

KNOT it into bags, belts, bangles, hat-bands, necklets, earrings, bandeaus, serviette rings, etc.—plait it into belts, bangles, and hat-bands; weave it into bags and belts; bind it on to vases, bowls, card boxes, etc. Somewhere in the vicinity of fourteen lovely colors, in addition to lustrous black and white, are at your disposal.



THE SKILFUL HANDS of Miss Helen Pritchard, head of the Demonstrative Department at David Jones, shows the method of knotting in this fascinating new craft. She is actually working on the bag for which instructions and diagrams are given in this article.

menement of the bag, and two for the finishing off.

Place four tacks in the board (Fig. A), and wind each end of the first foundation cord round them (Fig. A2). Now place the 48 cords, doubled exactly in half, on the first foundation cord, starting with the first one in, from the left hand tack. Turn put a half-hitch on either side (Fig. B).

Repeat this for the rest of the 47 cords, keeping them as close as possible to the first knot. There are now 96 cords, coming from the first roll.

Place the second foundation cord into position, winding one end round the tacks on the right hand side, and holding the other end firmly in the left hand.

Knot each cord twice (with the same half-hitch) on to the second foundation cord, keeping the second cord as close to the first roll (or foundation cord) as possible.

When this is completed, tack between the two rolls, placing the first tack at

FIG. A

FIG. A2

FIG. B

Fig. A.—Diagram showing tacks ready for commencement. Fig. A2.—Applying the first foundation cord. Fig. B.—Simple method of looping the cords on to the foundation cord.

the extreme left-hand side, and other tacks between the 12th and 13th cords, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth—36th and 37th cords, etc., all the way along.

To commence the pattern take the first cord on the left as the leader, hold firmly in the right hand, at an angle of 45 degrees, and knot the next 5 cords on to it. The same half-hitch knot is used, and each cord knotted twice to the leader (Fig. C).

Take the first cord on the extreme left again, which is really the second cord; knot the four cords previously knotted, and the one used as the first leader on to it.

Miss 6 cords, take the seventh as the next leader, and do exactly the same. Continue this, missing 6 cords between each group of knots to the end of row—which should end with 6 cords.

Now take the cord on the extreme right of the foundation rolls, and holding it firmly in the left hand, across the point of rolls just completed (Fig. E), repeat the knotting, in the same way as those just done, only working from right to left, instead of from left to right.

It can now be seen that the top half of the crosses are complete. Next knot the leader, coming from left to right to the leader, running from right to left; commencing on the right-hand side. (Be sure to have the leader over the cords to be knotted to it.) Now knot the next 5 strands to the leader held in the left-hand (the one running from right to left).

Continuing at the same angle (45 degrees), now take the strand on the extreme right of the roll first completed, and use as the leader. Knot the 4 cords and last leader to this. Continue this to end of row.

Three points of cross completed.

Please turn to Page 32



Low Oven Electric Range.



Low Oven Model Electric Range with Plate Rack.



Cabinet Model Electric Range.

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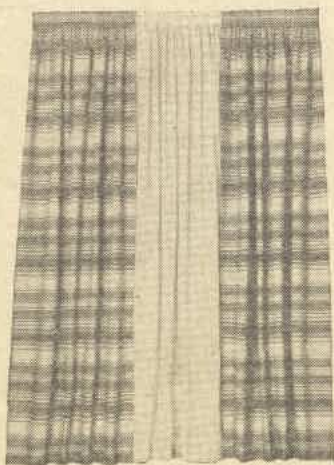
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Spring

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**CURTAINS
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Sydney's finest and most moderately priced Furnishing Stock is open for your choice. You select any material from the Furnishing Department at 2/11 per yard or over and we will make curtains and simple valances **FREE OF COST**. You pay only for materials used.—Dept. 1st Floor.



Offer closes October 20th

FOLK WEAVE FABRICS

of British manufacture. This new curtain material offers very special value, featuring an attractive vertical stripe with blue, orange or green predominating. It is also an excellent fabric for charming and serviceable loose covers. 48 inches wide. Yard

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The last word in heavy cotton draping fabrics. This material is available in new soft self-toned shades of rose, blue, gold or fawn; also in smart horizontal stripes in four attractive color combinations. 46 inches wide. Yard

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ART. SILK DAMASK

A heavy fabric featuring a fancy dash effect with lustrous silken sheen finish. In self tones of blue, rose, gold or fawn. Fadeless and reversible. 40 inches wide. Yard

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This heavy lace features the new festoon design with stripe in contrasting shade. In Havana, rose, blue and green on eern ground; fadeless. 40 inches wide. Yard

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Tartan Checked CRETONNES

A very modern type of design in fine quality Cretonne. In brown/rust, green/rust and blue/brown. 50 inches wide—double width. Yard

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Or the Muslin, 40 inches wide. Yard

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HORDERN BROTHERS



MISS SYDNEY BUSH, a clever young Australian girl, who is making her first appearance on the professional stage under the J. C. Williamson management, in "Sixteen," at the Criterion.

Dance Your Way to Figure Beauty!

Saying that it was the duty of everyone to look their best, and that figure culture was the right way to go about it, Miss Marjorie Leigh, at Farmer's Business Girls' Luncheon last week, danced to show the way to beauty.

MISS LEIGH has just returned from India, having spent seven years abroad.

The art of figure culture, she said, was taken not only from European dances, but from the native dances of India, Burma, and Africa. Dancing was the fundamental principle of the health of those communities. Figure culture, at present the rage abroad, is the safest, surest, and most lasting aid to beauty.

The difference between physical culture and figure culture is that physical culture often over-develops, but figure culture only tones up the skin, smooths the muscles, and brings to us radiance and vitality.

Miss Leigh chose four dances to illustrate her remarks. The first was a slave dance. Dressed in short black tunic, with hands manacled, she put into her dance all the pent-up bitterness and the agonising desire for freedom of the slave girl. She danced "The Rosary," and in two wonderful costumes gave an Indian and an Egyptian dance.

Now Comes a Fashionable Craft

Continued from Page 31

All the cords are now divided into groups of 12 cords (Fig. F)—divide each group into six, commencing from the left. Take the first cord of the right-hand group of six, and knot the remaining 5 on to it.

Now take the left-hand cord of the roll just completed, as the leader, knot the four cords and last leader on to it. This completes the first cross (Fig. G.)

Place a tack the depth of first row of crosses down, and exactly in a line with first tack on the top roll—and carry the leader on the extreme left round it. Repeat these four rows for ten complete crosses.

To finish off, place a tack in line with the lower points of the last row of crosses, about 1 inch out from the side. Tie one of the foundation cords (20 inches long) to this. Hold the other end in the left hand, and knot all cords to the foundation cord. Be sure all cords are under the foundation cord, which is being used in the same way as a leader.

Put in last foundation in the same way as the two at the beginning of work.

The ends of all cords are now hanging from the last roll. Remove all tacks and paint the back of the last row of knots with Syloord Liquid SILK, allow to dry. When perfectly dry, take a pair of sharp scissors, and cut off all the ends about 1-16th of an inch from the knots. Knotting is now complete.

The above design is for a zip inset. This is inserted after knotting has been joined at the sides. To do this tie the points of the crosses together, with pieces of Syloord or strong cotton.

If this bag has the misfortune to become soiled, remember, it may be washed with hot water and soap, without any ill-effects.

This design has been worked out for Syloord, which can be purchased at David Jones.

Any difficulties encountered with in the making of this bag will be gladly dealt with.

How to make a bangle, crochets a collar, and bind bows and vases with Syloord will be given at a future date.

DON'T... FORGET

The "Blue Mountain Melody" cabaret is to be held at the Westworth on October 12, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington. Miss Elliott and Mr. Richard will be present and entertain a large party.

"Meet us Every" Mrs. Marguerite Daley play, will be produced at the Savoy Theatre on October 18 and 17, in aid of the Blind Institution, William St.

In aid of the Kindergarten Union, a recital, "Now and Then," and a one-act play, "The Queen," will be produced at the Savoy Theatre on October 21.

The Soldiers' Poppy Day Appeal on November 9, the proceeds of which are equally divided among the R.S. and S.I.A. N.S.W. Branch, the Ladies Soldiers' Association, and the T. H. Soldiers and Soldiers' Association of N.S.W.

The Patricia Page Studio is presenting a demonstration of physical culture and dancing at the Conservatorium on October 27, in aid of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children's Institution and the Koorara Club Centre of St. Luke's Hospital.

The ladies' committee of Scarba are arranging a party to be held at the Carlton Hotel at 8 p.m., October 13.

The gardens at Pittwater, Edward St., Ocean, will be open for inspection on October 14 in aid of St. Margaret's Hospital.

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When you have saved the necessary number of labels post or bring them to Nestlé's Gift Department, enclosing the coupon at the foot of this advertisement. Write the following information on the coupon. Your name and address (clearly written), a list of the wrappers enclosed, the gift you desire (please state colour and size of stockings). Do not enclose a letter in parcel.
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Every label around a Gold Medal Full-Cream Milk tin counts one. Outside wrappers do not count.



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Every label around a Nestlé's Full-Cream Milk tin counts one towards your gift.



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One 1-lb. label counts as one and TWO 4-oz. labels count as one.



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One large (12oz.) label counts one, and TWO small (6oz.) labels count one.

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This is the type of room which relies more upon the warmth and beauty of the wonderful rugs which strewn the floor than upon picture and ornament for charm. No one could possibly call it a cold impersonal room, despite the almost bare walls. However, pictures and knick-knacks are back—so now we'll all be happy!

Modifying Modernism

The cold, impersonal atmosphere which during recent years has been the modern idea of interior decorating has gone right out!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

Such is the latest news from overseas. So we'll say good-bye to the blank walls with chromium framed furniture, everything built in, and all personal objects tucked away from sight. Now, it will be the "correct thing" to revel in comfort and feel at home in our own homes!

THE new idea is to return all the knick-knacks (in moderation), the workboxes, fireside stools, the comfy upholstered armchairs, the colorful bowls and vases, the attractive ornaments, rug and runners, and most important of all, the pictures which have for so long been banished from modern walls.

People are tired of looking at nothing, so pictures are coming back. In London, prices are steadily rising in art-sale-rooms, the bidding is keener, and there is an ever-increasing number of exhibitions of moderately-priced pictures. The new movement permits of all varieties of pictures, but they must be few, they must not crowd the walls.

We are not, however, to abandon all our new ideas in modern decoration: we are to keep our white or cream-painted walls which are found to serve as an excellent background for the antiques and traditional style of furniture which is being reinstated.

People are finding that the charm of older furniture is enhanced by a modern setting.

So this new trend towards "classical modernism," as it is called, even the displaced Victorian furniture is finding its place. But it is being transformed. An old wing-chair retains its generous comfort, but it is covered in a modern tapestry or even in the new white leather.

Homes of 1935 will be practical and comfortable and definitely more luxurious. And yet there will be the modern atmosphere of light and air and convenience which was what the old furniture always lacked as a background.

Individuality will be expressed once again and no one will be content with the idea of calling in a decorator and having the same ideas carried out which have served for a hundred others.

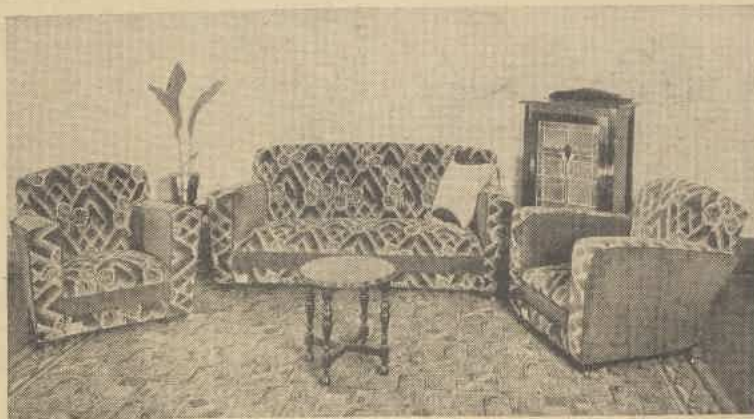
Goldfish Craze

ONE of the newest ideas in home-decoration is the goldfish tank. London seems to have gone quite crazy over goldfish these days.

Some of the ultra-modern chromium-plated glass tanks, electrically lighted and heated, cost as much as £50. All kinds of rare, tropical and sub-tropical fish, as well as goldfish are enjoying a boom as the latest decorations for the drawing-room, studio, or nursery.

A chromium-plated glass tank with a selection of goldfish, rainbowfish, or other exotic fish which can be kept in condition by being plugged into the electric light socket, costs £10. But if you want a really roomy and "every modern convenience" home for your ever-growing fish family you might have to go up to £40 or £50.

At Farmers' Business Girls' Luncheon on Wednesday, October 10, Vivian McGrath, world-famous tennis star, will speak. A meeting will be held in the board room of the Corn-Exchange for Poles, 16 Pitt St. on October 16, with the object of arranging an American tea in aid of the sufferers from the recent floods in Poland.



TWO FAMOUS VALUES— at PULSFORD'S

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No. 1. The Maxwell Lounge Suite shown above, in Benoa £13'15'.

We claim this is Sydney's best value for a dependable Suite! It is of high-grade manufacture throughout, despite its very low price. It is full size, not skimped in the making, and covered in good quality Tapestry or Genoa Velvet. Settee is 6ft. wide. Chairs are large and roomy, and all are well-sprung. Unbeatable Value at Pulsford's price!

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This is another of Pulsford's most popular Values—one that we can honestly recommend for service and value! The Wardrobe is 4ft. 3ins. wide, two-thirds hanging space, and with full-length mirror; Loughboy is 3ft. 3ins. fitted with trays; Dressing Table is 3ft. 3ins. with large mirror, 4ft. 6in. Bedstead. The Suite is in Oak or Maple, finished mid. tone.

Also shown in photo: Satin Bedspread and Bolster, Rose, Blue, or Old Gold, 75/-; Axminster Carpet, Fawn and Green, 12 x 9ft., 29/12/6.

£13'10'.

Same Suite, in Maple
£15'15'.

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are also very popular and very keenly priced at Pulsford's. Showing in wide range of patterns and colourings; all two yards wide. Price, yd. 3/9

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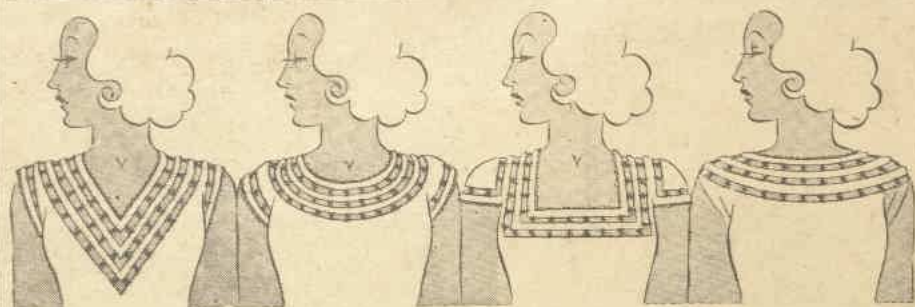
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Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. and 2s.
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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE



CHARM . . . all in a Row

WHO could possibly resist making themselves this quartet of intriguing nightgowns—or, at least, decorating them this fashion?

HERE, Petrov, our artist, has sketched four distinct styles for lovers of fine but easy-to-work stitchery. There is the V-shaped yoke, the boat-shaped square, and round-neck type—all made so fascinating with this new, modern grouped insertion stitch.

The embroidery seam or openwork seam, such as we described a few weeks ago, requires the insertion stitch.

There are quite a large number of these insertion stitches. Picking up is the stitch most usual. This is a simple stitch, but having the disadvantage of closing up a little and thus allowing the edges of the seam to draw closer together instead of remaining apart.

Recently we gave a very firm insertion stitch called knotted buttonhole. Then we described how the edges for an insertion stitch were first lapped parallel upon strips of paper. A stout thread, non-stranded, is always the best to use for these seams.

The Stitch Described

FIG. 1 shows the completed group stitch. To work it, secure the thread under the upper edge of the seam. Pierce the needle in again opposite, on the lower side, thus making a bar, then slant the needle across the

gap of the seam to come out on the upper side a little distance away from the first stitch. Now place the needle in opposite again to make another upright bar.

Slant the needle up and under to make the third bar. But, at this point, instead of completing the third parallel bar, the thread has to be thrown round into the position of the needle and thread shown in Fig. 2. You see that the point is over the curl of thread while the eye and shaft are beneath all the threads.

This position will make a knot which gathers the three strokes into a group, as shown in Fig. 1. But the knot must not be pulled too tight or it will cause the material to pucker.

To complete the last leg, pierce the needle into the material at the spot marked by A.

The succeeding group of stitches will have to be worked in slightly different order, as the thread will start for each clump alternately from the top or the gap of the seam to come out on the bottom.

To return to Fig. 2 and the leg going in at point A, the thread must then be carried underneath or in between the seam to come out on the same side for the next clump. Fig. 1, point B, shows



THESE diagrams, showing the various movements of the grouped insertion stitch, are explained in this article.

this thread. It is quite simple, and is quick and pretty to work out.

Materials and Uses

A FIRM stuff such as linen collars and cuffs of smock or little girl's dress, strong colors, unstranded cotton. Nightgown, dainty square or round neck, V-neck, or boat-shaped, with many rows. In bias tubular rows of self-satin or silk. Last row edge with the knotted edge stitch.

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A—Sahara Sandal in white and patent. Lacquered heels. 19/9

C—Hand-plaited; white-brown, all-white or brown. 25/9

B—Open-ankle Sahara Sandal; moulded soles; in white, Cordova brown, white-Biscay-brown, 19/9

PLAY SUITS

"THREE-IN-ONE"

The blouse fastens to waist. Short skirt upon jockey. Skirt buttons down the front. All three garments complete in same cotton. 15/11, 17/11 to 25/11, white pique at 17/11 to 19/11.

FROM 15/11



Cruise Sandals, 12/9

(Also) The most chic 'Cruising' Sandal Sydney has seen! Imported exclusively by Farmer's, too. Egyptian or Italian Basque with a velvet rubber sole. 2 to 7, half sizes, 12/9
D—Moulded-sole Sahara Sandal of Samum-fawn with Verreese-blue; lacquered Cuban heels. Price 16/9
E—Velvet rubber sole looks like leather. Hopac uppers 12/9
F—Another exclusive import! Farmer's 'Airshoe' soles and low heels give every comfort. Price 10/9
G—A new 'Sahara.' Perfectly moulded soles. In Samum-fawn with brown or all-white. Price 17/9
ALL SANDALS IN FULL AND HALF SIZES 2-7



'Shades LINED WITH PLAID

Navy, brown, red or green fiji covers; with 2-in. floral or plaid border. Completely lined floral or plaid rayon. Poser work handle.

22/6



Mail Order to P.O. Box 197AA, Sydney

IMMEDIATE HEEL REPAIRS, 6d. What a boon this is for the business girl! Just slip up to Farmer's Third Floor and have the heel of your shoes built-up. Per pr. 6d

BEAUTY from the DESERT



PRODUCTS OF the "Manna tree" of the great Australian desert. The exquisite graining of this wood runs from a delicate honey color to dark brown richness. It is conceded to be one of the most beautiful woods in the world. No wonder it has become popular for the fashioning of both decorative and utilitarian articles.

Acacia timbers of the "Never-Never" take many fascinating forms under the skilled hands of artisans.

Hundreds of miles north of Adelaide lies an arid area of land called the "Dead heart of Australia," and it is from here—first by camel train, then motor truck, and eventually, as civilisation is neared, by train—comes the wood for these beautiful ornaments and souvenirs.

MADE from the desert acacia timbers—Acacias Aneura, Pendula and others—they display extraordinary beauty—the golden and dark-brown colorings of the wood blending to make unique and exquisite ornaments. It is one of the most beautiful woods in the world; also it is one of the hardest and heaviest timbers known—sinking quickly when immersed in water.

Far out in the centre of Australia, on the sand-hills—on the stony hills and on

are so prevalent in the dry years, to provide succor for starving beasts.

Its beauty and usefulness have been handed down to us from our earliest inhabitants—the aborigines—who made their spear points, boomerangs, waddies, and other fighting weapons from this steel-like wood. Its outer bark is rough and hard, and gives little promise of the beautiful grain to be found within.

Many believe that it draws some of its nourishment (like the salt bush) from the atmosphere, for out there in the great "never-never," which reaches



YET ANOTHER grouping of polished beauty comprising egg-cruet, plate, vases, and quaint souvenir pieces—so suitable for overseas Christmas gifts.

—Photographs by courtesy of Grace Bros.

the clay plains and ridges of this vast inland—in the great quietness of our "bush" grow these trees. Called, and rightly, too, by so many, the "Manna" tree of the wilderness, for the good reason that many hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep and camels depend for food, during the long periods of drought, on the small branchlets and falling leaves. Often, for even over a period of three years, have cattle been known to live on this tree, providing bore or well water is available for drinking.

In the far west and Central Australia, the sun temperature, soars—sometimes touching 170 degrees, for long periods at a time. But, whilst other shrubs perish in the long droughts, these trees flourish, braving the fierce, hot winds, the desert dust and sand storms which



MISS EVA KURAZ, who will appear in the special performance of "Children in Uniform," which the Independent Theatre will present at the Savoy, on October 13.

Occasional play, "Balcony," will be presented at the Conservatorium of Music on October 13 by the Impressionist Theatre. Miss Irene Vera Young will play the title role.

YOU SAVE PLENTY!

SNOWS

10 DAYS UNDER-PRICED



BRASSIERE-TOP Bathers!

1.—New season Bathing Suits with the new contrast uplift Brassiere Top. In Royal, Ruby, Nile and Black, with contrast stripings on bodice. SW. and W. Usually - - 14/11. UNDERPRICED 12/11

• UNDERWEAR! • BEACHWEAR! • AND CORSETS!



NEW BACKLESS BATHERS!

Usually 14/11

All One Price - - - 12/11

2.—Smart new backless style with white or self strapping, in Black, Royal, Ruby, and Nile. Sizes: 5SW., SW., W. and LW.

3.—Latest Sunbaking design, backless, in popular shades of Royal, Black, etc. Exceptional quality! Sizes: SW., W. & OS.

4.—Uplift Brassiere-top in self colors—backless, with smart straps. Black, Royal, Red and Green. Sizes: 5SW., SW., W. & LW.

BROCADED ART. SATIN KIMONOS

Less than half price! A sensational bargain for early shoppers! Brocaded Kimonos in Rose, Sky, Salmon, Nile, SW., W., OS. Us. 8/11. UNDERPRICE, each - - - 3/11

LOCKNIT ART. SILK VESTS and PANTIES!

A well-known brand purchased selling at half original fixed price White, Pink, Apple, Sky, etc. Sizes SW., W., OS. Us. 3/11. UNDERPRICE, each - - - 1/11 1/2



4/11 "HANRO" BLOOMERS

New Dull Ribbed Art. Silk Bloomers, every pair guaranteed! In shades of White, Sky, Rose, Pink, Apple, Black, Champagne. SW., W., and OS. Usually 4/11. UNDERPRICE - - - 3/11

12/11 DULL LOCKNIT SLIPS

New Dull Crepe Genuine Locknit Princess Underslips, with round neck. Every garment guaranteed. In White, Pink, Sky and Apricot. SW., W. and OS. Usually 12/11. UNDERPRICE - - - 8/11

8/11 VESTS & BLOOMERS

New Dull Crepe Genuine Locknit Undervests & Bloomers to match Underslips, in shades of Sky, Pink, White & Apricot. Sizes: SW., W. and OS. Usually 8/11. UNDERPRICE, each - - - 4/11



KABO WRAP-ROUND

Side-hooking Wrap-round, in handsome Tea-rose Figured Faille, with raised waist line for skirt fitting, and extra diaphragm control. Long fitting over hips and fitted 6 suspenders. Sizes 28 to 36in. Us. 29/11. UNDERPRICE - - - 24/11

SWAMI CORSELETTE

Nature's Rival Corsetette of striped Swami Silk and best knitted elastic. The skirt is lined throughout and boned in front. Medium uplift bust section. Fitted 4 suspenders. Sizes 34, 36 and 38in. Us. 25/6. UNDERPRICE - - - 15/11

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12 YEARS' CONTINUOUS SUCCESS ACT NOW!

Don't wish that your husband or son did not drink—ACT! Eucrasin is transforming drinkers into sober men every day. Once you are daily testifying to its success. Why suffer the awful effects of drunkenness? A moment longer! EUCRASIN will sober the drinker and bring happiness to your home if you use it. EUCRASIN is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily.

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The latest German Remedy (Internat.) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up! Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive, it never fails!

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1000 yards Best Quality Imperial Axminster Body and Border Carpet. Extensive range of various designs to select from, suitable for Lounge, Dining Room, Bedroom, and Hall.

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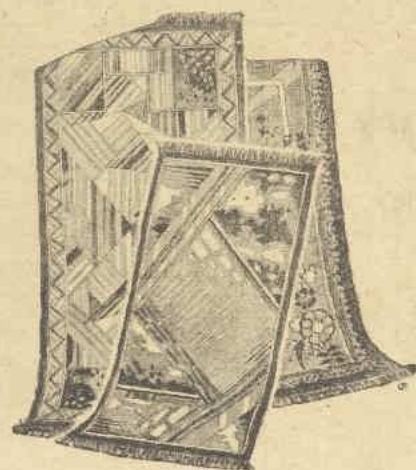
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Special clearance of figured Hair Carpet. The noted Carpet for hard wear. Art Moderne designs. 36in. wide 15/11

SPECIAL VALUE AXMINSTER RUGS (FRINGED)

Persian, floral, art moderne designs

SPECIALLY PRICED



Size 48in. x 22in.	12/9
Size 54in. x 27in.	16/3
Size 63in. x 32in.	22/6
Size 68in. x 36in.	26/6
Size 72in. x 45in.	38/9

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at 5/11 each



The popular tail-end Satin Cushions, well made, filled with best quality kapok, rose, blue, green, black, orange or two-tone effects. Don't fail to obtain some of these wonderful cushions. 5/11 each.

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each



Beautifully coloured, finished with silk fringe, nice shape, good general size. Usually 7/6. SPECIAL OFFER 6/11 each

Cretonnes and Shadow Tissue

Artistic yet inexpensive curtain treatments can be made from these colourful materials. Our range is now complete with the newest designs. 30in. Cretonne from 1/6 to 4/6 per yard. 30in. Shadow Tissue from 1/11 to 5/6 per yard. 48in. Shadow Tissue from 1/11 to 7/11 per yard.

GRACE BROS Ltd, Broadway, Sydney 'Phone M6506

2GB HIGHLIGHTS

Forthcoming broadcasts from 2GB cover the customary wide range of instruction and entertainment. Songs of Schumann, a romance of the Taj Mahal, and a comedy-drama based on the Life of Queen Victoria, are among the attractions.

AUNTIE VAL AS A "LASSIE"

AUNTIE VAL, of 2GB Bluebird session fame, achieved one of her childhood ambitions lately. She became "Rev." Auntie Val for the occasion, when she gave the sermon "Mental Spring Cleaning" from the Newtown Congregational Church. She welcomed it especially as an opportunity to speak some of her more mature thoughts after addressing herself for so long to mid-get audiences of the air.

It wasn't Auntie Val's first active participation in a religious service, and judging by the invitations she has received, it won't be the last. When she was a child she and her brother had a playroom of their own. One night their parents discovered them missing from their homework. Investigation revealed that little Miss Valli and her brother Arthur were in the habit of attending the Salvation Army meetings on the corner of Victoria Barracks, she banging a tambourine and singing, and her brother holding the torch which illuminated proceedings.

HIS RUINED FINGER

TO overcome the stubbornness of the fourth finger of his right hand, Robert Schumann invented an apparatus which held the finger up while he practised with the others. The result was unexpected but natural. It so strained the tendons that the finger became entirely lamed and he had to give up all hopes of becoming a pianist.

Then he met Clara Wieck, who is perhaps the greatest woman pianist in history. She was the artistic creation of her father, who had invented his own method of tuition, and as all artists are he was intensely jealous of his creation. Schumann had turned to composing and here was the ideal pianist to play his work. Wieck had other plans for his daughter than becoming the wife and interpreter of the dreamer Schumann, and it wasn't till after lawsuits and much bitterness that the couple obtained permission to marry. From 2GB on Tuesday, October 16, at 10 p.m., Clement Q. Williams will sing four Schumann songs inspired by his Clara.

WOMEN OF OTHER LANDS

WHAT could seem more inexplicable than the disfigurement of the lower lip practised by some of the women of Africa? Who could see any beauty in a lip the size of a saucer? Yet the basis of this habit, so we are told, is quite understandable.

In a land where women are apt to be seized by slave traders, it became necessary to disfigure themselves so as to spoil their marketable value—hence the protruding lip. As time went on, what was first a disfigurement became a sign of beauty. If you would know more of the customs of "Women of Other Lands," tune-in to this session from 2GB each Monday and Friday at 8.30.

MEDDLING WITH OPERA

IN Vienna some bright person conceived the idea of staging a burlesque version of that operatic warhorse, "Cavalleria Rusticana." The crowd enjoyed the joke immensely until they arrived at what was meant to be the funniest part of all, the "Intermezzo," played on a wheezy old barrel organ, well out of tune. At the first strains of the familiar melody they burst into rounds of applause. One of the lesser-known arias, "Tell me, mother Lucia," is featured in "Highlights of Opera" from 2GB on Sunday, October 14, at 1.45 p.m.

Particulars of the special Australian Women's Weekly Sessions on 2GB will be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE TAJ MAHAL

NOEL COWARD, in his play "Private Lives" expressed a fear that by moonlight the Taj Mahal might look like a biscuit barrel. He quite rightly assures us that it doesn't. A deathless love story inspired this, building, so lovely that it almost seems worth dying to be buried therein. On Sunday night, October 14, at 8.45, George Edwards will present "Taj Mahal," a radio drama by Maurice Francis.

HOST Rollbrook says: Since 1798 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.



ERIC COLMAN, 2GB's popular announcer, and "The Flying Pacer" in "Splendid Fellows," the Australian talkie now waiting release.

WORLD BROADCASTING SERVICE FROM 2GB

Be sure to tune-in to the four special Sunday afternoon sessions of vocal and orchestral music, recreated with a tonal fidelity hitherto unknown in Australia.

1.30 and 3.50: Musical Auction—tunes for sale.
2.0: Jewel Box Gems from the popular favorites.
3.15: Silver Strains—melodies from the lighter classics.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT

AS Queen Victoria got older she got less and less romantic, and England grew better and better. Nobody seemed to mind. If there was one discontented person it was probably the Prince Consort. Being Prince Consort was like being the Queen's husband, that was all. He was requested not to meddle in politics. And the strange thing was that Victoria was no feminist; she was just a very imperious lady who liked having her own way. The story of the strange contradictions of her life will be told in "The Prince Consort," by George Edwards, from 2GB on Wednesday, October 17, at 9.30 p.m., whilst another glimpse of her will be given by Ellis Price in a little comedy-drama, "Her Majesty's Portrait," from 2GB on Thursday, October 18, at 9 p.m.

PARENTS SHOULD KNOW THIS

How to Save Money by Making Family Cough Remedy

It is essential that all parents should know how to save money by making their own family cough remedy that will prove safe and effective for every member of the family from the youngest baby up to the oldest adult. Here is the recipe—given by a leading chemist: Into a jug put four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfast cupful of warm water, stir till dissolved, and, when cold, pour into a large bottle. Then add a bottle of concentrated HEENZOL (it costs 2/- at all leading chemists and stores), and you will have a family supply equal to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual remedies for chest and throat ailments, which if purchased in single bottles would cost up to £1. You will be astounded at the speedy way HEENZOL soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, and whooping cough. Make it a practice to always have HEENZOL in your home.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, so the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d and 6d postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 41 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 21 years.

Lady Jayne CURE-CLIP

Make neat curls at home quickly and easily with this new 73d clip. From Hairdressers and Stores. TWO CLIPS on a CARD. In difficulty write Raintford, 44 York St. Sydney.



Louise Mack Advises

on matters of everyday concern to women

Don't Lean Too Hard on the Arm of Security!

Proverbs that Fit Life

There are few persons who have not been attracted by the wisdom expressed in a proverb, a Biblical quotation, one from a well-known writer, or some old saying whose origin is buried in the past.

Some of us repeat them often for the mere melody of their words.

BUT how many of us pause and consider the profound truths that are imprisoned in these melodies of words, or weigh them up quite accurately?

"What do you think is the most important saying in the world?" writes "Alma" interestingly from her country town. "Our branch argued about it last week, and I wondered what you would advise."

THE most important? Well, that must be the most valuable. And that must be the saying that would mean more to our daily lives than any other

from a helpful and constructional point of view.

It's a big and healthy question, "Alma." I would answer you like this, but humbly, deprecatingly, because one is dealing here with the divine.

Personally, I think the most important saying is—

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

PERHAPS I love that because I feel the need of it. Perhaps we all feel the need of it, and will love it for that reason, realising that by observing it we may save ourselves from vast trouble.

Over and over again you see, and I



EVELYN VENABLE, Paramount player, certainly looks intriguing in this formal little dinner frock of white crepe with the new wide yoke of white silk-velvet violets.

see, the significance of that saying carried into full play on the battlefield of life.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Like an oriflamme the warning blazes through our adventures with living, especially through the parts where we seem to be most firmly established in health, work, money, and esteem.

None of Us Are!

HHEAD of a splendid, lucky, merry, happy, fortunate family, how could you help but think that you were standing safely, and for all time, in the notorious good luck of your assignation with Dame Fortune.

Money here, and money there, and everything going your way!

Good health, good luck, good friends. And yet!

You only thought you were standing. Though you were so sure you were standing, all the time you were just about to fall—crash!

Oh, but you were so sure, so dead sure that you were really standing, and you weren't.

THAT'S the warning—none of us are standing really, and so any one of us can fall at any moment.

What is that illusion that makes us believe we are standing when any minute may see us and our successes topple over and be prone?

The illusion is Vanity, that basic vanity in human composition so potent and so misleading.

We don't like it; we can't bear it; we cling to our illusions, cling, until again crash! and over we go once more. Picking ourselves up again, ruefully, and looking round a wiser and a sadder man or woman.

ARE we ever safe? Yes, we are safe as long as we realise that none of us are really standing, and that all we think will last for ever may be taken from us at any moment.

Realisation! Therein lies our safety. But we don't like it. We are still only "children crying in the dark."

SUNBATHING May Harm T.B. Sufferers

DEFINITELY beneficial and health-giving as it is in most sicknesses, the sun, it is said, can harm sufferers from tuberculosis.

A warning has been given in the "British Medical Journal" by Drs. A. Hope Gosse and G. S. Erwin, of Brompton Hospital, that sunbathing may aggravate this disease.

It is, however, only those people who are already affected with tuberculosis that the sun will harm—it is by no means a cause of the disease. Watch out, and do not sunbathe, if you have any of these symptoms: Spitting blood, losing weight, or feeling abnormally tired, perspiring at night with a temperature above 99 degrees.

Of 66 cases admitted to the Brompton Hospital between August and December last year, the increased activity of the disease in 11 cases followed sunbathing. From these cases the doctors have reached the conclusion that the abnormal exposure of the skin to the sun's rays aggravated the development of pulmonary tuberculosis.

The exact manner in which sunbathing may aggravate tuberculosis is not understood.

HOST Holtrop says: The Holtrop Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.



THE KING'S JUBILEE

TIME your trip Home so that you will be in London in May next to witness the inspiring medieval pageantry associated with the Jubilee of England's Sovereigns. London will be "en fete" for the 1935 Season, which will be made notable by the visits of reigning Monarchs and Indian Princes. Travel Home in a One-Class "Bay" boat, sailing early in 1935, and you will be in London in time to participate in the celebrations of the King's Jubilee, which extend from the 6th to 18th May.

TRAVEL ONE CLASS—"BAY BOATS" TO ENGLAND

BERTHS IN

Spacious two-berth rooms on the Promenade Deck	£58
Single, two-berth Port Hole and Bibby Cabins from	£50
Four-berth Cabins	£40
Family Cabins	£38

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Forget your Liver!

You shouldn't know you have a liver . . . or kidneys either. Their job of removing impurities from the blood stream should be carried out quietly and efficiently . . . without ever reaching consciousness. When they begin sending unpleasant messages to the brain . . . through backaches or sleeplessness, biliousness, nerve trouble, rheumatism or sciatica . . . then you know a corrective is needed. Some such well proven remedy as Warner's Safe Cure. Here is a letter from a grateful user of Warner's Safe Cure. It is one of hundreds of similar letters on our files.

"Some years ago I suffered from a complication of ailments arising from disordered liver and kidneys. I had frequent headaches, severe pains in my back and side, great nervousness, constipation and depression of spirits. My appetite seemed completely gone and I lacked energy. After trying various medicines I was induced to try Warner's Safe Cure with the result that I was soon thoroughly cured. I can now sleep and eat well, and am in the best of health."—Mr. H. Gillan, 31 Docker Street, Richmond, Vic.

Warners Safe Cure

Sold everywhere by chemists and storekeepers, in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/9.



THE DIRECTOR

Understands the art of living as well as the science of business. Remains as fit at fifty as when he stroked his school crew to victory. How does he keep in such splendid trim? Sensible habits have a lot to do with it. For instance, his habit of eating Vita-Weat instead of ordinary bread. Vita-Weat contains no unconverted starch to impede digestion, to form unwanted fat. Vita-Weat is all nourishment, easily assimilated. It has all the vitamins of whole wheat. You, too, will benefit by making Vita-Weat your daily bread. And you will love its crunchy ripe-wheat flavour!



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Grocers and Stores

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The Empire Whole-wheat
Crispbread

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Three quarter-pint tins of...

QUICK
GENERAL PURPOSE
ENAMEL

are all you need, plus a little spare time—and you have a new breakfast-room set for about half the original cost of one chair.
"QUICK" Enamel flows out evenly without brush marks; dries in a few hours and gives a lasting glossy surface. Made in 23 fascinating shades—all intermixable.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Also "QUICK" Stain, "QUICK" Clear and "QUICK" Silver

EXPRESSLY for the Sports Enthusiast

This smart, hand-knitted, sleeveless pullover in the ever popular cable stitch.

SUMMER is ever deceiving. The brightest morning can resolve itself into a chilly afternoon, which makes such a sweater as pictured here almost a necessity. The sports enthusiast will find it sufficiently protective against bodily chill, and being sleeveless will enjoy perfect arm freedom for the most strenuous play—be it tennis or golf.

As an alternative to any favored color, introduce his club colors around the V-shaped neck, and in the band at the bottom. It should be kept in mind, too, that red and black stripes would make an interesting contrast to the white or cream wool used for this well-fitting garment.

Here follow directions:

Materials Required: 7oz. white, 1oz. red, 1oz. black, Virella wool, 4 No. 8 needles.



MEETING the season's demand—admirably... a sleeveless pullover that is both handsome and protective. He'll welcome arm freedom for strenuous play. Full expert directions make the knitting of this pullover in the ever popular cable stitch a pleasant matter.

Tension: 12 stitches to 2 inches. 8 rows to 1 inch.
Measurements: Length 23 inches. Width all round 30 inches.
Contractions: k. for knit; p. for purl; st. for stitch; tog. for together.

FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 96 sts. in white yarn. Knit into the back of each st. to make a firm edge.
1st Row—K. 2, p. 2 to end of row.
2nd Row—K. 1, p. 1 to end of row.
Repeat these two rows 11 times.
25th Row—K. 1, p. 1 to last st., k. 1.
26th Row—K. across in black.
27th Row—K. 1, p. 1 to last st., in black, k. 1.
Repeat the last two rows twice.
33rd Row—K. in white.
34th Row—K. 1, p. 1 to last st., k. 1.
35th Row—K. in red.
36th Row—K. 1, p. 1 to last st., k. 1.
Repeat the last two rows once.
38th Row—K. in white.
39th Row—On the p. side, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 8, repeat to the end of the row.
40th Row—P. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 8, repeat to the end of row.
Repeat rows 39 and 40 six more times, making 14 rows.

On the purl side commence the twist row. K. 2, p. 1, k. 2, slip 4 sts. on to spare needle. P. the next 4 sts. then p. the 4 sts. from the spare needle to make the twist. K. 2, p. 1, k. 2, slip 4 sts. on to spare needle, p. the next 4 sts. then p. 4 from the spare needle, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2. Repeat to the end of the row. Continue pattern again for 14 rows. Twist on purl side always.

After 5 twists are showing from beginning, continue pattern for 7 rows.
On the next 8 rows k. 11 sts. plain at each end of the needle, making a garter st. at armhole edge.

Cast off 3 sts. for armhole, make a twist on this row, also divide sts. for neck, leaving 48 sts. on spare needle. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every other row until 30 sts. remain for shoulder, decreasing 1 st. only at armhole edge just before garter st. Continue until work measures 22½ inches. Cast off.

Knit the other shoulder to correspond.

BACK

Cast on 92 sts. Knit the same as for the front until commencing pattern, which on purl side should be—

K. 3, * p. 8, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, repeat from *, finish with k. 3.

After casting off 3 sts. only at armhole on the same row, make twist. K. last 2 sts. tog. before plain border. Repeat this 5 times, leaving 76 sts.

Continue knitting until just after completing the 9th twist from beginning.

K. in pattern across 26 sts., cast off remaining sts. until 36 are left. Put these on a spare needle, k. 12 rows, cast off.

H. Off Hootoot says: Many dainty savories can be made with Hootoot's Anchovy Paste. In 1½ hr. 200 jars***

NECK
Pick up the sts. about 1½ inches from the "V" on 4 needles in white. This forms a double thickness, the colored stripe coming on top of the white cable stitch pattern.

1st Row—K. 1 round in black without decreasing.
2nd Row—K. 1 round in black, k. 2 tog. at each end of each needle.
3rd Row—K. 1 round in black, work as directed in 2nd round.
4th Row—K. 1 round in black as 2nd round.
5th Row—K. 1 round in black as 2nd round.
6th Row—K. 1 round in black as 2nd round.
7th Row—K. 1 round in white.
8th Row—K. 1 round in white as 2nd round.
9th Row—K. 1 round in red.
10th Row—K. 1 round in red.
11th Row—K. 1 round in red, as 2nd round.
12th Row—K. 1 round in red.
13th Row—K. 1 round in white, picking up the neck sts.
Then rib 2 plain, 2 p. for 4 rows, decreasing on the 4th round as directed for the 2nd round, and cast off loosely. Join the shoulder seams and side seams. Press well.

YOU CAN NOW BANISH YOUR ASTHMA QUICKLY, SAFELY AND PERMANENTLY



HERE IS THE PROOF

"You cannot imagine how pleased I am to write these few lines to thank you for your marvellous treatment, which, I may say, has cured me of Asthma. I have been a sufferer from birth, and previous to trying your treatment I was a patient at the Sydney Hospital for three months AND DISCHARGED AS A CHRONIC ASTHMATIC. Before taking your treatment sleep was out of the question, being too afraid, as the attacks were so frequent; but this last two weeks I am a different man, and shall deem it my duty to tell any sufferer of your wonderful cure. My wife will be only too pleased to verify these statements."

D. J. Jones, 88 Sir John Young's Crescent, East Sydney.

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS — NOW FREE FROM ASTHMA

"After suffering for seven years with Asthma and trying many so-called cures, I read your advertisement, and, after taking your treatment, I am cured, thanks to your wonderful remedy."

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NO SIGN OF ASTHMA NOW

"I am 62 years of age, and was so bad that I did not imagine I would be able to work again, as I could not walk any distance without gasping at the nearest post or fence. I am now working as a quarman at the Nepean Dam, and, although my work is very strenuous, I can do it without even a sign of Asthma. In a few weeks I got rid of the heavy breathing and wheeze. Also the phlegm has ceased, after being so heavy. I can honestly say that I wish I could tell every sufferer of your remarkable cure."

J. Whitehead, 100 Coromandel St., Couburn.

20 YEARS WITHOUT A FULL NIGHT'S SLEEP

"I had suffered from Bronchial Asthma for about 20 years, during 20 of which I did not have one full night's sleep. After discussing the matter with you for over an hour that day, I finally decided to give your treatment a fair trial. After three days I slept soundly throughout the night, and wonder of wonders, EVERY SUCCEEDING NIGHT, which to date number 18, I have slept through without being aroused from any attack whatsoever. Furthermore, I arise in the morning without the cough and irritation of the bronchial tubes that I had experienced for so long, and, further still, I feel better physically and more energetic with never a sign of an asthmatic condition."

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TEAR OUT AND POST THIS FORM

Mr. C. AUGUSTUS HOSAN,
TURNER HOUSE, 21 JAMIESON ST., SYDNEY.

Please send me free of charge and obligation a copy of your new treatise and a trial treatment to prove that I can quickly, safely, and permanently banish my Asthma.

I enclose stamp for return postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

WW2

You can now speedily and positively END your suffering and once more enjoy normal health WITH COMPLETE FREEDOM FROM ASTHMA. Sounds too good to be true, does it? Well, it IS true. I KNOW it and I'll prove it to YOU at my OWN expense. NOW. It's a NEW way, different in appearance, conception, principle and RESULTS. Under its almost magical influence ASTHMA DISAPPEARS LIKE CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ASTHMA—

is revealed in an interesting treatise which tells of the recent important discoveries of eminent overseas specialists, demonstrating conclusively that ALL PREVIOUS IDEAS ABOUT ASTHMA ARE TOTALLY WRONG. No wonder everyone had come to the conclusion that Asthma was incurable!

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Tear out coupon, write name and address plainly, attach a stamp for return postage and a copy of the above-mentioned treatise, together with a trial of my new, different, safe and SUCCESSFUL method will be sent to you at once FREE OF CHARGE AND OBLIGATION.

Because this combination offer is LIMITED and may soon be withdrawn, I earnestly urge you to ACCEPT IT IMMEDIATELY.

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TURNER HOUSE,
21 JAMIESON STREET, SYDNEY.

MAGIC PAIN RELIEF!



"Presto," which is made to a new improved A.P.C. Formula, gives amazingly rapid relief from all kinds of pain. Headaches, Neuralgia, Influenza, Sciatica, Rheumatism are quickly banished by this amazing new remedy. "Presto" is safe to take—it will not affect the heart or cause indigestion—yet it acts with a speed that is like magic.

1/8 for 12 Powders or 25 Tablets

PRESTO
HEADACHE
POWDERS & TABLETS

At All Chemists and Stores

Our FASHION SERVICE and Free Pattern



WITH SHOULDER YOKE.

WW749.—Picture this frock in a soft silk crepe-de-chine. The shoulder yoke—which extends over the arm—provides the front fastening. Material is finely tucked where it joins the yoke. Skirt is shaped over the hips. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DAINTY WASHING FROCK.

WW750.—A simple frock for white washing silk. Front and back seams are made with an inverted pleat. Drop shoulders are bordered with a flared frill instead of sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state the age of the child.



OUR FREE PATTERN

OUR free pattern this week features a charming little frock which can be made either with short, folded sleeves or long sleeves, slimly fitting. The neck is cut in a graceful cowl.

Free Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.



FOR SUMMER DAYS.

WW746.—Frock with magyar yoke cut with a point back and front. The loose sleeves are cool and dressy. Skirt is shaped over the hips and then flared. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ON SPORTING OCCASIONS.

WW747.—A striking model for holiday or sports wear. Front material is slightly eased where it joins the raglan sleeves. The crossover front has a wide rever on the right side. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

A DELIGHTFUL DESIGN.

WW748.—In this model contrast is used for the vest and puff sleeves. Skirt has a shaped panel back and front. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

IN CRISP COTTON.

WW753.—A cool crisp cotton is suggested for this frock. The shoulder frills which are slightly flared take the place of sleeves. Pattern for 10-12 years. Material required, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

IT'S COOL AND DAINTY.

WW754.—Sleeve frills are cool and dainty. These are sewn on to the drop shoulder. Skirt is flared at the sides and has a shaped panel back and front. Pattern for 12-14 years. Material required, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

MUSLIN FOR THE TOT.

WW751.—Swiss muslin would be charming for this tiny frock. It fastens down the back of the yoke. Side material is gathered where it joins the yoke. Neck and armholes are bordered with a flared frill. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material required, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Collar and sleeve trimming, ½ yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



WELL-CUT RANGER SUIT.

WW752.—The small boy wearing a ranger suit always looks well dressed. Shirt has a sports collar and elbow-length sleeves. Pattern, 2-4 years. Material required: Shirt, 1 yard, 36 inches wide; pants, ½ yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses, but a penny stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed—
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4133, G.P.O., Sydney.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 142, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 288, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please take to the top right-hand corner of the front page to obtain the address.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 13/10/34.



To all who appreciate a distinctive tea with a flavour that gives real satisfaction, The Famous Billy Tea makes a refreshing appeal.

Every cup of this delicious tea ensures fragrant quality and stimulating satisfaction.

Order from your grocer regularly.

The Famous
BILLY TEA

B 418.

MOTHER HIS HEALTH IS IN YOUR HANDS



YOUR baby is dependent on you for the nourishment which keeps him alive. For his sake you cannot afford to take any risks with your food.

Let the experience of other nursing mothers help you. For generations they have relied on Robinson's "Patent" Groats to keep them healthy—able to feed their babies naturally and well. You may be quite sure that you are doing your best for baby if you take Robinson's Groats regularly while you are nursing him. And let it be his first food after he is weaned.



Robinson's Patent Groats

There are three kinds of people in the world—those who work to death, those who worry to death, and those who are bored to death. It's no good doing what you like. Like what you do.—Winston Churchill, in "Thoughts and Adventures."

Always do what you are afraid to do. Emerson, in his essay on "Courage."

Without unceasing practice nothing can be done. Practice is art. If you leave off you are lost.—William Blake.

CHANGE of HEART

Continued from Page 5

"No-o-o!" said Fanny, appearing with a covered dish in her hands, and placing it, smoking, upon the table. "Toast, butter, water, salt, salad—we're everything!" she added, under her breath. "Gather up your papers there, Chris; it's time to eat. No, I didn't mean your precious Bucknell case," she went on, sitting down, and pushing the damp hair from her forehead with the back of her hand. "I meant this—this business of Madge and Phyllis Maitland coming in to your office."

"They didn't, darling.—Not much for me," Chris warned her. "Go easy." "Not hungry!" Fanny exclaimed, laying down her serving spoon in dismay. "Well, I had food chocolate and cinnamon toast and peach sherbet with the girls at five, remember." "Oh, yes, I'd forgotten that," Fanny said, in an odd tone. She served the scallop of corn and tuna fish carefully, looked questioning at him over the salad bowl they had bought in Wana-maker's basement for fifteen cents on a happy Saturday a few weeks ago. "That's what I was wondering about," she went on. "What takes Madge and Phyll down your way so often."

"Salad—oh, sure, salad," Chris responded, answering her eyes. "It isn't often," he protested. "It's twice, now."

"Well, then, twice."

"Trying to find coppers, I think they said. They're cruising all round there looking for copper things."

"And they come in for you?"

"There's an awfully nice little eating place right near there, and they go in for sodas and sandwiches—that sort of thing."

"Do you like Phyllis, Chris?"

"Oh, she's all right. She dresses queer, though. But Madge looked stunning to-day."

"Madge did."

"Yes. She had on a sort of pale yellow, and a brown hat and belt—looked swell. Sure, I like Phyllis all right, but, of course, she's not an old friend like Madge."

"Madge is a dear old friend."

"Sent her love to you, of course. She's seen Mack."

"You told me she was going to."

"Well, he wants to be friends—says he won't worry her. She says she's going to talk to me about it; she's coming down in a night or two—to-morrow, in fact."

"Oh? We'll have the tomato thing again; she loved it."

"No; I mean to the office. She wants to go into the whole thing, so I'll come home stuffed again. It's easy on the budget, anyway—the woman always pays."

"Then I can have this scallop right over again," Fanny said slowly. "I'll trim it with bacon or something. I wonder why she doesn't tell me," she thought. "Fanny!" But she did not say it aloud.

It was some days later, when she and Madge were gossiping in Madge's

beautiful flat, with the hot afternoon air burgeoning at the drawn window-shades and Phyllis sound asleep in the adjoining room, that the subject came up. Then Fanny said simply, "I understand you're seeing my young man now and then?"

Madge looked a little frightened, glanced towards the open door through which Phyllis's idle, sleepy voice had been floating a few minutes earlier, and said quickly:

"He tell you?"

"He said you wanted to talk about Mack."

A silence. Madge's delicate skin flushed deep red.

"Of course I don't want to talk about Mack," she said slowly. "It's just—you know how it is! I've always liked Chris!"

Fanny looked at her, flushed in her turn.

"Oh," she said simply. There was a silence.

"Don't say I can't have that, Fanny," Madge said then, very low. "Just that much. What harm does it do?"

"I don't think it's for me to say, is it?" Fanny answered sensibly, briefly.

"Please don't—take that tone. You wouldn't if you knew how—how simply it came about!"

"Madge," Fanny said, "if you and Chris like to meet and have tea together, why should I object?"

"It isn't—it isn't like that," Madge protested uncomfortably. "He hasn't—that's what I don't want you to do, make him think it matters—that it's silly. I—you have everything, Fanny, and that's all I have, all I want. You know how it is with me."

"I don't!" Fanny said with distaste.

"It seems to me silly!"

"You do, Fanny—you know what I've been through, Fanny. I wrote you!"

"Yes, but you could have had him," Fanny said, refusing to sentimentalise.

"You could have had him! Why didn't you love him then?"

"Crazy, I guess!" Madge whispered in turn, suddenly frantic, and with her hands pressed tightly over her heart.

"Don't think I don't know what a fool I was, what I threw away!" she said.

"He was heartbroken, he was sick," she went on rapidly, evidently with phrases that had been long rehearsed in her heart. "You nursed him, and he turned to you; I don't blame you, and I don't blame him. But when I think what I could do for him now, Fanny, with Grandma's money; he could go straight ahead in his profession—he's ambitious."

"I think you have an awful nerve to say that to me," Fanny observed dryly, as the other girl paused. "We're married; we're working out our problem as best we can."

"You're married!" Madge conceded breathlessly. Both girls were frightened to find themselves quarrelling.

"And he adores the ground you walk on; I know that! But, Fanny, surely he may have his old friends just the same? You know how I feel to him; I love Chris as you do—just seeing him come along in his brown suit—just watching his hands at the table

and hearing that husky note in his voice—" Madge broke off, her own voice choked.

"He oughtn't be living in that slum!" she presently burst out again, as Fanny sat perfectly still, looking at her speculatively. "You know that. He ought to have leisure, quiet, when he goes home, not that—I don't want to hurt your feelings—but not that—dreadful uproar. He doesn't eat enough—honestly, Fanny. He's an important man; he's going to be an important man; everyone knows that."

She stopped, frightened at her own audacity.

"So what?" Fanny asked inflexibly, in the pause.

"So—so—so if I had been around when he was ill, Fanny," Madge said inconsequently, more frightened every minute. "If I had nursed him, and married him, you wouldn't have felt that I was getting him away from you! So—so—"

"And you think that was the way I got him?" Fanny asked, in a voice of deadly quiet.

"Well—he said—he told me," Madge faltered.

"I'm going home now," said Fanny, after a silence. She got to her feet.

"I'm going home to the—the slum, where we're going to have jellied tomato soup and peach cobbler—and nothing else—for supper. And you—you get him away from me if you can!"

She swept out. A door slammed. Then for a long time there was nothing heard but the sound of Madge softly whimpering, and of Phyllis's more than audible breathing from the adjoining room.

CHAPTER XVIII

FANNY walked home in a state of amazement at her own anger. The day was hot and the streets burning and dry; in the Italian quarter women and babies were gathered silent in the shade; around a gushing hydrant children were splashing and screaming. Fanny saw wilted lettuce in a gutter, wilted bedding on fire escapes, wilted wares in the kerb carts. The world was dusty and breathless and wilted to-day.

"Madge—Madge—Madge, certainly can—can dish it out, but can she take it?" Fanny stammered to herself, too exasperated to choose her words. "It's dreadful to get so mad," she told herself. "Calm down. Calm down. Grandma's money—ha! Till Grandma's money her!"

She laughed aloud. There was an amusing side to being as furious as this. It made one feel noisy and common and saucy. It made one ready to stop unashamed to buy apples from a pushcart, and paper napkins at the "dime." Fanny bought two soft pencils; this was Thursday night, and she and Chris always had presents on Thursday nights because they had been married on a Thursday. They were doing crypts and crossword puzzles in these days, and their pencils were getting short. And climbing the hot close stairs Fanny thought that Chris's birthday came along in a few weeks now, and she must add a sharp penknife to his little heap of gifts—that is, if finances permitted.

"I suppose Madge would give him a camera or a dressing gown. I'll not tell her when it is!" Fanny thought. "I'll not see Madge again for ever so long. She makes me weary! There I go getting vulgar again—but she does make me weary! It's that sentimental Phyllis who's decided that Madge is pining away for Chris. I'd tell him if it mightn't suddenly make him interested in her—"

"What are you grinning about?" Chris said, when she came in.

"Chris, are you home, darling?"

"Yes. I was up at the library all day—Fanny," he said, shuffling papers about, "am I having a good time with the Bucknell case? Listen, I think you and I are going to Boston."

"Oh, Chris!" Fanny gasped, sitting down, her radiant face pale. "If things like that are going to happen to us, I'm sorry I quarrelled with Madge!"

Chris grinned in his turn.

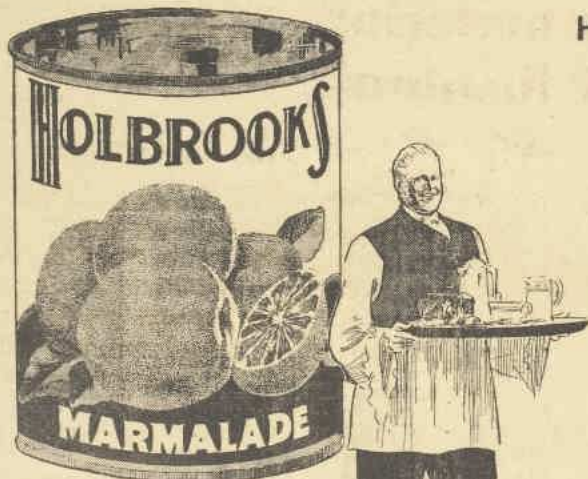
"Did you quarrel with Madge?"

"Oh, I did, and it makes me kind of ashamed. Boston! And look at all the papers you have now," Fanny said respectfully, adding a brief case to her mental list of his birthday presents. "Twice as many as you had last week!"

"Mind you, not for about a month," Chris warned her, very busy with pencilled notes. "But the thing is that I thought of course Murphy or Slade would go, or maybe Crum. But to-day Mr. Millikin wired and said, 'Thring's notes highly satisfactory.'"

"Wait!" Chris interrupted himself, producing a crumpled telegram. "Well," he went on, scanning its hundred or more words scrupulously, "that's all it says about me. But Mr. Mockby said that I'd probably have to go up to see Mr. Millikin—he has a place at Milton, and why didn't I take my wife? He said, 'You kids haven't ever been to Boston on the night boat, have you? We'll put you up at a Boston hotel, you see Mr. Millikin and come back the next night.'"

Please turn to Page 41



HOLBROOK'S MARMALADE

HOST HOLBROOK says:

"Something new! Yes, I have something new for my Australian friends.

I am now manufacturing Marmalade—that delicious breakfast Marmalade which became so popular when it was imported from England.

I make it from an old English recipe."

CHANGE of HEART

Continued from Page 40

"CHRIS," Fanny asked in an awed voice, "is there really a chance of our doing that?"

"There's a damned good chance!" Chris said. Fanny sat on the arm of his chair, her forehead resting against his shoulder. Her voice was full of exquisite content.

"I don't ever want to be anyone but you," she said. "When I think of the fun we have—I mean like going to the clinic when you got the speck in your eye—"

"You have the oddest ideas of fun, Fan."

"You know what I mean—the smelly halls at the hospital and having the best eye man in New York fix you for nothing."

"I wouldn't call it fun," Chris offered mildly, as she paused to kiss his temple. "But then it was my eye."

"Well, then, the free concerts, Chris, they're fun! And the—oh, I don't know, the crossword contents in the newspapers—after all, we did win ten dollars, you know, and the old book stores, and the lights on Broadway at night—and the day we went to Coney—"

"You love your city," he said, smiling.

"Don't you? But of course you do!"

"I think I'm not quite so sure of it as you are, Fan. I'm content to be a cog in a big law mill. You—you insist on getting familiar with it!"

"I'd like every day to be three days," Fanny said dreamily.

"If they were, darling, I could get through this work, and have a whole day to have you and your moist packages sliding into my lap. As it is—"

"Money grubber!" Fanny said, gathering up her parcels and pausing for

a final kiss on his dark thick hair. "Imagine being mentioned in telegrams! Imagine being sent to Boston on a night boat!"

"Do you know what this might mean, Fan? Being taken into the firm. And I haven't been a year in New York!"

"If it's mean to you it's mean to you—New York," said Fanny, "and if it's nice to you—it is nice to you!"

"We'd have to move, Fan."

"I suppose we would. I suppose if you were making actual fees we'd have to move. Oh, dear—I love our slum, and the Black Hole and the Ruggiero baby!"

"You'd love anything!" Chris said, with good-natured scorn.

Fanny made no answer. After a while she might be heard to mutter: "She write poetry—huh!"

"Who write poetry?"

"Phyllis. She sent a lot over for you to read—she's going to get out a book of it. I'll bet she pays for it. 'Leaning Up a Cypress Tree.' Hal!"

"What's the cypress tree got to do with it?"

"That's what she's going to call it. 'Leaning Up a Cypress Tree?'"

"Yes."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said Chris. "If I sat down on a typewriter it'd come out better sense. I'll read you some of it; she's going to send it over. Four lines in blank verse, you know—the nerve!" Fanny's spoon clicked busily in the yellow bowl in her hands.

"I saw the new moon to-night—you are the asparagus plant, and I the moon. But who is the rain? That kind of slush!" she said vigorously.

"Is that one of them?"

"Well, they're like that."

"Those girls have a swell time with themselves," Chris mused. "Smocks and attelers and affinites—"

"I wonder at Madge," she used to have sense," Fanny said tentatively, hopefully. Chris instantly disappointed her.

"Madge doesn't take it seriously, don't fool yourself!"

Fanny took up her sewing and settled down near him. "I am not going to talk, Chris," she announced presently, "but I was thinking how contrary it is that people like ourselves who don't truly mind Avenue A succeed so fast that they are practically forced into moving to better localities. And other people who loathe it have to come here."

feed one man steadily; wouldn't that make you feel better, Chris?"

They were at the door now, and Fanny had her little white hat pulled down over her bright hair, and had changed to a white gown that had often crossed and re-crossed the sunny, oak-shaded campus of Stanford University. Chris arrested her with a hand on her arm, and looked down at her.

"If everyone did what you do, Fan, if everyone who could feed a man, or a family, there wouldn't be any more depression."

"There isn't, for anyone who solves the depression," Fanny said. "Everything's relative; you don't have to read Einstein to know that. If you can't remember the—the inflation, why, the depression is just the way things are, and you have to take things the way they are!"

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Pollyanna," said Chris.

They walked through the exciting streets to the subway, and she kissed him good-bye and told him not to be too late. Then Chris disappeared in the black hood, and Fanny wandered home, stopping for her purchases, stopping halfway up the stairs for a peek at Dominico, humming as she went about her little domain, lighted her reading light, turned down the bed, opened both windows wide, and prepared for a leisurely bath. "I love my life!" she said once, aloud.

CHAPTER XIX

BUT the next morning everything grew twisted again, when at breakfast Chris said: "I saw Madge last night."

"Madge! At the library?"

"Yes. She and Phyllis were hunting for some Civil War reference, right in the room I was in. They whispered and rustled around there until I was about crazy. Finally we all walked out to Mallard's and had cold drinks, and then I put them on the bus and went back."

"He must have said over the telephone that he was going up to the library!" Fanny thought. Aloud she said nothing, and Chris did not notice that she had grown a little quiet and pale. He was absorbed in his Bucknell case; Fanny told herself that while he was working so hard he had not time for Madge or her foolishness.

To Be Continued

LUNG TROUBLE

MANY amazing successes have been recorded over a period of years from those suffering with Lung Trouble, even in their worst and most wretched form.

No longer those sleepless nights; those horrid waking night-sweats; those terrible coughing spasms or those weary, endless days without the desire for food . . . but happy days of hope and comfort.

MEMBRANOUS INHALATION TREATMENT is doing this daily. Let us help you to this relief, too.

CATARRH HAY FEVER AND ANTRIM TROUBLE DEFINITELY CONQUERED WITHOUT OPERATION

You need more than merely to clear the nostrils, and only a proven INHALATION TREATMENT can give the desired results. The fumes enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble. Head aches disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored, the constant sneezing fits and running eyes and nose, and the disgusting hawking and spitting are soon things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment. Membranous—the wonderful inhalation treatment—will do this for you.

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS

A DIFFERENT INHALATION TREATMENT

Many chronic cases of up to 40 years' standing report complete recovery without recurrence. If you wish to lie down and sleep at night without fear of an attack; for the mucus to be easily brought away, and the wheezing to stop; for the night, bound-up feeling never to worry you again; to breathe freely at all times; to lose the shortness of breath, and to be able to walk up hill and play games without discomfort; and for the attacks to become less severe and less frequent, and then make a complete and lasting recovery . . . then use MEMBRANOUS, the Inhalation Treatment.

Membranous

(REGD.) THE INHALATION TREATMENT

If you are a sufferer from any of these complaints, send at once, a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to 301, C. E. MUIR, of

IRVINE LTD., CHEMIST
152 Victoria Road, Drummoyne,
Sole distributor for Australia & New Zealand

My husband discovered it!



Like many women I suppose, I thought any old toothbrush would clean my teeth.

THEN John pointed out that my teeth were dull and didn't sparkle as they should. Men notice these little things, you know. He showed me too, how germs gather in damp, soft bristles and can be carried from the brush to the mouth. This made me discard my old brushes right away. Since using Dr. Fell's I have been amazed at the whiteness of my teeth.

AVOID THIS DANGER USE Dr. FELL'S BRUSH

Dr. Fell's is the only "Anti-Soggy" brush in Australia which has the bristles scientifically waterproofed by a special process for which patents are pending. This process also doubly sterilizes the bristles.

We Replace Your Brush FREE!

So sure are we of the "Anti-Soggy" properties of Dr. Fell's brush that we will definitely replace any Dr. Fell's toothbrush that does not live up to the claims we make for it. All Chemists and good stores keep Dr. Fell's in a range of six attractive colours with medium, hard and extra hard bristles.

Price in Australia, 2/-
Dr. Fell's Junior for Children, 1/-

Dr. Fell's "ANTI-SOGGY" TOOTH BRUSH (Waterproofed)

MAKE THIS TEST

Put two brushes in a glass of plain water for five minutes. One is Dr. Fell's, the other an ordinary brush. At the end of that time put the damp bristles down with your thumb. This is the result.



Dr. Fell's "Anti-Soggy" Brush Firm and open



Ordinary Soggy Brush Soft and ineffective

FREE!

A Soldier's Cap with every Dr. Fell's Standard or Junior brush—give one to your boy or girl.

Marcus Clark's

● says coolness—

with exciting new materials and fashions!

7194

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2'11 1/2 CREPE MARCONA

Crepe Marcona is a superior quality plain Maroccan weave and comes to Sydney in every wanted colour as well as White, Navy, and Black. 36 inches wide. PRICE, per yard **1'8 1/2**

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PTD. DRESS LINENS FROM

Famous "Druro" weaves which are guaranteed fast to washing. Big ranges of floral and figure designs on White and coloured grounds. 36in. wide. **2'11**

PRICE, per yard **2'11**

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Moss Crepes in spots are the right thing to wear! Range of coloured spots on White grounds and White spots on Navy, Black, Saxes, and Browns. 36 inches wide. PRICE, per yard **3'11**

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BUY A PACKET TO-DAY FOR PROOF!

29Fh/34

DOES not most criticism consist of complaining that things are not what they were never meant to be?—Philip Guadalupe in "The Missing Muse."

Perhaps the only true dignity of man is his capacity to despise himself.—Santayana.

Oh, could you view the melody

* And music of her face.

You'd drop a tear;

Seeing more harmony

In her bright eye

Than now you hear.

—Richard Lovelace.

They go to the fairest way to Heaven that would serve God without a Hell—Sir Thomas Browne.

"A man who has not read Homer is like a man who has not seen the ocean. There is a great object of which he has no idea."—Bagehot.

THE Love BIRDS

Continued from Page 7

CLAUDE bowed in her direction.

"That settles it. For her sake I'll have to give in. You damned spite!" His voice choked with rage. "If it weren't for Robina I'd see you all in hell."

"That's exactly what we were counting on," Kirkwood laughed. "A man who's as much in love as you're reputed to be is hardly his own master. Well, I'm glad you're so sensible. Writing materials are on that table by the window. For your own sake I'm sure you'll compose the letter in such a way that Messrs. Giffard will have no hesitation about forwarding the bonds. Now get busy."

"Curse you," Claude said. He went slowly to the writing-table and sat down. They heard his pen scratch. Suddenly he stopped and turned round.

"That's no good. I must think up some decent excuse for wanting to see the bonds. Old Giffard is a suspicious cuss. If he smells a rat he won't send them."

He tore up a sheet of paper and sat for a few moments apparently lost in thought, his head bowed, his hands thrust into the pockets of his overcoat. Then he rose and began to walk about the room. They saw him go to a window and jerk up the sash.

"You can spare yourself the trouble," Kirkwood purred. "There are bars outside. Besides, I could shoot you easily from here."

"I wasn't thinking of jumping out. I want some fresh air. You can't expect me to compose a difficult letter when I'm half suffocated by your foul cigars."

"You can have all the fresh air you want. It's important your letter to Giffard's should be convincingly worded. More important for you than for us, if I may say so." He winked at the girl.

"I know that," Claude snapped. "Well, I've thought of an idea. Have to make a fresh start though. This is no good."

There was a flash of white as he flung the torn scraps of paper out into the darkness. Then he slammed down the window and went back to the writing-table. The girl on the sofa laughed. "Evidently the writing of business letters is not your forte, Captain Branson. If it were a love-letter now . . . I should like to see a love-letter written by you."

"They are more in my line," Claude admitted with a grin.

Again he seated himself at the writing-table. For over twenty-five minutes they listened to the scratching of his pen. Obviously the letter was proving difficult. Twice he tore up what he had written and started afresh.

Kirkwood glanced at his watch. "You're a long time, Captain Branson."

"Don't hurry me. I'm better at love-letters than business ones. Ah! Listen! Oh, well done, Robina! Sooner than I dared to hope."

THERE was a sound of cars tearing at a tremendous speed up the drive. Kirkwood hurried forward, revolver levelled.

"You've tricked us, you young swine! What are those cars?" he roared.

"The police from Ripley. They've had a phone message from Robina to visit this house in force. You'd better put up that revolver, I don't suppose you're exactly yearning for the gallows!"

There was a sound of hammering at the door. The girl called Nina had dashed to the window.

"N.B.G." she said tersely. "They've surrounded the house. You'd better put up that gun, Tom. It's hopeless."

Kirkwood returned the revolver to his pocket. It looks could have killed Claude would have fallen dead on the spot.

"How the devil did you get your message through?"

"Carrier pigeon," Claude smiled. "I was carrying one in the pocket of my overcoat—like the spies used to do during the war. You see, Robina can't sleep until she gets her good-night love-letter. The male of the bird I was taking home is kept in a cot just outside her bedroom window. I wrote my B.O.S. under your noses. Then I folded it up and slipped it under the elastic band round the pigeon's neck without taking the bird from my pocket. Now you understand why I wanted the window open. When I threw those scraps of paper out the pigeon went, too. Pigeon mail is nearly as quick as the phone and much more private. Don't you think it's a very romantic way of sending good-night love-letters, Blackbeard?"

But what Kirkwood answered does not bear repeating. (All characters in this complete story are entirely fictitious.)

(Copyright)

LET'S Get MARRIED

Continued from Page 11

WITH a wave of the hand, he stepped on the gas and drove away. Margery watched until he was swallowed up in the mighty stream of traffic, then entered the building, bought a paper, took it to a bench in the quietest corner of the lobby and studied the short and bitter column headed "Situations Vacant—Female." She marked likely advertisements and sallied forth bravely on this, her first day of married life, to look for a job.

She went bravely. She wasn't afraid. After all, she had Harris. He would see her through. It wasn't so hard as it would have been if she were quite alone and friendless. But she wanted to get a position, to be earning money again, before he should even suspect what had happened. She had to get work; his salary alone would not suffice for the two of them. There were some bills to pay, bills that they hadn't been afraid of when they contracted them; but which now, just to think of them, made her walk faster, as if to get away from the fear of them.

She needed all her courage, all her trust in the days, the weeks that followed. Days in which she dared not go home to rest, for fear Harris should drop in and find her there doing nothing and learn the truth and, perhaps, lose some of his love for her; weeks in which she kept up the miserable pretence, the pitiful farce of getting up and breakfasting with him and hurrying for fear of being late. Late—when she had all the day ahead of her!

Then to come home in the evening and get supper and answer his casual questions—"Busy to-day, Margie?" or "Old Foreman working you to death?" Well, it wasn't hard to seem tired; who wouldn't be tired after tramping all day from office to office, riding up in one lift and down in the other, meeting everywhere the same regretful refusal, the sugar-coated assurance, so bitter, that she might "leave her name and address in case something should turn up," when they very well knew that nothing ever would. A sorry play this, a sad pretence,

hard to be gay, to keep smiling, hard not to weep in Harris's arms and blurt out the whole thing to him and have done with it. But she didn't. He was so happy, so utterly at peace with the world and with her, so fired after his long-day with the Welby Company a much larger advertising agency than the Regal. She couldn't bother Harris—not yet. She must do something—something that would keep this happiness intact, that would prevent its being spoiled in the slightest.

SHE had enough money to make up the first two weeks' contribution. Harris was right on the spot with his. But the third week began darkly. A bill or two with those old favourites, "Please remit" and "An early settlement would be appreciated," adorned them in red ink. Margery began to feel panicky then. She made a fresh and determined onslaught on the situations vacant, visited a round dozen offices, and ended up at five o'clock, dusty, disheartened, defeated at Torben Hunter's delicatessen shop.

The Great Dane—he always reminded her of one—greeted her with his wonted cheerful melancholy. His store shone and invited. Everything was so clean, so bright, so spick-and-span—just as she had told him it should be. She looked about her appraisingly as the Dane sliced luscious slabs from a ham.

"Business better?" she asked.

"Uh-yeah. Much. Thank you."

"Nothing like dressing things up. I don't like those little square price tags sticking up on your goods. I have a better idea. Will you give me a price-list of your stuff?"

"Uh-yeah. Sure. Thank you."

"See you later."

She wasn't too worried, or fired, or self-occupied to think of other people, and to find pleasure in helping them. The Great Dane never said much. He didn't know enough English to express himself anyway. But his sea-blue eyes showed gratitude.

Please turn to Page 46

STRAWBERRIES . . . Delicious and Decorative in Their RIPE BEAUTY!

Here are recipes for dishes that capture their rich color and unique flavor

RIGHTLY regarded as the aristocrats of the berry family, strawberries are everywhere highly valued, not so much for their vitamin content, which is low compared with that of many other fruits, but for their unique flavor and charming coloring.

For the next few weeks, strawberries will be plentiful and comparatively cheap, so make the most of their luscious beauty while their brief season lasts.

SERVED with cream, strawberries are delicious enough to tempt the palate of the epicure, and, of course, the cream gives a high vitamin value to the dish.

But there are many other ways of preparing strawberries so as to get the full benefit of their rich coloring and delicate flavor.

Have you tried them with orange juice or with an orange ice?

As a change from fresh strawberries, you can cook the berries in a syrup of sugar and water, flavored with lemon. Bring the syrup to the boil and drop in the strawberries. Then remove the saucepan from the fire and keep the lid on it till it is cold. Pour the stewed strawberries into a dish and chill thoroughly before serving.

Following are other methods of making attractive strawberry dishes:

CREAM PUFFS WITH STRAWBERRIES

One cup cream, 1/2nd cup sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 cup crushed strawberries. Whip the cream; add the sugar, and mix lightly. Beat the egg-white to a stiff froth. Add the crushed strawberries. Whip until very light, then add the whipped cream and sugar. Fill the cream puff cases.

SPRING SALAD

One pound strawberries, 2 bananas, 1 lb. cherries, 1 tin or 1 cup sliced pineapple, 1 cup cider. Hull the strawberries; dice the bananas and pineapple. Stand in a cold spot for half an hour; then add the sliced pear and banana, a quarter cup pineapple juice or syrup made with sugar and water and lemon juice, and the cider. Split some sponge fingers; put together with cream and strawberry jam. Serve with the salad.

STRAWBERRY CONSERVE

Four pounds strawberries, 2 1/2 lb. sugar, the rind of 1 lemon, juice of 2 lemons. Hull and wipe the strawberries with a damp cloth. Put 1 lb. into a preserving pan with the sugar. Crush slightly and allow to stand for an hour. Add the thinly-pared lemon rind tied in a muslin bag and the juice of the lemons. Bring slowly to simmering point, stirring all the time. Allow to boil five minutes. Add the remainder of the strawberries and cook gently until the liquid sets when tested on a saucer. Bottle and cover immediately.

STRAWBERRY SALAD WITH FRUIT DRESSING

Select large, perfect strawberries. Halve them and sprinkle with castor sugar. Chill, and arrange on curled



CAN YOU imagine more tempting dishes than the strawberry salad, and the spring salad pictured here? The recipes are given below.

STRAWBERRY CREAM

One cup strawberries, 1 cup cream, 1oz. gelatine, pinch salt. Wipe the strawberries and crush them with a silver fork. Whip the cream; add the crushed strawberries; sweeten to taste. Heat one cup milk. Soak the gelatine in half a cup of cold water. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot milk. Add to the strawberry mixture. Pour into a wetted mould. Allow to set. Turn out and serve with a few whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY GATEAU

Three eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup castor sugar. Beat the egg-yolks well; add the sugar gradually, beating all the time. Stir in the lemon juice and vanilla essence. Fold in the sifted flour and a pinch of salt. Lastly fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Bake in a well-greased sandwich tin. Cool. Make a strawberry filling as follows: Two cups hulled and mashed strawberries, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup cold water. Soak the gelatine in the lemon juice and cold water. Dissolve in boiling water; add some sugar to taste to the mashed berries; add to gelatine and liquid. Pour this jelly into the cake

tin which has been rinsed in cold water; allow to set. Cut cake in two, crosswise, put the filling between. Decorate with whipped cream and whole berries.

CREAM CAKE WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE

Two eggs, 1 cup thick cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. Whip the cream until stiff. Add the eggs and continue beating with a rotary beater until light. Gradually add the sugar and vanilla. Continue beating with a wire whip. Lastly, add the sifted dry ingredients. Bake in a well-buttered border cake tin in a quick oven for 25 minutes. When cool, fill the centre with crushed, sweetened strawberries mixed with whipped cream. Less cream may be used if two teaspoons of gelatine are used to one pint of liquid and beaten well.

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

One pound strawberries, juice of 1 orange, little lemon juice, 1 tablespoon brandy, vanilla ice-cream, sugar, and cream. Hull strawberries, wash and drain immediately. Sprinkle with castor sugar; add the orange and lemon juices. Allow to stand half an hour; pour over it the brandy. Put a small quantity of ice-cream into six sweet-dishes; divide the strawberries between them. Pour the juice over them. Decorate with whipped cream and garnish with large strawberry on top of each.



STRAWBERRY CREAM, a delicious sweet, and one that can be most attractively served.

STRAWBERRY COCKTAIL

One and a half cups grapefruit sections, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 1/2 cups hulled strawberries, mint leaves. Peel the grapefruit and remove the pith. Divide into sections. Mix the strawberries and lemon juice. Add to the grapefruit. Divide into cocktail glasses. Place frosted mint leaf in the centre of each. Mix some strawberry jam with a little water and add to the cocktail, if preferred sweet.

STRAWBERRY CREAM

One pound strawberries, 5 table-spoons sugar, 1 pint milk, 1 table-spoon cornflour. Save ten well-shaped strawberries. Mash the remainder; sieve. Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk; bring the remainder to the boil; add the sugar. When hot, add the blended cornflour; stir until it boils; simmer ten minutes. Cool and beat in the strawberry puree. Add half cup cream. Pour into a glass dish and decorate with whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY SNOW

Two pounds strawberries, whites of 4 eggs, 1 gill whipped cream, 3oz. sugar. Select twelve of the best strawberries; stand aside. Crush the remainder and rub through a sieve. Beat the egg-whites to a stiff froth; add the sugar gradually. Continue beating adding the strawberry puree gradually. Heap in a fruit dish; decorate with whipped cream and the reserved strawberries.

STRAWBERRY SHAPE

Half pound strawberries, juice 1 lemon, 3oz. sugar, 1 pint whipped cream, 1 packet strawberry jelly crystals. Stalk the fruit, which must not be overripe. Add lemon juice and sugar. Rub all through a sieve. Dissolve the jelly crystals in hot water to make one pint. Add mixture to it, and lastly, whipped cream. Pour mixture into a mould with hollow centre. Turn shape out and fill with fresh fruit.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

READERS are asked to register their opinion of the various features in The Australian Women's Weekly. For this purpose a coupon is published on Page 43. Recipes must be accompanied by the voting coupon to be eligible for our weekly prizes.

Add one tablespoon lemon juice. Cook in a double boiler until thick, adding half a cup of sugar, gradually stirring all the time. Chill thoroughly, then fold in three-quarter cup whipped cream.

CRYSTALLISED STRAWBERRIES

Wipe the fruit with a damp cloth. Dip in slightly-beaten egg-white. Roll in castor sugar and leave for some hours in a warm, dry place. These make a delightful finish to sweet-dishes, but will not keep.

BEST RECIPES

Have you entered for the fascinating competition conducted on this page? Every week four cash prizes are awarded for the best recipes sent in by readers. Recipes should be home-tested and practical. This week the prize of £1 is awarded to a South Australian reader for an attractive recipe for rhubarb and raisin tart.

RHUBARB AND RAISIN TART.

For the pastry use 1 lb. plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 4 oz. butter or good dripping, about 3 table-spoons water, or a little more, if fat is very firm. For the filling use 1 dessert-spoon butter, 1 small cup sugar, 1 cup grated rind and juice of one lemon, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 1/2 cups of rhubarb, washed, dried, and finely chopped. Cream the butter; add sugar, and beat; add egg, and beat well; then the rhubarb, raisins, grated rind, and lemon juice.

Make the pastry divide in two. Roll one piece out sufficiently large to line a tart tin; put in the filling, and cover with the remaining piece of pastry. Pinch edges together, close the top with a little water, and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in 1 lb. 3/4, of an hour in a moderate oven. Slit a little hole in sugar on top before serving. First prize of £1 to Miss J. Pocock, Renmark, River Murray, S.A.

ALMOND FRUIT SLAB.

Take 6 ozs. sugar, 4 ozs. butter, 8 ozs. currants, 2 ozs. raisins, 2 ozs. crystal cherries, 1 1/2 ozs. mixed peel, 3 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, and 8 ozs. flour (N.F.). Cream the butter and sugar, and add the eggs one at a time and keep creaming. Add fruit, etc., and mix well. Grease a square tin and pour in half the mixture, then a layer of almond paste and put the other half of mixture on top. Bake in middle shelf of a slow oven for two hours. When done brush top with beaten egg, and cover with a layer of almond paste. Make rough with a fork and brown lightly. Almond Paste—1 1/2 lb. ground almonds, 1 lb. castor sugar. Mix with a beaten egg. Confection price of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Trappett, Monmouth St., Morningside, Brisbane.

CUTLETS IN MINT JELLY.

Take 3 lbs. lamb cutlets, 2 dessert-spoons powdered gelatine, 2 table-spoons finely chopped mint, 2 table-spoons vinegar, 1 pint clear stock, 1 lettuce. Fry cutlets as they are. Dissolve gelatine in warm stock; add to it vinegar and mint. Place cutlets in flat dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour mixture over all. When set, cut out and dish on bed of shredded lettuce. Put plenty of chopped jelly round. Confection price of 2/6 to Mrs. M. A. Cass, Notredame, St. John St., Windsor, Melbourne.

DELICIOUS PEACH PUDDING.

Drain the juice from a large tin of peaches. Put the peaches in a pie dish, then add to the juice 1 pint sweet milk, 4 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup plain flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon melted butter, and a pinch of salt. Beat well, pour over the peaches in the dish. Stand in a dish of water, and bake in a moderate oven about 40 minutes until nicely brown. Delicious, hot or cold. Serve with cream or boiled custard. Confection price of 2/6 to Mrs. P. R. Edwards, Fairview, Farnes Rd., Engwara, N.S.W.

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*Bathing Baby During
the Summer Months!*

By...
**Mary
Truby King**
Daughter of Sir Truby
King, the World-famous
Authority on Baby
Welfare.

One of the most important things to remember in regard to baby's bath is that everything that will be needed should be at hand.

Baby can be bathed in the open during the summer months, as long as there is not a strong wind blowing or any draught.

BEFORE baby is lifted out of his cot for his bath, everything should be in readiness for him. The mother will need:

Bath-tub. Hot and cold water.
Castile baby soap.
Two towels. Two cloths (one for face, one for body).
Bath thermometer.
Baby's clean clothes.
Pail or basket for baby's dirty clothes.
Baby's hair brush.

The mother should wear a large waterproof apron, covered by an apron of some warm washable material such as flannel. Her frock should have short sleeves, and be washable.

If there is no bath thermometer in the home, the mother may test the temperature of the water with her elbow. Do not use the hand, for it is not so sensitive as the elbow. The water should be about 98 to 100 degrees Fahr.—about blood heat.

It is not necessary to warm baby's

clean clothes in the summer time as one does in the winter; but, of course, they must be perfectly dry and well aired. Put them in the sun while baby is being bathed.

Baby may be bathed on a table, or the bath-tub may be placed on a chair. It is best not to place the tub on the floor, for this is a draughty place, and the mother will have to stoop too far. Make bath-time as easy as possible by having a table of a convenient height.

On the Verandah

IN summer, baby may be bathed on the verandah, so long as there is no draught, and no high wind blowing. If there is just a mild breeze blowing, protect the bath-table by a screen.

Having prepared the bath, baby should be undressed, and the temperature of the water taken. If the water has become too cold, add a little hot, before putting baby into the bath. Never add hot water once baby is in the tub.

While the water is sweet and clean, wash baby's face and head. If soap is used on the head, it must be well rinsed out of the hair. Be careful that no soap gets into baby's eyes; soap is not necessary on his face. Soap his body well.

The whole bathing and dressing process should not take longer than 15 minutes. If baby's clothes have been arranged in their right order, matters will be much facilitated. When baby is over eight months, he will like to play for a few minutes in the bath, after you have washed him. Never leave him by himself, not even for a second. He can easily topple over and drown in a few inches of water.

When baby is fully dressed, give his hair a good brushing.

Never wipe out baby's mouth. It doesn't need any interference from outside. Nature keeps it beautifully clean with saliva.

Most mothers find it convenient to bath baby about 9.30 a.m., before his 10 a.m. meal. But the bath may be given in the evening if preferred. It should not take place sooner than half an hour after a meal. Try to bath baby at the same time every day.

A Cool Sponge

IF baby is six months and over, and quite healthy, he should be having a cool sponge after his bath. This is a great corrective in cases of constipation. Begin by sponging baby with water at 86 degrees Fahr. and, day by day, gradually reduce the temperature of the water till baby loves it quite cold—just as it comes out of the tap. This sponging should be quick.

After the cool sponge, lift baby from the bath into a warm towel, and dry him quickly. Put on his clothes without any dawdling. Baby should warm up quickly after the cool sponge. If he looks blue and cold you will have to discontinue the cool sponge for a month or two and then try again.

When baby is two years old, he may have a cold bath instead of a hot one in the morning, and a warm bath in the evening. After the cold bath, see that the toddler is warmed up quickly by exercise.

In very hot weather, baby will be refreshed by having a cool sponge in the middle of the day, as well as the morning and evening baths.

Answers To

... Questions

Mrs. H.L. of Concord, writes: "I see that you advocate giving baby his own handkerchief. How does one set about teaching a baby to blow his nose, and at what age can one expect baby to do this properly?"

Answer: Baby should begin to learn the art of nose-blowing when about two years old. Give him his own little handkerchief, with animals, or some interesting picture in the corner. Begin by holding his handkerchief to his nose and telling him to blow. At the same time show him how you blow your nose.

Children learn all these things by imitation. He will not be able to manage at first, but play the nose-blowing game every day and he will soon learn. Do not press on the nostrils, but teach baby to blow both nostrils at the same time.



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I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.
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Address _____

WW14

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL *Let us Settle a Burning Question*

Query: "Why does my skin burn and blister?"
Answer: "Bask—do not bake your way to bronze loveliness."

THE spell of summer weather, enjoyed in many places recently, made us feel as if we had crossed from winter to summer without spring's preparatory bridge. Sun worshippers, instead of sipping the life-giving wine, drank it in skinfuls and raised, somewhat prematurely, a burning question, which, however, in the interests of the majority can be settled now.

By
 Evelyn

"THE SUN is quite willing to bestow upon you both health and beauty, if his gifts are received with a little caution. Here you glimpse charming Adrienne Ames, of Paramount, sun-basking on the porch of her lovely Hollywood home.



severe, vaseline, or a well-recommended ointment, should be gently rubbed on at night, and this will prevent blisters forming.

Chloroform is considered to be good for this, but I remember the ship's doctor refusing to give other than vaseline to thoughtless passengers in the tropical zone who over-indulged in sunbaking.

The result of a severe overdose of sun reacts rather curiously. You may feel all right for a few hours, and then, without any warning whatsoever, you will develop cold shivering attacks, and feel headachy and sick—sometimes the symptoms are akin to an oncoming attack of flu. So beware!

Almond Oil—a Helper

THE sun is quite willing to give both health and beauty, if his gifts are received with a little caution.

If you want to tan painlessly, and without the agonising skinning process, coat the skin thickly with almond oil and, as I said before, first expose the skin to the direct rays of the sun for a few minutes only. Then, as your skin gets acclimatised, you can stay longer in the sun.

You can use almond oil on your face as well. Once before I told you that Eve Grey, lovely young Australian, who years ago carried off a beauty competition and now does film and theatrical work in London, used only almond oil on her face. Incidentally, she rubs her body over with it, and allows it to be thoroughly absorbed by the skin, before the daily bath.

When your face is brown, don't, for goodness sake, use a pink and white make-up.

There are special powders that will give soft, bronze allure to the skin when ordinary make-up does nothing more than turn it into a sickly mauve color.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



...BY A DOCTOR...

PATIENT: I find my mind behaving in a strange way lately. I get an overwhelming desire to do a certain thing, and am unhappy until I accomplish it. They might be trivial things and have no bearing on anything I am doing, but they seem to call to me. Am I suffering from delusions?

I SHOULD certainly say the condition you describe is not one of delusion, but rather obsession.

People are continually finding themselves compelled to think or to do things they recognise as foolish, but for the life of them they cannot stop themselves.

I have yet to find an individual who is absolutely free from obsessions. Absurd ideas keep popping into the mind despite everything you do to keep them out.

You find yourself feeling that something dreadful is going to happen. You experience a sense of impending danger. You don't know why. You just feel uncomfortable, and it is absolutely impossible for you to shake the feeling off.

Or, quite without any known reason, a tune suddenly occurs to you. You hum, or sing, or whistle it over and over again. After a time you want to get rid of it. But you find you cannot. Its constant recurrence becomes annoying. You are haunted by the melody. In short, you are obsessed by it.

PEOPLE find themselves compelled to add up the figures on the license tags of automobiles. Others have to touch every post they pass. Still others are most careful lest they step on a crack in the pavement.

There are hundreds of forms of obsessions, ranging all the way from trivial thoughts and acts to forms that are so harassing they undermine the nervous system.

Those who are unacquainted with the

full. The reason is that they do not understand whence the obsession comes, what its cause may be.

ALL obsessions originate in the unconscious mind. The compulsive thoughts and acts are merely symbols of some disturbance in this unconscious mind.

You may feel that you are going to meet with a mishap because, as a child, your mother was over-solicitous for your welfare and was always cautioning you to be careful of the traffic.

A melody may continually recur to you because, when you heard it first, it roused feelings of love and romance that one time played a most important part in your life.

Obsessions can always be traced back to something else. Sometimes they stand for something quite opposite to what one might suppose.

Unless obsessions are numerous and very upsetting there is no special reason why one should bother about removing them.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

THIS back-stretching exercise—demonstrated by Mary Wallace, Paramount player—is most beneficial for strengthening abdominal muscles. Place your hands back against the wall, or a heavy box, with feet slightly apart, and bend the body backwards as far as possible. You'll find it excellent for reducing the stomach.



MISS MAY MURRAY

The Beautiful American Theatrical Star uses and recommends the Dearborn Beauty Products and writes for you this interesting beauty article.

Correct Make-up

as used by Theatrical and Film Stars.

For the Brunette

After years of careful study, I recommend for the vivacious Brunette with the beautiful dark eyes, that her face should be treated with a foundation of Mercolized Wax properly massaged in. Wipe off surplus with soft towel, then apply Dearborn Barri-Agar Roshol Powder. Be sure you obtain this particular powder because it was manufactured especially for your type of beauty. This will give that beautiful creamy texture to your skin. For rouge you should never use any other color than Dearborn Strawberry Red, as it adds that fire which is always admired. Again let me point out a very important point in face treatment, the eye shadow. Brunettes should use Dearborn Brown Eye shadow. It makes the shadow always keep shadow as far from the nose as possible. Start the shadow from almost the centre of the eyelid and work towards the temples. This will give a greater character effect. Then comes the lips—use Dearborn Brana Lipstick. For the eyebrows and lashes use the Dearborn Liquid Brown Coloring.

For the Brunette night make-up use Dearborn Barri-Agar Cream face powder, Dearborn Brana Moist rouge for the cheeks, and their famous Vaseline lipstick. For eye shadow use the Dearborn Blue, and always use a soft camel hair face brush. Brush the face very lightly after you have applied your powder and rouge, then do your lips and nose. For the eyebrows and lashes use the Dearborn Liquid Black Colouring.

For the Blonde

The face of a blonde is so easily hardened if the slightest mistake is made in the selection of the make-up. The face should be treated nightly with Mercolized Wax by massaging carefully, then twice a week apply Justraline. This will remove freckles. Then again I warn you to be sure you select rosine powder. I recommend Barri-Agar Roshol or Dearborn Roshol Powder. This will soften the texture of the skin. Then for your cheek rouge, Dearborn Brana-Rose. This rouge will harmonize with your face powder. Now for your eye shadow, for you a blue eye shadow. The shadow must be kept from the nose working towards the temples always. For your lipstick always use Brana-Rose. Moisture the lips before applying lipstick. For night use Face Powder, nothing but Roshol, Roshol Brana-Rose, Lipstick Brana-Rose, for eye shadow, Maury.

In putting this recommended series of make-up from your Chemist, Beauty Parlor, or Department Store, it is essential that you do not take any other than the Dearborn series, because the recommendations follow their special colors.



Can't you Sleep? Then take ESTERIN for Restful Nights!

SIMPLY take one or two NYAL ESTERIN tablets on retiring. Then go to bed and enjoy a *real* night's rest. NYAL ESTERIN is really effective for sleeplessness. It contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres and brings peace to frayed nerves. The ingredients in NYAL ESTERIN are regularly prescribed by Doctors for the relief of pain. People who suffer from headaches and nerve pains should always keep a tin handy. ESTERIN brings relief in quick time. It is perfectly harmless in any state of health, fully effective, and should be taken for headaches, nerve pain, neuritis, rheumatic pains, toothaches, etc. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN at 1/3 a tin of 24 tablets.

**NYAL
ESTERIN**

For this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 41/43, Gt. St. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

Name.....
Address.....
W.W. 12/10/34

Overweight Women

NOW FIND IT

Easy to Reduce

Now—Reducing Treatment that speeds up, and in correct proportion, restores overweight women to normal. Thoughtful and effective, it consists of (1) Reducing Tablets, containing, among other valuable ingredients, a new extract, now famous in European scientific circles for its amazing rejuvenating and fat-dissolving powers. (2) Reducing Foam Bath Powder. Full month's treatment, 1/3. Full night's supply Reducing Tablets alone, 4/6, or a month's supply, 12/6. (3) Reducing Foam Bath Powder, approximately, 4/6. Available through any good chemist, or direct from Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney. No overweight woman should fail to take advantage of this Kathleen Court's outstandingly effective and safe remedy for superfluous flesh and ailed life.

For freedom of Movement
and Ease of Mind

EASILY
DISPOSABLE
MENEX
THE MODERN HYGIENE

MADE IN AUSTRALIA
By COTTON DRESSINGS, PTY. LTD.
OBTAINABLE AT COLLIS, EDWARDS, MYERS
AND ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

GOOD NEWS FOR ANAEIMICS

At the end of an exacting clinical test on Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the doctor, an independent medical practitioner, expressed surprise at the excellent results achieved. In one case of anaemia in a young girl, he reported at the completion of the treatment that there was a "remarkable and continued gain in both red blood corpuscles and haemoglobin (which oxygenizes the blood). Wonderful for a girl of her weight. She feels stronger."

Anaemia or an impoverished condition of the blood causes many ailments and weaknesses. It destroys nerve force, disturbs digestion, gives rise to headache, backache, and vague pains in limbs and body. Breathlessness, palpitation, and that ever-lasting weary tired feeling are mainly due to anaemia. Girls and women are particularly subject to it. The one remedy is to make your blood rich and red and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills by exacting medical tests prove to help to enrich and increase the blood. There is no doubt about it. They contain no harmful drugs and do nothing but good. If you suffer from anaemia and its miserable, wasteful 3/- bottle to-day. At chemists and stores. Say "Dr. Williams"—and take no other.

Deafness

Wilson's Ear Drums relieve Catarrhal Deafness, stop Ringing Noises, make words more easily understood; ear aches hearing by taking the place of perforated or destroyed natural drums. Price 2/11 complete. Write for Booklet.

R. WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
225 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

LET'S Get MARRIED

Continued from Page 42

MMARGERY always felt maternal towards people who couldn't say what they wanted to, but who showed you in other ways what they meant. She had a good idea about the square, ugly little white price tickets that stuck up like so many "No Trespassing" or "Beware of the Dog" signs. Something gay and striking.

She started on them that night, joining in Harris's teasing laughter and good-humoured sallies about "children's cut-outs" and "Noah's Arks." She forgot, for a time, her troubles, while she drew little cows and sheep and hens and pigs, big Dutch cheeses, and tempting little cheddars, and all these she colored brightly, and marked the prices on them in contrasting ink.

She had still some more to do when bedtime came, and Harris made her desist.

"Say, Marge, they're just corking! You little whiz! But you can't hold down a job all day and then spend your evenings writing show cards. You look pale of late and tired, honey. Gee, I wish you didn't have to work."

"Well, I don't," said Margery. "It—it would be awful to be always idle."

He looked at her sharply.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, of course."

The next evening she finished the bright little show cards, and took them down to Torben Hunter before he closed, flashing them before his wide, blue eyes. He stared and grinned:

"Like them?" asked Margery.

"Uh—yeah. Nice. Very nice. We use them. Thank you."

The following morning early a big basket of the choicest viands came to the Kendalls' door—ham, chicken, jam, pickles, and flowers from the Dan's garden.

"Cluck thy cows, sheeps, pigs upon the water," said Harris between mouthfuls of sausage, "and lo, they come back as steaks, chops, and bacon. Hail, the good provider."

Margery was happy. To do something for another, to know it was appreciated, to feel that it helped. Life was good, if only she had her own job, her own chance to work and earn. How long could this go on, she wondered. Surely Harris would learn the truth about it before she found courage or was forced by circumstances to confess it all to him. He was bound to know.

She had a narrow shave the afternoon it rained so hard. She was near home when the downpour started, and, for the first time, she entered her own flat in business hours. How cheery and warm and gay it was, with its pretty furniture, and bright cushions, and soft-toned rugs. She never wanted to leave it. Then, with her hat still in her hand she heard a step on the stairs—Harris.

She had left the door ajar. He barged in.

"Oh!" He stared at her. "What—"

"I—I was out on an errand," she said in a voice not quite her own. "I was near home when the rain began, so I came here after my raincoat."

"I came back for some layouts I left in my desk, which I need. I'll come along with you."

Oh, go on, out into the rain again, trotting along bravely by Harris's side. His car had been laid up for a few days. He'd sooner walk anyway. He told her. She left him outside the office. She hadn't been there since that first morning. Then the name of the Regal Advertising Agency made the dark day more dismal. She stayed in the entrance hall until 5 o'clock, then took a tram car home. Harris came in a little later, wet, but smiling. Oh, how could he be so carefree, so full of life, so heedless, when—

But he didn't know, she told herself. He couldn't guess how his laughter hurt her, how she wanted to scream. Where was it going to end, anyway? Her money was about all gone. Rent every week, and bills to pay, and not enough money. For a week she had eaten little or no luncheon, had gone starving along until dinner time.

BILLS overdue.

Weary and reckless of whether Harris found her or not, she went home one afternoon. Near the end now, she felt sure. No job, no chance of a job. And the furniture people, the milliner, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—all waiting.

From the window she saw a stout man, red-faced, crossing the street towards her door. He looked like a collector. He had a little card in his hand, and seemed to be comparing what was on it with what was on the street-door. Well, he would have his

walk for nothing. She heard his step on the stairs, his knock at the door. She kept silent as a mouse, and, after a while, he went away.

The slow minutes passed. The golden hands on the little green clock showed a few minutes to five. There was nothing in the flat for supper, and Harris, ravenous, as usual, crying for food, would soon be along. She put on her hat and coat and walked down the street to Torben Hunter's. She was lost in her own dark thoughts, or she would have looked before she crossed the threshold. When she did look it was too late. The stout man with the ruddy face was there, talking to Torben. Margery prayed that Torben would not use her name.

"Missus Kindall?"

Margery felt weak. The idiot! Now the big man who looked like a bullfinch or something was staring at her. She couldn't move.

"You'll pardon my speaking to you—" Polite fellows, these bullfinches. His hat was in his hand, and he was smiling pleasantly. "But I wish, first of all, to congratulate you—on this." He waved a hand about the store. "Mr. Hunter told me how you advised him, persuaded him, coaxed him to carry out your ideas, how you thought of and made those clever little price-tickets."

"Th—thank you." Great was Marge's relief.

"My name, Mrs. Kendall, is Burgan."

"The Mr. Burgan?" she said. "Oh, I'm glad to know you." The dancing names on the card, Burgan and Lewesohn, became clear.

"You know our firm?" smiled Mr. Burgan.

"Who doesn't?" returned Margery. "It's about the first in the country. Isn't it, in the advertising game?"

"It is, Mrs. Kendall, about the first—and it occupies that position because it has always sought out the people with ideas, with freshness, with youth, like you. We're opening up an office in this city. I know you've been in advertising for some years. Want a job in it?"

"Very much so."

"That's that. I've already taken offices. I'll write you in the morning. Now, do you know of a likely man?"

Margery did. Jimmy Cotter was out of a job. She didn't think of Harris. Harris had a good job, had advanced a bit and had great prospects. So she said—

"I think I can get you a good man, Mr. Burgan. I'll fetch him along in the morning."

SHE bade him good-bye, so happy, so excited, so full of bursting that she ran all the way home and did not remember, until she was inside the flat, that she had gone down to get some food for their supper. She had a job, a job, a job. Gaily she danced to the telephone, found Jimmy Cotter's number and dialled it. Harris came in just then.

"What're doin', darling?"

"I got a marvellous new job with Burgan and Lewesohn and they want a man, so I'm calling Jimmy Cotter and—"

Gently, but swiftly and firmly, the receiver was taken from her, placed upon its hook.

"What's the matter with me—me, Harris V. Kendall, for the job?"

"But, you've got a good job already. I—I haven't had a job since the day



Do You Know...

THAT the brank (a kind of bridle made of iron bands) was used in England in the 16th and 17th centuries to punish scolding women and those guilty of slander. It was also used on men guilty of abusive language.

I was married. I've been faking all that time, pretending I was going to work. I couldn't bear to tell you, Harris. I've had a terrible time and I was afraid to 'fess up. I—I was sacked the very day of our wedding—

"So was I, Marge."

She stared at him. "You—you've been in the same boat all the time, and you never told me? Oh, how could you, Harris—"

Then, thinking of her own deception, she laughed, then she cried, then Harris hugged her very tight and kissed her.

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*Our achievement
by Lustre.*

*Finer
full fashioned
HOSE*

Lustre's NEW, finer, full-fashioned hose combines the charm of a perfect stocking with the wearing qualities which have made Lustre Hosiery famous. The season's most fashionable shades are obtainable in Lustre styles

Lustre Ivory Line. Serviceweight, Ivory Picot Edge, Pure Silk	6/11
Lustre Sheersilk. All Silk, Blue Picot Edge	6/11
Lustre Doulbloom. All Silk, Sheerweight, Dainty Lace Top	7/11
Lustre Symphony. Serviceweight, Pure Silk, Picot Top, Lisle Welt	7/11
Lustre Sheersilk. Fine Sheer Hose, Lace Tops, Picot Edge, Pure Silk	9/11
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Lustre 411 Pure Silk Serviceweight 4/11
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CREATED IN AUSTRALIA BY THE MAKERS OF LUSTRE HOSIERY

When Somebody's coming to your House!

It is Benger time for Mother before Baby arrives. For health and happiness expectant mothers should take a cupful of Benger's Food night and morning for some months before the happy event, and all through nursingtime. Write for valuable

Booklet, post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney.



Real genius of conception marks this latest creation of Bourjois, Paris. Its success in Australia is just as sensational as in Paris, London or Berlin.

Obtainable at all Stores & Chemists



REXONA
Proved successful where others failed

Mrs. V. Marr, of Balmain, tried several cures for Varicose Ulcers but found no relief until she used Rexona Ointment. She says: "I took to your ointment and it gave me wonderful results."

Apply Rexona immediately to cuts, bruises, burns and skin blemishes.



FALSE Scent

"SHE probably explained that it might mean life or death to you, and then, as you said that you could never forget, and started clinging to her, she doled you out a generous measure of dope, and got you to toss it down."

"I really can't think..." "That's where she certainly succeeded. She gave you the dope and you remember nothing. I expect it was a very pleasant glass of wine, too... a rather full-bodied, rich ruby draught, or possibly pale green and foggy."

"It would be, let me see, the waters of Lethe, I fancy, or something distilled from the lotus flower. These people generally carry a sort of iron ration with them in case they have to put somebody to sleep in a hurry, and sometimes they fill in their off-spell by taking a slight overdose themselves."

"Yes," said George heartily, as he rose and slapped his hands. "I think that explains it. Well... that's all, then?"

"Where are you going?" "You don't want me any more."

"If you thought you had had an affair with a very lovely lady—"

"A Chinese lady."

"This took place in South Kensington, not Limehouse."

"Then she was Viennese or Russian."

"Never mind her lingo. If you thought you had met her, and had then staggered home and kept to your bed for two days without knowing it, only to wake with a black eye and her handkerchief, would you be satisfied to let it end like that?"

"I wonder if you would know her if you ever saw her again."

"As I fell in love with her, no doubt I should do the same again, even if I didn't remember meeting her before."

"In the meantime, where is your key?"

"Yes, I am puzzled there. Somebody did come home with me, and they realised I was knocked all of a heap, so they took the key away intending to come in first thing next day and bring me a nice hot cup of tea."

"Or more dope?"

"THE reason she didn't come, whether with dope or with tea, is that she was prevented. Apparently I rescued her once; she was recaptured on her way back from here, and now I have got to rescue her again."

Humphrey was beginning to look brighter. There was more colour in his cheeks, and a certain swashbuckling gallantry about his way of standing. But George looked down his nose.

"Do you imply that the lady came back here and put you to bed?"

"I have already said that I obviously put myself to bed. But I was no doubt groggy, and she was anxious. She may have driven me home in a luxurious limousine, and then she may have come upstairs with the idea of taking my temperature."

"And ended by taking your key?" "Anyway, she would wait in the sitting room and come in only when I was tucked up and she could tip-toe to my side and lean down to give me a kiss... and this handkerchief. Then she went... and never came back again."

Even as they spoke there was the sound of a key in the lock of Humphrey's front door and both men turned to stare. They stood up, and Humphrey smoothed back his tousled hair and drew his dressing-gown close about him, holding it with one hand on the hip in order to look like Caesar.

GEORGE buttoned his jacket and straightened his tie. Just as the front door opened and closed again. There was a dubious footstep in the hall, then light fingers rapped upon the panels of the door, and in a highly-strung and suitably affected voice Humphrey said: "Come in."

Round the corner of the door a face appeared, and it was the extraordinarily annoying and unsatisfying countenance of the female who "did for" Humphrey twice a week.

Humphrey's voice betrayed the irritation of snapped nerves.

"Good heavens, what on earth are you doing here at this time of day?"

"Well, sir, I was a little poorly on Saturday, and as I had my other gentleman to see to, I just looked in to see if there was much to be cleared up, or whether it could wait until to-morrow."

"Then," said Humphrey, "for goodness' sake don't creep. It might have been anyone."

"And it should have been by rights," said George.

Humphrey thought of something. "I say, is that your key?"

"Yes, sir, the one I always have."

"Well, I've lost mine. Just lend it to me until to-morrow."

"Just as you like, sir. Thank you."

They continued staring at the door disgustedly even when she had backed out, but in a moment she had returned, and the same gargoyles-like apparition moved round it as before.

"I forgot to say, sir, that I did look in yesterday, only you wasn't at home."

Humphrey answered sharply.

"How do you know I wasn't at home?"

"The door of your room was open, sir, and the bed had not been slept in. And there were the papers and the milk on the mat, sir, so I just put them inside the door."

Humphrey looked wooden as she retired, then slowly screwed round his head and confronted George. There was a distinct pause before he spoke.

"Then where on earth was I... all Sunday?"

"Ask me another."

"I am going to take three aspirins and a brandy and soda," Humphrey said. "And then I am darned well going to find out. For all I know, I was delivered back only a few hours ago."

"So somebody ought to let themselves in with my key this evening, in which case I should think it would be a good idea if you hung around as something exciting should develop."

"BUT first," said George, "get dressed, and come out with me to get a bite to eat. You must be so empty as to be feeling a little faint, I fear."

Humphrey looked at George Pike walked along the road together, returning to Humphrey's little flat. They were taking their time about it, for Humphrey did not feel at all like hurrying, and, in fact, had not been so hungry as George thought.

They were a prepossessing couple, both nicely over six foot in height and possessed of good looks of so masculine an order as to suggest appropriate toughness in spite of gentility.

One was in a double-breasted suit of grey, the other in pin-striped blue; they had been hatted by a talented maker of crash bowlers, and their ties, unlike that lady's handkerchief, contained on the reverse side the name of the Jermyn St. gentleman who sold them.

Humphrey looked the more resolute of the two at the moment—for, con-

scious of his black eye and slight limp due to abrasions, he was scowling as he walked. George, on the other hand, appeared to be returning to his stall to enjoy the second act of an enthralling play.

As they turned the corner Humphrey halted and pointed with his stick.

"A car... and at my door!"

"A Bradman Bee,"

"Woman's model,"

"Luxurious taste,"

"You'd better drop behind, or you may spoil it."

"Then what on earth did you want me to stick around for?"

"Because," said Humphrey, "she may not be there alone. She may have large men with her who have dealt with me before. This is a deserted street and a quiet time of the evening."

"You can hide round the corner, and if in due course you see a bunch of fellows coming out with a sack about my size run up and lay about you."

"If, on the other hand, I emerge in a white tie and tails, walking behind the lady, push off home and wait to hear further from me."

"And if I am spotted, hiding, and given a crack with a stockingful of wet sand..."

"You will wake up feeling exactly as I did, and then you will be more sympathetic."

Humphrey, who found nobody on his mat, opened his door with Mrs. Parsons' key. And no sooner had he closed it behind him than he sensed that he was not alone. He pushed at the door of his sitting-room expectantly, and was well satisfied.

A girl sat at his table writing a letter on his notepaper, and George had been right. She was dark and she was elegant; she wore a hat and a macintosh, but these did not conceal the fashioning of her hair, nor yet her grace of limb, and by the way she looked up at Humphrey now she made it clear that they had met before.

She seemed to be interrogating him already with her expressive eyes, first for signs of recognition, then for evidence of injury, and she dwelt for a moment on his black eye and pallor. Then she tore up the letter she had been writing and stood up.

"How do you feel... now?"

Humphrey hesitated. He felt that not to remember her was hurtful to a woman's vanity, yet unless he explained his plight it would be difficult to find out anything. And anyway her voice was low and kind; voices and purity of skin he had found, so often go together, and artistically hers was perfection.

Please turn to Page 49



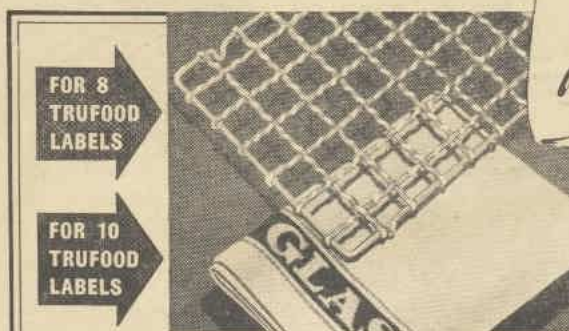
Vicker's—a sedative most necessary to women

OLD-FASHIONED it may be—but no modern substitute is so beneficial to women, or so effective in allaying pain and distress, as Vicker's Gin. Its regular use can be recommended with safety, for Vicker's is mild, wholesome, and ABSOLUTELY PURE, and cannot disturb the most delicate constitution.



"I must save that TRUFOOD LABEL"

Every day, everywhere, women are completing their sets of Trufood labels, to secure FREE glasscloths and cake-coolers. And as soon as they obtain one gift, they start saving twice as eagerly for another... and another!



FREE! GLASSCLOTHS and CAKE-COOLERS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFT!

Save the labels from Trufood tins until you have 8 for a strongly-made CAKE-COOLER, 9 ins. x 14 ins., or 10 for a durable pure Irish Linen GLASSCLOTH, 33 ins. x 23 ins. Then take your labels to PARKES HOUSE, HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send personally, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing:—1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. 2. The number of labels enclosed. 3. The gift you require. Post to "FREE GIFT DEPARTMENT," Box 30227, G.P.O., Sydney. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope. OFFER OPEN UNTIL 30th MARCH, 1935

TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

30.6.19 N



Lighter cakes... and rich delicious puddings

Fresh at all times, easier to use, twice as economical, Trufood makes all your cooking tastier and more nourishing. It is real country milk with only the water and the butter fat extracted—no sugar or preservatives are added. Taste the creamy richness Trufood gives to custards and sauces! You'll never be without it when there's cooking to be done.

If the recipe says MILK use TRUFOOD



TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

"NOW, children," began Wunderlust, "you have all heard of Jack and the Beanstalk, haven't you?"

"Yes," they answered in chorus.

"Well, how would you all like to come with me to where Jack lives and see his wonderful beanstalk," said Wunderlust smiling broadly. "Of course, Jack is an old man now, but nevertheless he is still able to run up and down the beanstalk like a two-year-old."

Naturally, all the children were only too happy to go and wanted to go as soon as Wunderlust could possibly take them. In a short while Wunderlust had them all aboard his magic aeroplane. Fred was with them, too, and had on his new red velvet suit.

Jack's home was very easily found. The beanstalk could be seen for miles around, and it often helped aviators find their way when they were lost.

Jack was at the gate to welcome Wunderlust and his little band of merry children. All the children started calling Jack Mr. Jack, for they thought he was an elderly man and that was only right, but Jack would not let them.

"Please, don't call me Mr. Jack," he implored, "it makes me feel such an old man. Just call me Jack, I like it much better."

Fred got Jack's permission to climb up the beanstalk. It seemed a very long way to the top, and Fred thought he would never get there. And, as he gazed down on the ground, he discovered that everything had taken an odd shape—everything looked so flat. He smiled to himself as he spied Wunderlust. Wunderlust was anything but a big man at any time, but seeing him from the air made him look almost flat on the ground.

What was that? There was a fluttering of wings, then a faint cry and all was still once more. Fred turned and saw a goose settled just above him. He could see that the goose was wounded in one wing, and that it was all it could do to hang on to the beanstalk.

Fred did not think of the golden goose, he just saw a goose in distress and thought of going to its assistance. Fred soon reached the goose and, lifting it up in his arms, prepared to climb down the beanstalk.

Of course, when he reached the bottom, and told Jack all that had happened, he was very highly praised. Jack was overjoyed, for without his valuable friend, the goose, he could do nothing. This goose laid golden eggs and, with the money Jack got for these, he was able to help all his neighbors who did not have much money.

It appeared that every day the goose flew up to her nest in a big white cloud and laid one golden egg, and evidently while she was coming home that day, she had hurt her wing, and it was very lucky for her that Fred had been close handy, or she may have fallen and been killed.

Jack gave Fred a golden egg for his good deed and told him not to forget to come and see him the next time he was passing.



WUNDERLUST.

Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—
A delightful letter came this week from Barbara Stephens (11), 35 Tintern Rd., Ashfield (N.S.W.). Here is an extract from it:

"Do you like travelling? I do. Especially by train. I have travelled a great deal, and have seen many places in New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, and Tasmania. My last trip I found most enjoyable. That was from Melbourne to Sydney. We got into the train at Melbourne station at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and started off. Soon the suburbs were left behind, and green fields were to be seen all around. Cattle grazing peacefully on the green slopes and wattle trees growing in abundance made a pretty picture. Night fell all too quickly, and left us nothing to do but to wait for the next morning."

I hope you liked that extract from Barbara's letter which won the 5/- prize for the best letter of the week.

Good-bye until next week.
Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.



HERE you see a happy trio—Betty Robinson, Hop-along Cassidy (the cow), and Graham Jergensen—all of Dargone, via Kingaroy, Qld.

Age Limit

By Betty Robinson.

THE day has come, I can't stay no longer. I With my pals in our cheery corner. To see my name appear in type. Prize cards and cash prizes I have won. But now for them my days are done. I'm sorry indeed I have to say. Good-bye to all my pals to-day. Stick it Mary, Jack and Johnny. And give a loving hand to Connie. If you do this you'll win prizes, too. Just the same as I used to do. I wish you all my best respect. And to say adieu it is with regret.

Prize of 5/- to Betty Robinson, 309 King St., Newtown, N.S.W., for this original verse.

PEN-FRIENDS

Jean Wriggles (11), Cr. Mennen and Mudgwick Rds., Hordley, Bournemouth, would like to correspond with a pal about her own age, who is interested in fancy work, knitting, Girl Guides, etc.

Fredrick Rabbitt, c/o Malabar P.O., Malabar, N.W.W., would like some pen friends about 10-17 years old.

Myrtle Warren, Lismore, c/o Oakhurst St., via Wyong, N.W.W., would like a boy pen friend. Age 10-17.

Heather Ray, 56 Fourth Avenue, Benalla, N.E.W., wants to correspond with a girl or boy about 14 years old.

FOR FUN & FANCY

PROESTRIAN (the boy leading skinny mongrel pup): What kind of dog is that, my boy?

Boy: That is a police dog.

Proestrian: That doesn't look like a police dog.

Boy: No, it's in the secret service.

Prize Card to Marjorie Clarke, Evelyn St., Grange, Qld.

Conjuror: Now, sir, you have your watch ticking inside this handkerchief. Are you satisfied?

Young Man: More than satisfied. It hasn't been going for a month.

Prize Card to Barbara Clifford, Dunsmuir Rd., Werribee, Vic.

"I work in a blacksmith's," said one little boy. "You surely don't shoe horses," replied his pals.

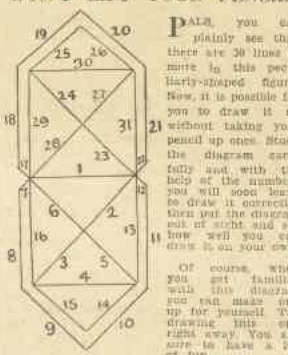
"Oh, no," said the little chap modestly, "I shoe flies."

Prize Card to Betty Phillips, 107 James St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Father: Didn't I tell you not to go out that gate?

Son: Yes, father, but I didn't. I climbed over the fence.

DON'T LIFT YOUR PENCIL



Plainly you can see there are 30 lines of merrily-shaped figures. Now, it is possible for you to draw it all without taking your pencil up once. Study the diagram carefully and with the help of the numbers you will soon learn to draw it correctly. Then put the diagram out of sight and see how well you can draw it on your own.

Of course, when you get familiar with this diagram you can make one up for yourself. Try drawing this one right away. You are sure to have a lot of fun.

For What Purpose

You may decide to buy, at some time in the future, an article, the price of which precludes its immediate cash purchase.

It may be a piano, car, or wireless set. It may be medical or dental expenses, the cost of a holiday, the discharge of the obligations of affection or friendship at Christmas or other times of celebration, the higher education of children, the inevitable demand of rates, taxes, or insurance premiums.

Lack of foresight has worked great hardship in numberless cases. The wise plan of saving weekly or fortnightly a small predetermined amount will forestall all the worry and anxiety that usually await the unready.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

FALSE Scent

"I FEEL," he said suddenly, "completely in a fog about the whole affair."

"How much do you remember?" "Nothing."

He motioned. "Please sit down again. I've just been out to get a bit to eat. What is the explanation of all this?"

She kept her deep eyes upon him steadily but sympathetically. "I am afraid that if you can't remember anything, you'll never know. I had come to ask you earnestly to forget the whole thing. But if you aren't tempted to remember, that's as it should be. It's a great relief."

"Do you realise," said Humphrey, "that I'm going about with this black eye and can't tell anybody how I got it? Surely you can trust me to respect your confidence?"

"You were concerned, I think."

"But what day did it happen?" "Sunday's a blank, then?"

"Entirely. And I do wish you'd tell me, at least a little. I mean, . . . how did I conduct myself? Was I mixed up in a bit of bother? Was I sandwiched? Did I spend Sunday with you, or walking about the streets?"

The lady was considering her position pensively, and from intriguingly close quarters. He could easily have held her fingers. Indeed, from her gentleness of manner and the appreciation in her eyes, he believed that he could safely have bent his head and kissed them gallantly.

She was not perhaps so youthful as he had expected, but in women of her type it was difficult to tell where sophistication ended and maturity began.

And suddenly to his alarm he saw that the corners of her lips were trembling and that there was moisture on her lashes. Indeed, she felt

in the pocket of her macintosh for a tiny handkerchief, held this for an instant, then touched her eyes and her nose and looked away.

"Here," he said helpfully, "have this one."

He offered her his own large silk handkerchief, and took hers in exchange. He was still looking down at this when she pulled herself together and began to speak again.

"You must believe me, please. I just can't tell you anything. You can rest assured that if you hadn't been brave I should never have risked coming back to-day to see you. But I wanted to make sure you had recovered, and then I wanted to say, 'Thank you' . . . and 'Good-bye to a gentleman.'"

HUMPHREY was a pleasant gratified, but he still frowned.

"Did you come back here with me?" "Yes, and I took your key." She pointed to the table. "I brought it back, look, and I was going to leave a note beside it."

"And must I never see you again . . . nor know what happened . . . or how we met?"

"No, never . . . please."

She turned to pick up her gloves. Already she was going. He looked appropriately disappointed, and he said:

"Don't you think we might at least toast each other, once? I need a brandy, anyway, and I should like to raise my glass once to your eyes and see them looking at me across the rim of yours. I suppose," he added with a chivalrous inclination of the

head, "you will not forbid me to remember these few moments?"

"I can only ask you never to speak of them to anybody."

With a last glance at her, he left the room, crossed his hall and entered his bedroom. Here he quickly found an old envelope, scribbled a note upon it, wrapped this round a penny, and going to the window looked out for George.

George was peeping round the corner like a suspected person, and after he had waved a few times Humphrey managed to attract his notice and threw out his message. Then he went back into the other room with old brandy and two exquisite glasses of balloon design.

WITH just the proper air they toasted each other; then he took her hands, looked at her, and kissed her fingers; she did not draw her hands away and he dared all; he moved a little nearer, and as if to remind her that this was a never-to-be-forgotten moment he kissed her lips.

She was gone. He sat down, conscious that she had left behind a presence—or was it only an elusive perfume?—and he leaned back in deep thought, waiting impatiently for George.

George was back in twenty minutes, and as Humphrey flung open the door and dragged him in each could see that the other was excited.

"Well, did you follow her?" "Yes, in a cab. It wasn't far."

"You've been a darned long time then."

"Not at all. I waited to see if she came out again."

"So what?"

Continued from Page 47

"The house is in Onslow Gardens. Here's the number. The taxi-man says he knows she lives there because he works from that rank and he's seen the car a good deal lately."

"Good!" Humphrey clapped his hands.

"Why didn't you go after her?" demanded George.

"I promised not to."

"Well, I can't see the difference. If you promised not to find out where she lived, to send me seems to have been a rather dirty trick."

"And rightly so. This seems to be a game of trickeries. Would you say that the crack on the head which I had must have slowed up a chap's intelligence? You would, and so would I; but as a matter of fact I've just done a piece of remarkably fast thinking—and ingenious thinking, too. Here . . . take a look at that!"

He held out a handkerchief which George looked at with interest.

"Good Lord, another one! Are you a pickpocket?"

"I gave her mine to dry her eyes with and took this. She went without it. Look at it; smell it, George. And remember that I only had a few seconds in which to make my plans."

"During the time that it took her to wipe her eyes I had to satisfy myself in a way that would never have occurred to anybody whose grey matter had congealed. The handkerchief I had lost night had an initial on it."

"D!"

"Yes, and now look at this one. S!"

He stood back waiting for applause. "Nor is that all. The scent on the handkerchief I chucked in my delirium, stupor or whatnot had an unmistakable scent. The scent on this one is entirely different. Smell!"

He thrust it under George's nose so sharply that George dodged back in defence.

"All right, look out. That hurts."

"Now smell this one!"

George did so gingerly.

"Well," said Humphrey, "what do you make of that? Stop. Better not waste time. I'll tell you. The girl who has just been here is not the girl I helped last night! And if you have any doubts about it, I can offer you cast-iron proof."

"To have made a clutch her handkerchief with such devotion the girl of my adventure must have had something exceptional about her. I must have fallen hopelessly, and if I saw her again, I should fall again. Well, George, I didn't!"

"No? She looked glamorous to me."

"Exactly, and we stood pretty close, and I held her hands to try myself out. We looked into each other's eyes and drank a toast, she cried and in the end I kissed her lips."

"That," declared Humphrey, "settles it. My blood should have been in fever. I should have held her and implored her not to go, whereas the whole proceedings left me cold."

"In my opinion," said George, "you're something of a—"

"The game here to find out now much I remember, and finding I remembered nothing she pretended I had rescued her. She wanted to find out to what extent I was going to spill the beans, and if I remembered too much she was going to vamp me and plead for silence. Her tears were crocodile tears."

"Good heavens!"

"Now!" snapped Humphrey, and he struck out a finger stiffly and impressively. "In my life I have never been averse to women. I have had my moments, George, and have enjoyed my old spot of romance. Therefore when I took that kiss, I should have been emotionally thrilled. I always have been."

Please turn to Page 50

Every Housewife Should Try These Recipes

Angel Pudding

4 dozen Arnott's Milk Coffee Biscuits
Few drops lemon or vanilla flavouring.
1 pint milk (strained) 1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar

Crumb the biscuits and put into a pie dish. Pour the hot milk on to the crumbs and stand for ten minutes. Beat the yolks and sugar together, mix with the milk and crumbs, add the flavouring, beat the white of eggs stiffly; stir into the other ingredients in the pie dish and cook in a very slow oven till the mixture is set.

Apple Croquettes

4 large cooking apples 1 egg
1 tablespoon butter Arnott's Abernethy
1 tablespoon water Biscuits (crumbs)
1 tablespoon custard Egg yolk and fat for
Pinch salt frying

Peel and slice the apples. Cook very gently with the water and butter (stand pan on asbestos mat to prevent burning), mash smoothly. Put into a double saucepan and cook till the juice evaporates. Blend the cornflour with a little water, stir into the apple and cook for ten minutes. Add one well beaten egg and cook a few minutes longer. Place in a deep dish to cool. Take one teaspoon of the mixture, drop into the biscuit crumbs, dip into egg yolk and into the crumbs again. Fry in very hot fat. Serve hot, sprinkled with castor sugar.

Apple Shortie

Thinly peel three large apples. Cut them in half and core. With half a pound of sugar to half a pint of water, boil a syrup, then add the apples. Simmer until tender, then take them out, being careful not to break the fruit. Arrange in a glass dish, placing an Arnott's Shortie Biscuit on the top of each. Boil the syrup down until thick and allow to cool. Then colour with a little cochineal and pour over the apples. Serve cold, with cream or custard.

Apricot Charlotte

6 ozs. Arnott's Koukshut or Nica Biscuits (crumbed)
6 ozs. dried apricots 6 ozs. sugar
1 dessertspoon butter

Soak the apricots in cold water all night. In the morning add the sugar and simmer till the fruit is tender. Butter a casserole, place a layer of apricots in first, then a layer of crumbs, putting in alternate layers till the dish is full. Have a layer of biscuit crumbs for the top. Put small pieces of butter on the top and leave in a very moderate oven half an hour. Serve with boiled custard or cream.

Apricot Pudding

Beat two eggs until light, stir into them one cup of milk and enough Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits rolled and sifted to make a batter as thick as pancake batter, adding at last a teaspoonful of baking powder. Butter a mould or basin, put a layer of the batter in the bottom, then a layer of apricots halved and stoned, and repeat until the mould is three-quarters full. Cover closely and boil for an hour, or steam for half an hour longer—the latter for choice. Serve with a nice sauce.

Anchovy Tit-Bits

1 hard-boiled egg 1 tablespoon anchovy
1 teaspoon lemon juice paste
1 teaspoon butter Whole anchovies for
Arnott's Small Cheese garnishing
Biscuits

Mix yolk, butter, paste, lemon juice together, spread on Arnott's Small Cheese Biscuits and garnish with a curled anchovy in the centre, with finely chopped white of egg round the anchovy, sprinkled with finely chopped parsley or paprika.

Anchovy Biscuits

6 anchovies 1 teaspoonful anchovy essence
1 oz. butter Cayenne pepper
Netmeg

Pound the anchovies with the butter till smooth; season to taste with cayenne pepper and grated nutmeg. Stir in essence. Spread on Arnott's Thin Captain or Lawn Tennis Soda Biscuits. Place them in oven to get piping hot, then centre with a teaspoon of scrambled eggs dusted lightly with cayenne. Serve hot as a savoury.

Anchovy and Olive Filling

3 anchovies Lemon juice
3 olives 1 teaspoon butter
Pinch cayenne

Stone the olives and chop finely. Pound the anchovies, mix with the olives and butter, add lemon juice and pinch of cayenne. Spread the mixture between Arnott's Lawn Tennis Soda Biscuits for sandwiches.

Biscuit Cream

1 pint packet lemon jelly crystals
3 ozs. Arnott's Petit Beurre Biscuits (crumbed)
1 oz. gelatine (dissolved in little water)
1 oz. crystallised or preserved ginger
1 pint custard 1 cherry

Dissolve the jelly crystals in one pint of boiling water; allow to cool. Then make a charlotte russe mould with a thin layer of jelly. Ornament the bottom of the mould with pieces of ginger, cut into fancy shapes, with a cherry in the centre. Pour more jelly over this and allow to set. Make the custard, add the dissolved gelatine, the Arnott's Petit Beurre Biscuit crumbs and the remainder of ginger cut into dice. When beginning to thicken, fill up the mould, leave till set. Turn out and garnish with the remainder of the jelly (chopped).

COPHA CAKE.

2 tablespoons cocoa 1 lb. icing sugar.
1 lb. copha. 1 lb. Arnott's Coffee Biscuits.
Melt copha (do not boil), take off fire—sift icing sugar three times and put into copha. Add cocoa. Spread mixture on both sides of biscuits and then stick together. Sprinkle nuts on top. Slice with bread knife.

Baked Apple Pudding

1 lb. Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits
1 doz. Arnott's Nutsy Celp Biscuits
4 doz. apples 4 teaspoon vanilla
4 tablespoons sugar 1 lb. butter (melted)
4 tablespoons water

Make a syrup of the sugar and water, add vanilla. Peel, core and cut the apples into quarters; cook in the syrup till tender. Roll the Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits, add the melted butter to them. Press the crumbs very hard into a greased pie dish, add the stewed apples and sprinkle with crumbed Arnott's Nutsy Celp Biscuits. Bake about twenty minutes. Serve with whipped cream or custard.

Bengal Savoury

1 lb. ham 1 tablespoon grated
3 tablespoons cream cheese
Little chutney Pinch cayenne
Arnott's Cheese Biscuits (large)

Chop the ham very fine, mix with the cream, spread the Arnott's Cheese Biscuits with this, then a layer of chutney on top of the ham. Sprinkle lightly with the grated cheese, then a little paprika or finely chopped parsley. Place in oven for a few minutes to heat before serving.

Beeston Pudding

Line some patty pans with nice puff paste. Place a piece of bread in the centre of each and bake in a good oven. While they are baking, make a filling with three eggs (yolks only), beaten with half a cup of powdered loaf sugar, the grated rind and the juice of one orange, then add a cup of Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits, finely crushed, and two ounces of butter. Mix all together; stir over the fire until thick. When the pastry cases are nearly cooked, remove the bread, fill in the mixture, and finish cooking. Should the filling appear too thick, add a little cream.

Brisbane Pudding

Pour sufficient hot milk over two cupsful of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits to soften them, and let them stand till cold, then stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs, and two ounces of sugar, then mix in six or eight nice bananas cut into thin slices, add the beaten whites, and beat all together.

Place in a dish, lined with puff paste, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

Biscuits l'Indienne

Equal quantities of chutney and grated cheese (about 1 tablespoon)
4 teaspoon made mustard, salt and cayenne
Arnott's Lawn Tennis Soda Biscuits
Little chili for garnishing 1 olive
1 gherkin 1 hard-boiled yolk

Slice the gherkin and olive, mix with the cheese, chutney, yolk of egg and flavouring. Butter some Arnott's Lawn Tennis Soda Biscuits, pile a teaspoon of the mixture on each biscuit; decorate with strips of chili and place in a moderate oven for a few minutes till all is heated.

Cabbage au Gratin

1 cup Arnott's Was Pot Cracker or Extra
Toast Biscuit crumbs
4 cabbage 1 tablespoon grated
1 pint white sauce cheese
1 oz. butter

Boil the cabbage till tender, drain and chop very fine. Make the white sauce, put a layer of cabbage in a greased Pyrex dish, sprinkle with cheese, pour a little sauce over; add more layers of cabbage and sauce in the same way. Cover the top with crumbs, dot with small pieces of butter, bake until the crumbs are brown.

An Attractive Cheese Savoury

Spread an Arnott's Large Cheese Biscuit lightly with butter, and place on it a thin slice of cheese cut out with a small, round, fluted cutter. Whip up three tablespoons of cream, seasoned with salt, cayenne and celery salt, and place in a forcing bag. Force a rose of cream on to the cheese and decorate with thin strips of chili and tiny sprigs of parsley.

Cream Cheese

Cream cheese, seasoned with cayenne and salt, spread on Arnott's Thin Captain Biscuits and garnished with slices of stuffed olives, makes an appetising savoury.

Cheese and Mayonnaise Sandwich

2 hard-boiled eggs 2 teaspoon made mustard
1 tablespoon melted butter 4 teaspoon salt
1 lb. dry cheese 1 tablespoon vinegar
(grated) 1/2 lb. cayenne

Mix the hard-boiled yolks of eggs in a basin till smooth. Add the grated cheese and the mustard; mix thoroughly; stir in the vinegar, salt and cayenne to taste; spread mixture between Arnott's Golden Churn Butter-milk Biscuits.

Cheese and Bacon Savoury

6 Arnott's XX Soda Biscuits
1 good tablespoon grated cheese
6 slices tomato
6 rolls of bacon

Lightly butter the biscuits; on each biscuit place a slice of tomato. Cover the tomato and biscuit with the grated cheese. Thread the rolls of bacon on a skewer and grill for a few minutes. Place one roll of bacon on each biscuit and place in the oven for a few minutes to heat. Serve hot.

Cheese Paste

3 eggs 1/2 lb. cheddar (dry)
2 good tablespoons Salt to taste
butter 1/2 lb. cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons milk 1/2 lb. cayenne pepper
6 tablespoons grated cheese

Place milk and butter in a saucepan or double boiler; add the cheese; when melted, stir in the well-beaten eggs; add salt and cayenne; cook till the mixture thickens; cool and bottle. When needed, split some Arnott's Golden Puff Biscuits and spread mixture between.

Cheese Savoury

Arnott's Thin Captain or Large Cheese Biscuits
2 tablespoons grated cheese
2 tablespoons finely chopped celery
1 tablespoon cream
1 tablespoon warmed butter
Salt, cayenne, little mustard

Mix the cheese, celery, cream, butter and flavourings; pile a teaspoonful of the mixture on each biscuit; sprinkle with finely chopped parsley or paprika.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM

Another delicious dish
from Elizabeth Craig's
RECIPE BOOK

★ **ALMOND CUSTARD GATEAU.**
4 eggs, 2 oz. almonds, 2 tablespoons
raspberry jam, 2 pints **FOSTER CLARK'S**
ALMOND CUSTARD.

Split sponge cakes in two. Spread each
half with jam and put halves together.
Cut in three crosswise and sandwich
just off the boil. Stab over with custard
and split almonds. Chill and serve with
whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured
with vanilla to taste.

Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is made
of the purest and finest ingredients.
It's flavour is delicious and it is
wonderfully economical. Write for Eliza-
beth Craig's free recipe book. Enclose 1d.
stamp. 17 Thurlow St., Reister, N.B.W.

Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

SKINNY? RUN DOWN? TIRED?

You Need a Tonic and Toning Up.

CENOVIS Fe-P-Y IRONISED YEAST TABLETS are the latest gift of medical science to you. Made from the prescription of a well-known Melbourne doctor, they are irradiated (treated with the ultra violet ray, which fills them with Vitamin D) ironised, phosphorised, and peptonised. The iron phosphate is excellent for toning up the system and for clearing the complexion, and as an all-round tonic, the pepsin is an excellent digestive, and is of great value for all those with weak digestions, whilst the yeast contains large quantities of the Vitamins B1 and B2 so essential to good digestion, and Vitamin D so valuable in rachitis, teeth, and bone troubles and pulmonary weakness.

Each tablet contains 3 grains of the wonderful Cenovis Irradiated Medicinal Yeast, which every man and woman should take daily to keep well and youthful and free from illness. A great protection against influenza and its after effects. Indispensable to all those suffering from Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuritis, skin affections, and all Vitamin Deficiency Complaints.

Obtainable through chemists only: Tablets
at 1/6 for 25, 2/6 for 50, and 4/6 for 100.
Medicinal Yeast at 2/9 4ozs., 5/- 8ozs., and
8/- 16ozs.

CENOVIS BAKING YEAST AT 2/6, 4/6, and 7/6 in above sizes.
If not obtainable, write direct to Cenovis Yeast Pty. Ltd.,
Fink's Building, 6 Elizabeth St., Melbourne C.I. Phone C7599.
PLEASE INCLUDE POSTAGE

7 INCHES OFF HIS WAISTLINE

26 Pounds of Fat Gone, Too

Reducing at 80 Years of Age

Apparently one is never too old to reduce. Here writes a man of 80 who has just rid himself of 26 lbs. of unwanted fat:-

"You may be interested to hear that after taking Kruschen Salts daily, and following, but only to a certain extent, advice about suitable food, I have reduced my weight from 14 st. 3 lbs. to 12 st. 5 lbs., and my waist from 44 inches to 37 inches. Not only that, but I have the very satisfactory feeling of being well and fit, which at my age (80 years) is something to be thankful and grateful for. You are at liberty to publish this, but only if you put my initials."—G. B. H.

Overweight arises frequently because the system is loaded with unexpended waste, like a furnace choked with ashes and soot. Allowed to accumulate, this waste matter is turned into layer after layer of fat.

The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that cumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely.

Kruschen does not aim to reduce by rushing food through the body. Gently, but surely, it rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all poisons and harmful acids which



incidentally give rise to rheumatism, digestive disorders and many other ills.

One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts it contains. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Thus Kruschen can always be relied upon—it will have the same happy results for you that it has had for others.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

Porter: "Lost yer trunk, ma'am? Any clues?"

Dear Old Soul: "In a way, yes, porter. I've just found, in my handbag, the label I forgot to tie on."

Romantic Youth: "What can you see in the fire, darling?"

Matter-of-fact Maiden: "Property of the Pudsey Gas Company, Limited, No. 140791!"

FALSE SCENT

Continued
from
Page 49

"AND why wasn't I? Because, unknown, I have fallen in love with somebody else this week-end, which would naturally make any other woman's kiss seem dull and unexciting."

"The moment I made that experiment in this room, I thought: Well, hang it . . . I am in love with someone, but it isn't this one!"

"So, George, there is another girl. A girl they are hiding and possibly ill-treating. She is in despair. If so, I hope it will comfort her to remember that somewhere there is a man who clutched her handkerchief to his heart all night, and who will flutter it from his lance as he rides again into action."

"In which direction?"

"You need not be afraid that I am going to gallop madly in all directions at once. I am simply going to this address you've given me, and I shall try to find out all I can about the people who live there—by graft if need be, from the postman and the milkman and anybody else who'll help."

Humphrey had found out quite enough to work on.

"And so," he had said, "at a reasonable hour to-night, George, I shall appear at that house in a white tie and see if I can get admission."

"And I gather you expect me to come?"

"I want you to stop outside and hide, in case I get flung out on my ear, or don't come out at all. In fact, if I don't come out within one hour you had better collect a posse of police and fight your way in like tigers."

"I am becoming," George said, "just a little tired of curling my nose round walls and waiting for you to emerge from places in a novel manner."

Now, in a most elegant silk hat and evening clothes which did him credit, Humphrey approached the house in Onslow Gardens.

He passed George at a pillar-box, winked, and a few yards farther on he noticed that a number of ordinary-looking men seemed to be standing about the road, in pairs or alone, with the peculiar disinterest of men who are really very interested indeed.

Though he gave them more than one curious glance, he was not to be dissuaded now by any display of force, and so reached the gate, walked up the steps and halted, about to knock at the door, when another figure disclosed itself in the shadows of the portico and addressed him.

"I wouldn't go in there to-night, sir."

Humphrey turned, was aware that the other was interested in his black eye, coughed shyly and replied: "Why not?"

"I wouldn't, sir."

"Do you mean it would not be very healthy?"

"We are raiding the house, sir."

Humphrey gave a sharp start.

"Are you the police?"

The other nodded.

"But why are you raiding it?"

"Premises are being used as a gaming house."

"And you are on the job?"

"Yes, sir, the inspector's inside now."

"Well," said Humphrey disappointedly, "you've spoilt my evening."

"I'd advise you to go away, sir."

Humphrey retired at a slow and thoughtful step, and he had just passed into the road again when a taxi drew up beside him; out jumped a girl, and without even waiting to pay the fare, she darted towards the steps and stopped short on seeing Humphrey.

HER voice smote on his ear excitedly.

"You! Thank heavens! Oh, will you please help me again?"

Humphrey swept off his hat; he faced her with a baffled look, yet tingles were now racing up and down his spine, there was a dryness in his throat, and his heart was thumpingly pulsating.

Moreover, as her hand touched his sleeve, a faint and enchanting perfume, caught by the breeze, was wafted past his quivering nostrils and awakened memories like the hint of an old song, an unforgettable landscape or the sound of a beloved voice.

It happened in two seconds, but there you are.

One falls in love in less time than that. It is indeed the matter of one split second, more often than not.

This girl's hair was neither dark as night nor red as morning; it was plainly mousey. She wasn't soignée or sophisticated; she was young and appealing, and she wasn't in an evening cloak—she was in a coat and skirt and hatless.

Yet the sight of her captured him; perhaps it was the frightened parting of her lips, a certain brightness of ingenuous eyes, or breadth of forehead.

She was no more than eighteen, and afterwards he would realise perhaps that her scent was not of the prescriptions of Chanel or Arden, or

Dubarry. It was probably nothing more exceptional than bookstall lavender water, but it corresponded with that of the handkerchief which had gone with him through the long tunnel of unconsciousness.

"Indeed I will," he promised, "if you will only tell me what I did before!"

SHE stared. "Aren't you the man? You must be . . . the man who went for them?"

Humphrey could have hugged her. So he had really gone for somebody. Oh, grand!

"Of course you are," she said. "Look at your eye!"

"You must forgive me, but," he said, "I've been unconscious. I can't remember anything. All I know is that I've been looking for you ever since."

Her eyes searched his. She seemed to go a little limp.

"You don't remember? But you got my father away from them! I called to you in the street and you went for them single-handed. You scattered them right and left, and packed us into a cab . . . I couldn't see what happened after that. We'd gone."

Humphrey began to grasp it at last.

"I was left on the pavement, was I? Then they apparently closed in again and got me from behind. I suppose they didn't want to leave me lying in the road outside in case I recovered and recognised the house, so they picked me up and carted me in there."

"No doubt I stayed there unconscious all day Sunday, and when I began to come round they packed me off before I could understand where I was."

"They sent a girl with me in a car, and she looked in again to-day to make sure I remembered nothing."

But the girl had scarcely heard him.

"Father gave me the slip again to-night," she said. "He's come back here to play. Oh, won't you please come in and help me to get him out? They'll ruin him."

"Your father has a bit of money?"

"Yes, but he's so ridiculous. He'll trust anyone. They persuaded him to come and play here, and then put something in his drink."

"On Saturday he could hardly walk, and when I came here to fetch him they wouldn't let him go until they'd skinned him. That's why I came to the gate and called to you."

"And I went in and fetched him out?"

She nodded admiringly. "Yes, you went for them with your bare fists and carried him out in your arms and sent us off in a taxi . . . and you were still standing here and smiling, when I waved to you from the window."

He bent a little lower. "Did you know," he said devoutly, "that you dropped a handkerchief?"

"I'm not surprised," she said. "I had been crying."

Humphrey turned and motioned towards the front door.

"You've nothing to worry about to-night. The police are in there already. They'll all be out in a minute, and they'll have your father safe enough. In fact, if the game was crooked they'll make sure he comes out with the same money he took in."

"We can't do anything until they come out, but I'll wait and see that everything's all right. I think we had better sit," he ended, "in your taxi."

George Pike had been relieved at last, and he regarded Humphrey's air of self-satisfaction with sceptical amusement.

"Yes," he said, "I see you've fixed it. I was more interested in the others. I wanted to see the girl you kissed come out."

"They seemed to know her pretty well," said Humphrey. "The police were chaffing her, and when she saw me there did you hear what she said: 'What . . . you here, too? You must be one of those men no fellow can hit hard enough!'"

Said George in a rather chastened tone: "All the same, I must say she really is a stunner. I've a good mind to try to rescue her myself."

"From the police?"

"Or from that life. I think I must take the matter up. I really don't see, you know, how anybody could possibly kiss her and yet feel cold about it."

"That," said Humphrey, "is because you have never kissed the girl who is sitting in that taxi. I have. Only once, and very decorously. But she was crying."

"And do you know why she was crying? Because when she left me behind the other night they came up behind and clocked me."

"Really," said George stand-offishly, "and what is her name?"

"Dot," said Humphrey with a far-away look, "bless her."

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"Why do I often feel like this?"



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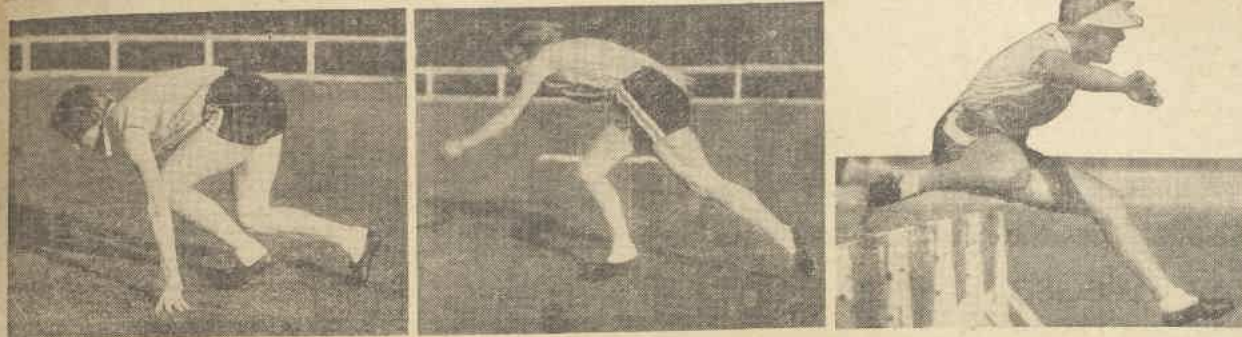
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WOMEN ATHLETES Discuss National FIXTURES

Queensland Committee Changes Its Mind

A stir was caused in Victorian and New South Wales athletic circles by the reported decision of the Queensland Women's Amateur Athletic Association to forgo its right to hold the National Championships in Queensland this year.

It now seems likely that the decision will be reversed and that the convincing ground will be Brisbane after all.

GREATER interest is being manifested in the championships this year, as the athletic women are anxious to have representation at the Olympic Games, and also to be in a position to invite one or two overseas athletes to Australia in the near future.

Provided nobody meanwhile throws another spanner into the works, the de-

cision will be reversed and plans set in motion to take in the required finance—£80.

The committee, apparently, thought that with a credit balance of only £15 it was an insurmountable task to raise the required sum (£80) to meet the expenses of the fixtures in April.

The association's panic-like decision was perhaps the best thing that could have happened. Immediately it was made public there was a storm of protests from all quarters, and the ensuing publicity, now the committee's original thoughtlessness has been rectified, will not go amiss.

Much of the credit for the reversal of the situation must go to the men's athletic organisation, which body did all in its power to bring about the arrangements for rescinding the original decision.

In New South Wales

New South Wales has also prepared an interesting programme for the ensuing athletic season.

Besides taking part in "Health Week," which commences on October 13, and again during the festival week, various association fixtures have been arranged, the most important one being the State championships, which will commence on March 2.

Early in 1934 the Schoolgirls' Tennis Association held a tournament, and Daphne Akhurst again won the singles championship.

Miss E. M. Tildesley, who was then principal of Normanhurst, in conversation with Mr. Marsh, offered a shield to the Lawn Tennis Association of N.S.W. to be competed for on novel lines, which would permit schools to nominate up to 33 entrants, according to the enrolment.

Each match was to be for the best of 15 games. All scores were to be added up, and the shield would go to the school with the highest percentage of games won out of games played.

The N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association accepted the offer, and issued the Schools' Association to organise the competition. In its first year Normanhurst won by a very narrow margin from the Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School, with Ravenswood, not far behind. Ravenswood won in 1932, and other schools which have held the shield are Ashurst and Glebe. Norman has won altogether six times and Normanhurst, the present holder, five.

When Miss Tildesley offered the shield she suggested that it should be called the Payton Akhurst Shield, after the two pupils of Normanhurst who were, each in her time, outstanding among schoolgirl champions, but the Lawn Tennis Association decided to name it after the donor.

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No. 2. THE "TAKE OFF." Showing how all the power has been put into the left leg, so as to give the extra driving force. Note how left arm goes forward with the right leg.

No. 3. TAKING THE HURDLE. The athlete has just cleared the hurdle in her stride. The leading leg is coming down well over the hurdle, and the right leg is clearing the hurdle with a minimum of space, so that it can be brought forward and the action made continuous.

CENTENARY Croquet FIXTURES

A big season is ahead for croquet players; in fact, the programme arranged by the hon. organiser of the Centenary croquet celebrations (Mr. C. J. Miller) is the largest ever staged in any part of the world.

IT will be the first occasion that three nations have ever met in competition for the international trophy. The latter is a shield donated by Sir Macpherson Robertson. It was taken by an Australian team of croquet players to England in 1925, and in 1927, when the English team visited Victoria, Australia won it back. Two years later a team from New Zealand came over and challenged an Australian team, but Australia still retained the shield.

Mr. and Mrs. Maidment will be the representatives from South Africa.

The official programme is as follows: January 19: Official opening of croquet celebrations in Victoria. January 21: The Centenary of Victoria International Championship commences. England, New Zealand, South Africa and all States in the Commonwealth (excepting Western Australia), will compete. February 1: First Test match commences. England v. New Zealand. February 4: England v. Australia. February 6: Australia v. New Zealand. February 9: Second Test commences, Eng-

land v. New Zealand. February 12: England v. Australia. February 15: Australia v. New Zealand. February 19: Third Test commences. England v. New Zealand. February 21: England v. Australia. February 23: Australia v. New Zealand. February 28: Centenary Open Tournament (open to all players with handicaps and scratch to 17 biques), to be played in four classes, A, B, C and D. D class has been created so the weakest players can play in the Centenary tournament. March 11: Interstate matches. March 16: Presentation of trophies.

NEW SOUTH WALES Women's Croquet Association is still engaged in playing off the finals of the championship of champions, and the bronze medal matches. These will be finalised at the Chateauwood lawns on Friday.

The selection of the New South Wales team will be made in time to have the names announced at the next meeting of the association, which will take place on November 5. Mrs. Redshaw, secretary of the association, states.

CHINESE GIRL May Be Wimbledon CHAMPION

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in England.



GEM HOAHING, the Chinese junior player who is causing such a stir in English tennis circles.

returns with a perfect length widely-hit balls on the side lines, and so perfect is her length that she has little difficulty in wearing down opponents many years her senior, and of greater height and strength.

Miss Hoahing is usually referred to as the "mighty atom." She is a great drawcard, and wherever she plays she always attracts a huge crowd. Recently she gained distinction by winning two titles in the Middlesex Junior Championships, and because of her success in this championship criticism has been levelled at the British Lawn Tennis Association. No player under 14 or over 17 years and 11 months is eligible to compete in the Wimbledon Junior Championships, and because of this ruling the little Chinese girl was debarred from participating in these events.

However, if the English critics are correct, it will not be many years before a Chinese girl becomes the winner of the greatest tennis event in the year, the winner of Wimbledon.

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ENGLISH experts predict that the time is not far off when the women's singles championship of Wimbledon will be won by the Chinese schoolgirl, Gem Hoahing.

Already the tennis fans are watching Miss Hoahing, and prophesying wonderful things when this thirteen-year-old little girl takes her place among the champions.

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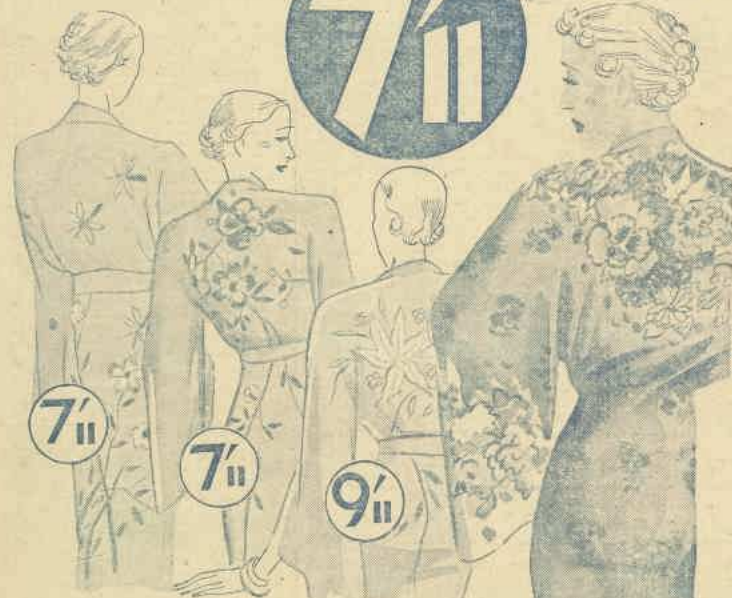
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CHAPTER 1



HER name should have been Cinderella. But her mother had called her Araminta. After her mother's only sister, who was known as Aunt Min, and whose full name was Minerva. Araminta's mother had wanted something more romantic, and out of it all had evolved—Araminta and Araminta was the child of her mother's later years and of her second marriage. The other girls were Leontine and Helen and Iris. They had been named by their father, and Araminta's mother had had very little to do with it. For being a first husband, he had functioned, inevitably, as the head of the family. Araminta's father, on the other hand, hadn't cared in the least what the baby was called, so that his wife was satisfied. So Araminta was Araminta, and that was the end of it.

Or it would have been the end if Araminta's father had been able to provide for his family. But he wasn't. He had absolutely no head for money matters and said so, frankly. The father of Leontine and Helen and Iris had left a comfortable fortune. His wife was to have her share of the income if she remained unmarried. If she married, it was all to go, except her dower rights, to the first husband's three daughters, who were, of course, her own, although they did not seem in the least like her, having inherited their comely traits from their father. And so it happened that Araminta's mother, having spent the major part of her dowry in two glorious years of honeymooning in Europe with her improvident husband—who was a painter and perfectly delightful but whose pictures never sold—came back with a brand new baby to live with Helen and Leontine and Iris, who were really very fond of their mother and had missed her, and who, when at last they came home from the convent where they had been placed in the honeymoon interim, took their stepfather on his own terms of good looks and gaiety and gentle manners.

So that was Araminta's family—Leontine and Helen and Iris, and Araminta's mother, whose nice name was Mary, and Araminta's father, whose pleasant name was Nick! And it might have been a happy family except for the fact that Araminta grew beyond innocent childhood and beyond long-legged girlhood into the loveliest of them all—an exquisite creature wearing the clothes which her step-sisters handed down to her with such grace and distinction that they might have come straight from Vionnet or Chanel or from that house of Worth which had once made gowns for Araminta's own grandmother.

And Araminta looked like her

grandmother—the grandmother who had married a bishop, and who had been the toast of two Maryland counties, and had drawn men to her as a honey-pot draws bees. And while Iris and Helen and Leontine tried to be generous and big-hearted and all the things that their post-war generation entitled them to be, the fact remained that it was not easy for their more mature years to look with complacency on the conquests of Araminta's youth and inexperience.

And so, since Araminta had a wit to see, and a heart to be hurt, here she was, at this moment, running away to be married.

THREE ducks flew across the moon, like little black ships with their sails up. Araminta, touching her lover's arm, said: "Look, Barney, look!"

"I know, Loveliness. . . . The moon went with them as they drove along. It hung above the bay, and after the ducks were gone, thin clouds drifted across it, then bigger clouds, until at last there was no moon, and the night grew black and the thunder roared, and the rain came down in torrents.

But not a whit did the lovers care for thunder or wind, or for the lightning which burned blue about them. For they were safe and dry in Barney's car, and it was spring and the night was warm, and their lights picked out the white of the dogwood against the darkness of the pines and the bridal white of the bloom was like the bridal white of Araminta's wedding gown packed in a bag on the back seat. The gown was made over from one of Leontine's. But that did not matter. Nothing mattered but the fact that Barney and Araminta were to be married to-morrow.

The wind blew harder . . . the world swept by them in a swirl of flying branches and streaming water. In an open space in the road, Barney brought the car to a stop. "It's dangerous under those trees. We'll wait until things let up a bit."

Araminta was content to wait. She lay with her cheek against Barney's coat, with her ear catching the beat of his heart while he told her over and over again of his great good luck in getting her. "I can hardly believe it, Loveliness."

Araminta said nothing. Three hours ago she wouldn't have believed it. Not until Leontine had come into her room just before dinner and had said, "We are planning a trip for you, darling."

ARAMINTA'S room was the Cinderella-room of Great-Gate, where the six of them lived together. But Araminta felt no sense of grievance. She loved her room because its windows looked out over the wide Maryland acres towards the Chesapeake. It was much better than the one in the

town house in Washington, which was on a street still fashionable, but whose back windows gave on a crowded row of negro tenements.

And it was in Araminta's room, therefore, that Leontine had announced, "We are planning a trip for you."

Araminta, drowsing in Leontine's last year's pink lace, had asked: "What kind of trip?"

"To the Riviera. Everyone is crazy about Juan-les-Pins in summer. And Nicky could paint, and you could all take an apartment."

"You mean that Nicky and Mary are going?"

"Yes. They jumped at it. And Helen and Iris and I will put up the money."

"But why, Leo? I'm happy here." "We thought you'd love it."

"Did you . . . ?"

"Of course. Any girl would . . . Leontine prided herself on her frankness, but she had hesitated to tell the truth to Araminta, and the truth was this, as has been said, that Araminta, growing up to unexpected loveliness, had put her step-sisters completely in the shade. One heard everywhere, "Little Araminta Williams," as if there were no other women in the world. Leontine and Helen and Iris were, in fact, fast becoming known merely as back-grounds to Araminta's beauty.

And something had to be done about it.

Leontine did not underrate her own charms. She had a tall slim figure, and her green satin dinner gown fitted her as if it had been put on with a shoe horn. She had a golden skin, and a waved-bronze boyish head like a Greek god, and a voice with a rich, deep note like Ethel Barrymore's; but which made men mad about Araminta—perhaps it was some magic quality of youth, perhaps this new-old-fashioned air of femininity which became her so well. But whatever it was, Leontine knew that she and her sisters were being swept off the stage by this star performer!

And now here was Barney Tyson! Thinking therefore of Barney, Leontine had flung reticence to the winds—"There are too many of us. We thought if you'd run along to Europe with Nicky and Mary—we might have a chance at things . . ."

And by "things" Leontine meant men, and Araminta knew it.

"Oh, Leontine, how silly. . . ."

Leontine had laughed a bit awkwardly, but had stuck to her point. "It may sound silly to you. But, honestly, Minta, there are too many of us . . . four unmarried women in one family. It's positively indecent. . . ."

She had leaned back against Araminta's mirror, which had made two Leontines of her, and Araminta, looking at the two Leontines, the one in the mirror and the one out of it had said, "I thought you loved me."

"Darling, we do. But three was bad enough, and now with you coming on! And we thought if you

would go, and Nicky and Mary, we girls would fix you up with gorgeous clothes—and give you plenty of money. . . ."

She had stopped suddenly, for Araminta had made a quick imperative gesture, "I don't want your money, Leo."

"Nonsense, Minta."

"I've always hated being dependent. You know that, but you wouldn't let me work—"

"Why shouldn't you share things?" "Because, Nicky and mother and I really haven't any right—and as for marrying, I don't want to marry anybody."

"You mustn't think we want to marry, of course, with a man like Barney Tyson after you."

"Oh, Barney," Minta's tight tone had dismissed him.

"I don't love him in the least and he knows it," and Leontine, who loved him had felt a flame of hope.

"You mustn't think we want to get rid of you, Minta. But a year over there would do a lot for you."

"Of course you want to get rid of me or you wouldn't have planned it," Araminta had been close to tears, for she adored them all, and at last Leontine had said, "Darling child, if you feel that way about it, don't go. But we just thought . . ." and then there had been arguments all over again.

CHAPTER 2

IN the midst of the argument the dinner gong had sounded, and they had gone down to find Nicky in flannels at one end of the table, and Mary in a stay-at-home chiffon at the other; and the three older girls sat at the sides, in gowns that showed their backs to the vanishing point, and with their bobbed heads fresh from finger waves. And Helen was in white, and Leontine in green, and Iris in the faint lavender she affected because of her name. For Araminta and her sisters were going on later to an officers' hop at Annapolis, and three men were coming for them in two cars at nine. And in one of the cars would be Leontine and Helen and Iris, with two of the men, and with another to meet them at Annapolis, and in the other would go Araminta and Barney. And it was because Barney happened to be the man nearest at hand that night that Araminta decided to marry him!

It was of course a most inadequate reason for matrimony. All through the ages men and women have married because of propinquity, but Araminta had always hated things like that. To her, marriage was a sacrament, for in spite of the effect she gave of thisedown light-mindedness she had a simple faith which saved her from shallowness.

But here was Barney to her hand. And she liked him. Perhaps she might have loved him if it had not been for Janney Breckinridge. But Janney was out of the picture. And so there remained—Barney. Barney, with his crisp gold locks, with his lithe figure, his facile wit, his dancing feet, his dancing eyes. Barney,

who loved her, and who had asked her over and over again to marry him, not knowing that two years ago she had put marriage out of her life—for ever!

But that was another story, and so, sitting beside Leontine at dinner, Araminta had felt that Barney was as a sail to a shipwrecked mariner, the shadow of a rock in a blazing desert, a life-line thrown. . . . Yes, Barney was the man who could save her from being banished to Europe and from the thousand humiliations which came from her dependence upon her step-sisters.

Not a sign had she shown outwardly, as she sat there at dinner, of the blow which had been dealt her. She had been, apparently, serene—with her bright hair gathered in feathery curls on top of her head, in that distractingly becoming new fashion, with her skin as white as milk, for she hated sun-tan and would have none of it, with her eyes grey, with a slight blue-greenness which darkened in moments of emotion to black, with her lips red without lipstick, and with her cheeks rosy without rouge, and with Leontine's last year's pink sheathing her slim body according to the latest mode, and with not a jewel on her but a pair of old pearl clasps which caught the lace across the silver snow of her shoulders and a pearl ring which had belonged to the grandmother who had been the toast of two counties.

She was absolutely in the revived fashion of the 'eighties; the fashion which had swept down suddenly upon the flappers in sports clothes and had left them stripped of their charm. Araminta was enchantingly feminine, and linked by that femininity to the honey-pot of a grandmother rather than to her step-sisters, or, indeed, to her mother.

Her grandmother had been Nicky's mother. And Nicky was the son of a Bishop. But that was as far as it went. For the Bishop had no money, and neither had Nicky's mother, who was dead, and Nicky, inheriting her beauty, had been content to pass it on to Araminta, and to paint it in the pictures which did not sell.

But if Nicky had no money, Barney had it. Loads of it. And if she married him, Araminta would have the world before her. A house of her own—two houses—three if you counted the camp in Maine. And Iris would have her chance. And Helen. And Leontine. And they would all feel much better about it—for wasn't there really some truth in what Leontine had said, that four unmarried women under one roof was "indecent"?

So in spite of her tumbling thoughts, Araminta had eaten a very good dinner. Mary had had the same cook for 23 years, hence the six of them were served with food for the gods—shad fresh from the Potomac, planked and with its own rose in crisp crescents about it; asparagus from a great bed in the garden; strawberries straight from the vines.

Coffee was served on the wide porch, and they had gone out to drink it, all but Araminta, who had left them to telephone Barney. "How soon can you come over?"

"Right away. Why?"

"I'll tell you when I see you."

"Look for me in 30 minutes."

And there had been no doubt in her mind that he would make it, at 80 miles an hour in his long, grey, fearfully expensive car.

So she had gone back to the family, and had stood in the doorway which led to the wide porch, and

they had all stopped talking and looked at her. For standing there, sheathed in her shimmering pink, with the silver snow of her neck and arms against the ground of shadows, Araminta had been a sight to stir the heart, and Nicky had said, after a moment, "By jinks! I'll paint you in that, Minta, to-morrow."

But Araminta had known he would not paint her. For to-morrow she would be married to Barney. So she had smiled at her father, and had patted him on the head, for say what you would, Nicky was a sweet thing, and wanted them all to be happy. And when Barney arrived, Araminta had welcomed him with a faint smile, and not in the least as if she were welcoming her future husband. And she had taken him away for a walk, and Leontine's eyes had followed them, and she had said to her jealous heart, "She doesn't love him now. But she may at any moment." For it seemed incredible to Leontine that anyone could resist Barney. She had loved him for years. She was 26 and he was a year younger, and their childhood had been spent together. Then Barney had gone away, and now he was back again and quite mad about Araminta, who was 19, and not the least in love with him.

And the thing Leontine did not know was that what Barney had felt for any other woman was as milk and water compared to the strong wine of his passion for Araminta. The best that Barney had to give of manhood and strength and tenderness was for the child in Leontine's made-over pink dress, who now walked beside him in the garden. He wanted to protect and shield her, not merely to love her, to possess her. There was, indeed, a spiritual quality about his love for Araminta which shook his heart.

They had walked through the garden towards a little hill, which overlooked the Chesapeake, and was topped by a small pavilion. And the garden as they had passed through it was dim with twilight, and the sky when they came to the little house was a clear green pricked through with bright stars. Beyond the summer-house was a rustic seat and a rustic table, and Araminta, sitting on the table and swinging a glistening toe, had said: "I don't quite know how to begin. . . ."

"Why not?"

"Well—"

"Go on. . . ."

But Araminta had found it hard to go on. The easy give and take of modern conversation, its staccato style, its abbreviations were a part of her social equipment. But for once her ready tongue had failed her. Barney's golden, glowing youth had seemed to her for the first time formidable.

"Go on. . . ." he had urged, standing beside the table.

"Well—I'm trying to ask you—to marry me. . . . Barney!"

She had been a little frightened at the storminess of his response. Yet it had been—wonderful. He had lifted her from the table, laughing—and his laughter had been triumphant—as young Lochinvar might have laughed, lifting his lady lightly to the saddle! Or Paris stealing away with Helen!

CHAPTER 3

AND now, here they were, Araminta and Barney, on the road to Washington, where Araminta would spend the night with Mrs. Min, who had inherited

all her money from a great-aunt, who had thought of Mary as safely married and had willed her fortune to the single sister. And Aunt Min had felt that while Mary had come to lean days, it was her own fault, because she had wanted a second husband more than she had wanted what the first one had left her. So it was on her own head!

But then if Mary had not married again, there would not have been Araminta, which was something again to think about. For while Aunt Min adored Araminta, she cared nothing in the world for Iris and Helen and Leontine. She admitted Nicky's charm in spite of the fact that she did not approve of him. And she was fond of Mary, although deep in her heart she was aware of a subconscious jealousy, since Mary had known happiness in two marriages, and Aunt Min had not married at all. Yet Aunt Min was happy in her own way, and had found outlets for her supposed frustrations in excitements other than love and matrimony. She loved to eat, and all the epicures of old Washington came to dine with her. She loved politics and her home was often the scene of star-chamber discussions. As for the rest, there were her Persian cat and her Pekingeses, and her collection of Baxter prints—and her lamps and her lanterns brought from all the corners of the earth. For Aunt Min had travelled widely, and once she had taken Araminta with her—two years ago, when for some obscure reason, Araminta had lost her color and her appetite and had needed a change.

This much, therefore, for Aunt Min, to whom Araminta was now going, and to whom she would break the astounding news of her immediate marriage.

"There may, of course, be some trouble in getting a license," Barney said, as they sat in the darkness of the car with the storm flowing about them. "I don't know the District laws. But you'll be safe with your aunt, and I'll stay at the hotel. And I'll get in touch with Uncle Tad to-morrow, and ask for his boat. I want you all to myself. Loveliness, out there on the water—with this moon over the bay. . . ."

Then, after a moment's silence, "What made you change your mind, Minta?"

It was the question she had been dreading. She couldn't say, for example, "You happened to be the nearest man."

So she murmured, "Oh, you're such a darling, Barney."

And Barney, asking no more, gathered her up in his arms, and was aware of faint and enchanting fragrances, for Araminta had touched the laces of her gown and the tips of her ears with the scent of—primroses? Violets? Daffodils? "Eg-lantines?" Barney did not know what flowers were caught in her hair or in her cobweb draperies. He knew only it was as if he held Spring in his arms and loved her!

THEY had left Great-Geat almost miraculously without giving a hint to the family of the finality of their departure. The two men had come for Leontine and Iris and Helen promptly at nine. One of the men, Oliver King, was in love with Leontine, and the other, Taylor Pierce, was in love with Helen. And all that one could say of them was this—

that they served as escorts, but could not be thought of for a moment as husbands. For while both of them had something in the way of backgrounds, they had nothing else in the way of eligibility. Taylor's debonair attractiveness scarcely balanced the drawbacks of his indolence, and Oliver's good looks were weighed down by his lack of brains; and they were utterly without adequate incomes.

It had been expected, of course, that Barney and Araminta would go on with the others. But Araminta had hung back. "I hate being early."

And Leontine had said, with a touch of coldness, "Oh, well, if you want to make a spectacular entrance—!"

"Why not, Leo?"

So Leontine with much perturbation had been forced to leave her behind. There was, Leontine was sure, something in the wind. She had felt it from the moment Araminta had come in with Barney from the garden, and had faced the lights of the house. A glamour had hung over them like a glittering net. It had been disturbing and distracting, and Leontine's mind had been filled with the thought of it all the way to Annapolis.

Having disposed of her step-sisters, Araminta had made some slight excuse to go upstairs, and had left Barney on the porch with Nicky and Mary. She stayed for a long time, and when she came down, Mary said, "Did it take all that time to powder your nose?"

"I wrote two letters. Mother."

And it had not been given to Mary to know that one of the letters was addressed to her, and that it lay on Araminta's dressing table, propped up with one to Leontine.

Besides writing the letters, Araminta had packed her bag, and had brought it down and hidden it in the shrubbery by the side door, and had gone back to the others with an air of detachment which was most deceiving.

In the note to Leontine, Araminta had said, "Darling, I am giving you a chance, and Iris and Helen. I am not going abroad with Nicky and mother. I am marrying Barney instead. I love him a lot, and it will make things easier for everybody. And there must be no hard feelings because I am really very happy, and I am always your adoring Minta."

And in the note to her mother, she had said, "I know you won't mind not having a wedding. And I know what you think of Barney. So I am putting a kiss in this for you and Nicky. And all my heart's love to both of you."

It was when Araminta read over Leontine's letter that she had felt some misgivings. For hadn't she told Leontine just a few hours ago that she didn't love Barney—and here in black and white she was saying "I love him a lot!"

But she had let it stand, and now, riding alone in the white light of the moon, she was glad she had said it. She didn't care what Leontine thought, she didn't care for anything or anybody, since Barney was by her side in this lovely world which belonged to both of them.

It was very late when they reached Washington and drove through the empty streets. As they came to Dupont Circle, Araminta glanced at the little clock in front of her, "Barney, it's after one."

"Well, what of it?"

"Aunt Min will be in bed."

"We will wake her up." Araminta hated to think of Aunt Min waking, with her maid, Rhoda, coming down and peering out. And the Pekingese would wake, too, and the Persian pumey, and Rhoda would say, reproachfully, "I'd just got them nicely settled, Miss Minnie." Araminta had gone all through Europe with Rhoda, and she knew her reactions to every situation.

Aunt Min lived to the east and north of Dupont Circle, in a house which had been built in the early 90's. It wasn't a very big house, nor was it a very small one. It had a white stone front and an English basement, and when Araminta and Barney drove up there were lights shining in the hall and in the drawing-room on the second floor, and Barney said, "What shall we tell her when we get in?"

"You aren't going in, darling," Araminta told him. "I'll say 'good-bye' right here and now, and see you in the morning."

So Barney set Araminta's bag on Aunt Min's doorstep, and kissed her, and rang the bell, and waited until Rhoda let Araminta in, and Rhoda said, "For goodness' sake, Miss Minnie, where did you come from?" And Araminta said, "I've just motored up from home." And Rhoda said, "You'll find Miss Minnie in the drawing-room," and Araminta running up the stairs, asked herself what she should say if Aunt Min had a lot of people about her, and she decided that the best thing would be to treat herself casually, with "Hello, darling," and let it go at that.

And so, all their and airy, and ready to be casual, Araminta came to the threshold of the drawing-room, and stood there, looking in. And as she looked it seemed as if that lovely world which she had shared with Barney had fallen suddenly away, and that she was left in a wide and desert space, in which there were just two people—herself, standing in the doorway, and the man who sat beside Aunt Min, and who two years before had broken Araminta's heart!

CHAPTER 4

It is, of course, no longer fashionable to speak of warts as broken. Modern psychologists would undoubtedly have diagnosed Araminta's case as one of fixations or complexes, or applied some other terms appropriate to morbid moods. But all Araminta knew was this, that the man sitting beside Aunt Min had murdered her dreams. And the murder of a dream is a killing of a most subtle and cruel kind. Janney Breckinridge had wooed Araminta, and then had not wanted her, or rather, he had wanted her, but had not chosen to take what he knew he could have if he asked for it.

The family had been ignorant of the whole affair. Araminta had met him in Kentucky during a wonderful Derby week and then she had stayed on, and so had he, going from Louisville to Lexington on the same horse parties, and living in a glamour of old gardens and starlit nights, of poetic rhapsodies, and of high romance. Then back with her friends to Baltimore, with Janney still in devoted attendance, and at last—one night at the theatre, Janney, in the midst of an intermission, had shot his bolt. "You must never marry."

Up to that moment, Araminta

had expected to marry Janney. But she had managed to gasp, "Why not?"

"Marriage is bondage. And you're too wonderful. You belong on a pedestal for a man to worship. Not at his table to have him tell you what's wrong with the dinner."

He had said it half jestfully, and she had thought him joking. But it was not a joke. For the next day she had had a letter: "Beloved: Why should you trust any man with your future? We need you as a saint to whom we can lift our eyes. As a goddess whose altar fires we tend. To drag you down from your niche or pedestal would be to wrest you from your high estate. And so, my dear, I am saying 'good-bye.' When I am on the other side of the world I shall think of you as a white flame in my darkness. For it is darkness at the moment in which I can see no light but my love for you. I do not know how much you care. And even if I knew, I should have no faith in myself to make you happy. Yet I am yours forever. Remember that my dear, when you blame me, as perhaps you may, for what I have done, or left undone."

He had sailed shortly after that for a diplomatic post in the East. Araminta had known his address, but had not answered his letter. She had had no one to ask what they thought of him. She did not, indeed, know what she thought of him herself. Love in a man, she had felt, should be linked with honor and chivalry. Jan had failed to measure up to her ideal of him, yet that failure made it no easier for her to bear the blow to her heart and pride.

That was, of course, only one side of it. On the other, was the thrill of the almost medieval aspect of his adoration. How high he had placed her! A saint in a niche! A goddess on a pedestal! A white flame in his darkness. It had been heady wine for her youth to drink. It might have spoiled her had she chosen to believe it. But she had not, as time went on, believed. She had said to herself in bitterness, "What if he says this to all women? What if this is his way-out?"

It was then she had lost her color and her appetite, and had almost lost her looks, and Aunt Min had taken her abroad, and Araminta had come back apparently cured, but with scars on her young heart instead of open wounds, and with a pride which she had kept from Aunt Min and Nicky and Mary, and Leonine and Helen and Iris all hint of what had happened.

And now here he was again, this Janney Breckinridge—a ghost risen to confront her! Neither Janney nor Aunt Min had seen her. They were, it seemed, in the midst of an absorbing discussion. There had been, apparently, two tables of bridge, but the other guests were gone. There had been, too, refreshments, and Aunt Min's and Janney's glasses were still on the low table between them, and Janney's hand was on his as he leaned towards Aunt Min laughing!

But he stopped laughing when he saw Araminta!

She stood in the doorway. She had not changed her dress when she left Great-Geat last Nicky and Mary should ask questions. She wore a wrap which had been Iris's—pale amethyst, which went with

the pink gown as the faint colors of sweet peas blend in a garden. The wrap had fallen back a little and showed her white neck. Romney might have painted her, or better, Greuze, with all that sweet coloring and that waving crown of curls! When Janney had seen her last, women had been at the boyish stage of hair and dress, and Araminta had been a slim slip of a thing, in short frocks which showed her shining, silken knees, and with her hair clipped like a boy's. She had had charm then and to spare. But this was something different—beauty of a rare kind—enhanced by all those floating draperies. He found himself rising, "Minta!"

She came forward, composedly, and held out her hand, "Back again?"

"Yesterday . . . from Morocco," Aunt Min said, "That's where I met him, last winter. But he didn't tell me he knew you, Minta."

"Didn't he? Perhaps he had—forgotten . . ." she smiled at Janney. "Derby week, wasn't it? Two years ago?"

He started to speak, but Aunt Min interposed, "Minta, where in the world did you come from at this hour of the night?"

"Home."

"At half past one?"

"Yes. There's a lovely moon."

"Didn't it rain?"

"Yes, but it stopped . . ."

"But what brought you, Minta?"

Minta laughed, "I didn't bring myself. Barney brought me."

"Barney Tyson?"

"The one and only," said Minta, letting her wrap drop from her shoulders, as she leaned down to kiss her aunt, "the Barney I am going to marry."

No sooner did the words leave her lips than she had a crashing sense of the crude melodrama she had made of it, for Aunt Min gasped, "Married!" But Janney simply leaned forward and screwed the end of his cigarette into an ash tray. Then, after a moment, "Are we to wish you—happiness?"

She met his level glance with her own. "I hope so. We are running away. May we be married from here, Aunt Min, to-morrow morning?"

"Married? Minta . . ." Aunt Min seemed to have breath left only for repetitions, "but why? Like this?"

"Oh—I'm fed up of step-sisters." Janney's dark face was attentive. Araminta felt his scorn! Well, let him be scornful. She'd show him. She wasn't a saint in a niche!

Aunt Min was complaining, "If you are married here, what will Mary do to me?"

"She'll be delighted. She adores Barney. And there won't be any fuss and feathers . . ."

Aunt Min considered it, "I don't mind in the least. But heaven only knows what Rhoda will say about it."

"Give her a day off, darling."

"Do you think she'd take it? She would know that something was in the wind and would not want to miss it."

CHAPTER 5

AUNT MIN was the slave of her servants. She had a chauffeur who drove his wife quite gaily and airily in Aunt Min's car, remissness of orders. Her cook took commissions from all the tradespeople, brazenly, and without

apology. Her housemaid flirted with the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the furnaceman, and the window cleaner. Only Rhoda was stable. She was honest but exacting. It was as if having none of the faults of the other servants, she took her toll in making demands on her mistress.

So Aunt Min said, "Perhaps I'd better tell her now and let her sleep on it."

"Aunt Min, you're an angel."

"I'm glad you think it. And now I am going to leave you two to talk about it while I face the dragon." So, followed by her smoky Persian and by the Pekingese, Aunt Min made her way to the hall, and Araminta was left alone with Janney.

And Janney waking suddenly into something that was blazing and violent, said, "Minta, are you mad?"

"Why?"

"Some women might marry like this. But not you."

She gave him a fleeting glance. "You mustn't take me so seriously."

"Why shouldn't I take you seriously? You're too lovely to be tied to some boy who doesn't know that you're a golden cup filled to the brim with sacred wine."

Her lashes flickered over her smiling eyes. "I'm done with poetry, Jan."

"Poetry?"

"Oh, you say it so well . . . But Barney does things."

"You mean he has asked you to marry him and I—haven't?"

"Why mean anything?"

"She was still smiling."

He jumped to his feet and stood in front of her. "Such a marriage is preposterous—and you know it."

She leaned back in her chair, looking up at him. "You ought to write a verse about it—'On Minta Contemplating Matrimony.' You were always writing verses."

"Stop saying things like that."

"But they are true, aren't they?"

"No."

Silence fell between them. Araminta felt his nearness—the spell of the old enchantment. He had changed little, and she was aware of the dark splendor which had first attracted her, his hair flung back, his thin and graceful figure, his stormy gray eyes and black lashes, his face lean and brown his slight mouthache.

At last he said, "You haven't forgiven me. Yet I did what was best for both of us. It was as hard for me as for you, Minta."

"Perhaps," her laugh was bent, "and so you—ran away. And I found Barney—and—lived happy—ever after."

She stepped suddenly for Janney said sharply, "Don't!" and buried his face in his hands.

She wanted to pull his fingers down from his face and say, "I love you." She wanted to kneel beside his chair and say, "Nothing matters but—you." But she did neither, and Aunt Min coming in presently found Janney again screwing his cigarette ashes into a tray, and Araminta, deep in her cavernous chair, smiling.

"Rhoda insists there shall be a wedding breakfast, Minta. She says there will be plenty of time, and that I must ask the rector and one or two others—you Janney, if you'll come. She says it will make things look a lot better. And that it would be positively disreputable to let Minta go off without wedding cake and chicken salad. . . ."

"But why bother, Aunt Min?"

CHAPTER 6

"It is Rhoda, child, who makes me bother. And she always gets her way."

Janney turned to Araminta. "So I'm invited to the wedding?"

"Evidently—by Rhoda."

"Not by you?"

"You may come if you like."

"Minta," Aunt Min expostulated, "how can you be so ungracious?"

"She doesn't mean it," Janney said, "do you?" His eyes held hers. "And you must let me wish you happiness."

"Happiness...?" Her hesitation was slight—"Thank you."

When he had gone, she talked with Aunt Min, telling her all about it—about Leontine, about Nicky and Mary and Barney, and Iris and Helen. But not a word did she say of Janney. Aunt Min must not know about Janney. No one must know.

And when she had finished her story, Aunt Min rang for Rhoda. "Is Miss Minta's room ready?"

"And waiting," said Rhoda, succinctly.

She gathered the Pekingese up in her arms. Aunt Min took the Persian which hung over her shoulder like a fur rug, its green eyes matching the emerald satin of her gown. And so they made their way upstairs, Aunt Min first, Araminta following, and Rhoda stiff as her starched frills, bringing up the rear.

And when at last she was alone and the door shut, Araminta threw herself face downward on the bed. She did not cry, but it was worse than crying.

Oh, Janney... Janney...

For she knew she loved him! And she was going to marry Barney!

She couldn't back out of it now—and if she did, what then? She had sent Janney away. She had hurt him and she had wanted to hurt. But she loved him.

She might as well face it. She was back where she had started two years ago. There was something almost sinister about it, this hold Janney had upon her imagination. What was it someone had said about loving? That until the imagination was captured, love was merely a biological process? All the great passions of history had been founded on a projection of the imagination into the life of the beloved.

At last she got up from the bed and began to undress. As she brushed her hair, she saw herself in a mirror set in the door. To-morrow she would be married to Barney, and he would call her "Loveliness," and all her life she would belong to him. And all the while she would be loving—Janney.

She knew then that she could not do it. Barney had a right to a square deal and she wouldn't be giving it. She might never see Jan again, but she could not marry Barney.

Her decision made, she said her prayers wholeheartedly. She wondered what God could do in a matter like this? She remembered what her grandfather, the Bishop, had once said to her, "You can't get yourself into a thing wilfully, and then expect God to get you out again." Well, she blamed nobody but herself, so she worded her petition, "Dear God, make me strong to set things right." Her faith had a childlike quality. She was, indeed, a child, groping.

It was not until she was in bed that, sweeping across the clamor of thoughts, came the memory of the letters she had left for Leontine and her mother. Those triumphant notes in which she had burned all her bridges. She rose and looked at the clock. The girls would still be at Annapolis. Anne Hampton had asked them all over for a late supper after the dance. There was still time to get Nicky, Nicky who would help her out if she asked him.

She had to descend two flights of stairs, and as she stole down, she prayed that the quick ears of the Pekingese might not hear. Luck was with her, and at last she shut herself tightly into the telephone closet in the lower hall, and got Nicky.

"Nicky, this is Minta. I'm at Aunt Min's. Barney and I didn't go to Annapolis. I'll tell you why when I see you. And Nicky—I left two notes on my dressing-table, one for mother and one for Leontine."



I want you to tear them up and say nothing. Nothing, Nicky... on your word of honor. You needn't explain anything to mother, except that I'll be home in the morning, and that I'm at Aunt Min's. Will you, Nicky? Well, you're a sweet thing, if you are my father...

She hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief, then went upstairs, with the Persian cat who roamed the house at will, leaping noiselessly ahead of her. And it was when they reached the top of the stairs that a quick short bark broke the stillness. Araminta heard Aunt Min's voice, "What's the matter?" and Rhoda's voice from the little room where the maid slept near her mistress, "It's only the cat, Miss Minnie," and again silence fell.

Araminta lay for a long time awake, looking into the future. She would have to go abroad with Nicky and Mary. And now she would be glad to go. Away from Barney, away from Leontine. Away from them all.

It was Rhoda who made the strongest protest the next morning. "But I've ordered everything, Miss Minnie."

"Then countermand the orders, Rhoda. There will be no wedding."

Rhoda's manner held a hint of reproach. Aunt Min, aware of it, attempted an apology, "A woman has a right to change her mind."

But while she carried it off with a high hand to Rhoda, Aunt Min was not sure that Araminta's change of mind was justified.

The child had given no excuse. She had simply arrived at Aunt Min's bedside at the ghastly hour of seven, and had said, "I can't do it."

Beyond that she would not explain. "I've telephoned Barney and told him."

"What did he say?"
"He thinks I've lost my mind."

"And well he might." Aunt Min propped up on her pillows had been a sight to behold. She wore her hair in kinks, for she hated permanents and hot irons, and the kids drew the skin tight on her forehead, so that it gave an effect of great astonishment, emphasised at the moment by the amazement in her round blue eyes.

"And well he might. I don't see any excuse for you, Minta."

"Neither does he. And he's coming up... at nine. I told him it wouldn't do any good—but he's coming."

She had leaned over and kissed her aunt. "Sorry to wake you, darling."

"That's all right, my dear. But the whole thing doesn't seem reasonable."

Araminta, wrapped in her pink robe, and looking like a confection out of a candy box, had said, "No love affair is reasonable if you come off to her room, and a little later Rhoda coming in to draw Aunt Min's bath, was informed of what had happened."

"Miss Minta is to have breakfast up here with me, promptly at 8.30. Rhoda. And plenty of buttered toast and eggs and bacon. She says she is starved."

Rhoda went down and cancelled the order to the caterer. She hated to cancel it, for she had considered it a triumph of diplomacy to rout him from his bed and get him to promise the wedding bells on time. They were now undoubtedly in the freezer.

When Rhoda went upstairs again, she unwound the kids from Aunt Min's sparse locks, powdered her nose, got her into a mauve dressing gown. Then she brought up the tray, and set forth the food on a little table in the window of Aunt Min's sitting-room. After which she called Araminta, and with the Pekingese, went downstairs again to give him his airing.

Rhoda rather liked her morning walks with the Pekingese. She knew the policeman on the beat, and all the housemen along the way, and the butler on the corner, who was always on the watch for her. And she had taken a walk like this for 25 years. Not always, of course, with the same dog, but with a succession of them, beginning with fox terriers, which were fashionable when she began, and up through pugs and Boston bulls to the Pekes of the present moment.

And in those early days Rhoda had been young, and the butler at the corner had been unmarried, but that's another story. The butler was now a widower, and still interesting to Rhoda, although she had long ago given up the idea of marriage, and intended to devote the rest of her days to Aunt Min, who had remembered her in her will, but whom she would have served wholeheartedly if she had not expected a penny.

Now, just as Rhoda with the Pekingese in her arms, opened the front door and shut it behind her, who should come striding up the steps but a young man of what Rhoda would have called in her English way, "Rather a golden-red complexion" with blue eyes, with shoulders as square as those of the King's guard, and with a swing of his legs as if he marched to music.

But Rhoda could see, even in that second in which she observed him, that the music to which he marched this morning was martial music,

rather than that of more celestial harmonies. And so, when he said "May I see Miss Williams?" she didn't know quite what to do about it.

"She's not up," she said, "or, rather, she's having breakfast in her aunt's room."

"She expects me," said Barney.

"Oh, very well, sir," Rhoda flattened herself against the wall to let him pass, and then she followed him and went upstairs to tell Araminta and when she came to Aunt Min's sitting-room, there was Araminta clothed somewhat more completely than in the earlier morning, in black satin pyjamas and a coat which Aunt Min had brought her from Nippon, and which with its silver embroideries and lining of butterfly blue made Araminta look like some bright-winged creature, poised for a moment in an old maid's sitting-room, in an old house in an old city.

"There's a gentleman downstairs, Miss Minta," Rhoda told her.

"He's early, my dear. Finish your breakfast."

Araminta pushed her plate away. "I can't eat—not with Barney down there—waiting."

She rose and started for the door, and had hardly reached it when Aunt Min called after her, "Surely you aren't going down in—those?"

"Those? Oh, you mean my pyjamas? Good gracious, Aunt Min, everybody wears them."

"But they aren't decent..."

"Darling, times have changed. And you gave them to me."

"But not to wear in my drawing-room."

"What better place could I wear them?"

And Minta was off, and Rhoda and Aunt Min stared at each other until Aunt Min said, faintly, "I suppose they all do it?"

"Do what?" said Rhoda.

"Wear them?"

CHAPTER 7

THE young man downstairs saw nothing strange in Araminta's apparel. On the beach. At picnic parties. Pyjamas. He thought them sensible. And he thought, too, he had never seen Araminta so absolutely exquisite.

He held out his hand and drew her to him, "Do you think I'm going to let you get away with it?"

As she looked up at him, he seemed to her excited imagination to loom above her like a tree with tall branches. She knew the idea was fantastic, but he seemed to fill the room. It almost frightened her, the way he filled it.

"I'm sorry, Barney."

He still held her hand. "What happened? Was it anything I did last night?"

"No," she drew her hand away and sat down. She hadn't thought it would be so hard. Barney was splendid. But she didn't love him. She told him that. And he wouldn't believe it. "Do you think I am going to let you go like this, Loveliness?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Barney."

She had seated herself by the side of the fireplace, and he sat beside her, his blue eyes burning, his voice eager; she was knit into his life, he said, and he could not tear her out. For years he had dreamed she might some day come to him—and he had seen her always as a part of his future—under the moon as they sailed the seas; by his fireside to welcome

him at night, smiling at him across the table, smiling at him . . . with his child in her arms.

All this with a passion and stark sincerity that struck at Araminta's heart. Here was no longer the light-headed, light-hearted Barney who had danced through the days, but a man among men, offering her a love which had to do with the deep and lasting things of life.

And in contrast what would Janney give her? An almost intangible devotion. The mysticism which brings a monk to the altar, or a nun to night vigils. Yet it was Janney's image which obsessed her. And he had stood in front of her last night at this very fireplace—dark and brooding, making indefinite demands on her allegiance.

She was aware of the tragedy of her choice. It seemed as much out of proportion to her ideals, to love Janney instead of Barney, as she was out of proportion physically to this great drawing-room of Aunt Min's, with its blue ceiling high above her like the sky, its Gargantuan chairs and tables, its Gargantuan paintings and tapestries. And she was out of all proportion, too, to Barney, who was as big in heart and mind as he was in stature.

And thinking all this, she laid her hand on his. "I've got to tell you there is someone else . . ."

"Someone else? Some other man?"

"Yes. He was here last night—when I came. I thought I had forgotten. But I hadn't."

"You mean that all you have said means nothing, Min?"

"I meant it at the time . . ."

"How could you mean it? You can't love two men at once. Let two men—love you . . ."

Her face was very white. She knew what he was thinking. Of that moment in the pavilion when he had caught her up in his arms. Of those other moments in his car, when the rain had shut them in.

Her voice was tremulous. "I am not like that—really."

"Like what?" sharply.

"Cheap." Her self-control gave way. "I thought I had put him out of my life. And I wanted to care for you a lot, Barney. I wanted to care . . ."

Her distress was unmistakable. When Barney spoke again it was with less sternness. "You couldn't help it, of course." He stood up, squared his shoulders. "Well, that seems to be all, doesn't it?"

"Yes." And again, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It's all in a lifetime, Min." He went to the door—came back.

"Promised anything?"

"You mean—?"

"Are you going to marry him?"

"He hasn't—asked me . . ."

Barney put his hand on her shoulder. "My dear," he said gently, "that's very brave of you to tell me."

"I should have told you—long ago."

His grasp on her shoulder tightened. "You mustn't think I am going to give you up. Not now. It's a fair field, an open one. And you're worth fighting for, Min."

"Am I, Barney?"

For the first time that morning he smiled at her. "You are, and you know it."

Rhoda let Barney out of the front door and watched him go down the street. He still marched as if to martial music, but Rhoda had seen the look in his eyes as he passed her. "He doesn't know where he is walking," she told herself, "and it would serve her right if something

ran over him and he was brought back dead and laid at her feet."

Which shows that Rhoda had a sense of what was due to romance, and a mind a bit above the opening of doors and the taking of little dogs for alms.

As Araminta climbed the stairs slowly, she had a sense of deep depression. She had been true to herself. But at what a cost! She had lost Barney. And Jan didn't want her. There was nothing left, apparently, but to go with Nicky and Mary to the Riviera.

Aunt Min, still at her breakfast, greeted her with "Your mother telephoned. She has been much worried. I told her you'd call back. And I told her, too, that I want to keep you here to-night. I am having Janney Brockinridge to dine and a few others. I called him up to tell him that the wedding was off, and he asked if you were staying over. He sails for Italy on Friday."

Friday, and this was Wednesday! Three days and two short nights! That wasn't the way that Browning put it, but the paraphrased line was haunting. Araminta's heart was beating wildly.

"There will be the Hux-Browns and two men who know Janney. And to-day there's a bridge luncheon and two teas. How will you fill in the time, Min?"

"Sleep," said Min. "I'm dead for it."

Aunt Min was curious. "Did you make your peace with your young man?"

"He isn't my young man any more," said Min. "and if you don't mind we won't talk about it."

She kissed her aunt and called up her mother. Then she went to her room, threw herself on the bed and lay there for a long time, thinking of Barney who had gone away and of Jan who would come that night.

And as she lay there, Rhoda tapped at the door. "A special delivery for you, Miss Min."

"Thank you, Rhoda," and Rhoda went out and shut the door, and Araminta read her letter.

It was from Jan. He must see her alone, he said, after dinner. "Make it possible, Mignon. Your aunt's message brought the blood back to my heart." And he was ever hers, Jan.

That was all. But there was magic in it. She got up and moved about the room restlessly. Aunt Min's Persian basked in the window. She went to it and ran her fingers through its fur. "Darling," she said, "darling . . ."

But it was not of the cat that she was thinking.

Meanwhile, Barney, riding like mad in his low-hung car, which said like a shining snake along the highway, was thinking only of Araminta.

It seemed to him incredible that she was no longer his. But then she had never been his—not even at that high moment when he had lifted her in his arms and had loved her.

He passed the white of the dogwood where they had waited in the rain. He passed the bridge which spanned the arm of the bay. Three ducks flew up. . . . Look, Barney, look . . .

I know, Loveliness!

A few minutes later, he passed Great-Gate, looked at the house, looked at the hill beyond. Then he slowed up his car and stopped.

Leontine was running down the hill to meet him!

CHAPTER 8

LEONTINE, dancing, dancing, dancing, had watched for Araminta. She was restless as

a cat, imagining everything.

"Where can they be?" she had asked Iris.

"Who?"

"Barney and Min."

"Oh, they'll be coming on presently."

But they did not come. "Barney had two dances with me," Leontine told Helen.

"He had two with me, but there are other men."

But no men like Barney.

Leontine was sure her instinct had not failed her. She remembered the glamour which had hung over Barney and Araminta like glittering net. She had felt then there was something in the wind. She felt it now.

Yet, since she could do nothing about it, she had gone back to her dancing, but always with her eye out for Barney's fair head, for Min's rosy flounces.

Now whatever else might be said of Leontine, she was the world's best dancer—meeting her partner's movements with precision, a figure of grace, with just enough of slight abandonment to the beat of the music to give vividness to her performance.

Yet to-night her customary enjoyment lacked its savor, and at last she had gone to the telephone and called up Nicky. "Where's Araminta?"

"Haven't she arrived? They started hours ago."

"Something must have happened."

Nicky had refused to get worked up about it. "There's been a big rain, and they've probably stopped in somewhere."

Leontine, unsatisfied and suspecting, had danced until midnight; then everybody had gone to Anne Hampton's to have something to eat. By "everybody" is meant that small and choice group of friends who made up Anne Hampton's crowd. For Anne was a widow, living in one of the old, old houses which had belonged to her ancestors. She liked to have people stay until dawn, and to give them breakfast at four or five in the morning—thin corn griddle cakes and broiled Virginia ham—incomparable coffee. Her cook, she declared, never slept. But the old negro denied this. "I takes my winks when I can git 'em," she would state, smilingly, and was always fresh as a daisy, wearing as a matter of choice, a snowy bandanna about her head, a huge white apron and a dress of purple print.

"To-night everyone was asking, 'Where are Barney and Araminta?'"

There was much speculation, and at last someone shouted, "Perhaps he's run away with her . . .!"

It was the voicing of Leontine's worst fears. She was a fool she told herself, but even as she tried to reassure herself, came the memory of Araminta in that upper room, tears on her lashes, protesting, "I thought you loved me, Leo."

Looking back on it, Leontine was a bit ashamed of herself. But she was more than ashamed, she was worried.

Finally she could stand it no longer. "I'm going home," she told Iris and Helen. "to see what has happened."

She told him she had a headache. She told the same thing to Anne Hampton. Her white face and the shadows under her eyes made her story seem credible.

"There are some people going my way, Ollie—and I don't want to break up your evening—"

"My evening will be broken up anyhow when you leave."

"But Anne Hampton wants you for griddle cakes . . ."

"I don't eat 'em," said Ollie, "on account of my finger."

It is not to be judged from the set of that sentence that Ollie was illiterate. It was simply that he came from a family which, with fine carelessness, refused to be bound by pedagogic standards. His forbears had said "finger" and that, with other inaccuracies, had come down to him. If he had thought anything about it Ollie would have said that purity of language was not the sport of "Kings," and he would have laughed at his play on words, but would have been intensely serious as to his meaning. Secure in an established social order, he left punctiliousness in such matters to people without a family tree. He was poor but complacent. And he was in love with Leontine.

She had refused steadily to marry him. "You aren't tall enough, and you haven't enough money."

"At least I'm not fat, and my old house isn't so bad. And you've a bit of money yourself, Leo."

"To pay your bills?"

Their frankness with each other was appalling. But it was the language of their contemporaries. Ollie took what she had to say to him with the ease of one who has no inferiority complex. Tall or short, rich or poor, wise or stupid, he was a King of Arundel. Plenty of women would marry him, rich women in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York—all the way to Boston, who would have been glad to exchange their millions for his name. But he wanted Leontine.

On the way home, he again asked her to marry him.

"I've told you I'm not in love with you, Ollie."

"You needn't be. Not yet. But you may as well think of it. I shan't go on forever. If you keep throwing me down, I'll have a try next at Araminta."

Leontine was seized by a sense of panic. But she was too wise to show it. "She'd probably fall for you," she said, lazily. "but you can't afford it."

She had him there. Ollie must marry money. And he knew it. "Araminta hasn't a penny," she pursued, "she wears out old dresses, and our old wraps, and she'd wear our shoes if they would fit her."

"Cinderella feet," Ollie said, "I've noticed 'em."

Leontine's voice had an edge to it. "She wouldn't have anything if it wasn't for us. And what thanks do you suppose we get for it?"

"You don't need 'em," Ollie vouchsafed, "ought to be enough to see how amazin' she looks in her clothes."

"In my clothes," Leontine corrected.

Ollie laughed. "You're jealous."

"I'm not . . ."

"You are. But I like it. Women who haven't any jealousy aren't human, and I hate 'em."

Leontine reflected that with all his background, Ollie wasn't fundamentally a gentleman. Perhaps she wasn't really a lady. Oh, well, such words were old-fashioned. So why worry?

And why should she care if Ollie fell in love with Araminta? She didn't want him. It was only that she hated having all the men at Araminta's feet. While she, with Iris and Helen, were left like the

Three Old Maids of Lee. . .
At the door of Great-Gate Oliver redeemed himself. "There's no one like you, Leo, and I didn't mean what I said about Minta. So don't let it spoil your sleep to-night."
Oh, the fatuity of him! As if anything Oliver said could keep her awake!

CHAPTER 9

THE hall as she entered it was dimly lighted. The big red setter on the rug lifted his head, his tail tapping. Leontine passed him and went swiftly up the stairs. If she found Araminta in her room, this tightness of her heart would ease itself.

But she did not find her! She found a note instead. . . "I am marrying Barney. And I love him a lot."

Leontine felt as if she were burning up. She went to the window for air. The coolness of the night came in and swept across her bare neck and her bare arms, but she got no relief. Her brain was burning-seared by those sentences. "I'm marrying Barney. And I love him a lot."

What did Araminta mean by it when here in this room she had said she did not love him. That she did not love anybody. Oh, why had she, Leo, forced the issue? Why? Why? Why?

The light of the moon flowed over her—she was all silver and white, sparkling, in front of her, wide and shining, stretched the bay.

On such a night as this . . . ! Araminta and Barney . . . !

In the stillness the beating of her heart seemed clamorous. Then, suddenly, breaking against the silence, came the sound of the telephone.

Leontine started to run, but held herself back. Nicky was speaking.

When Nicky turned from the telephone, he saw Leontine standing on the stairs.

"Was it Araminta?"
"Yes."

"What did she tell you?"
Nicky hesitated. "She's—she's staying with her Aunt Min. She didn't go to Annapolis."

"She isn't staying with Aunt Min. She is running away to get married." Leontine held the notes out to him. "I read mine, but I haven't opened mother's."

"She told me to destroy the notes, Leo."

"She told you that, Nicky?"

"Yes."

"She said nothing about marriage?"

"No."

"What do you suppose she means by it?"

"By what?"

"Running away like this—with Barney?"

"I'm afraid we shall have to wait and ask her."

Leontine looked down at him.

"Nicky, how do we know she's at Aunt Min's?"

"She told me. . ."

"Yes. But suppose. . ."

"I don't care to suppose anything, Leo. I trust—my daughter."

There was a sternness in his voice which brought Leontine to her senses. She had the grace to say, "I'm sorry." For Nicky, even in his bathrobe and with his hair on end was a force to be reckoned with when he was fully aroused.

Mary appearing now in a dressing gown, asked, "What in the world is the matter?"

Leontine handed her a note.

"Read this."

Mary read it and said, "The darling."

Leontine glared at her, "Mother."

"Well, really nothing could be better, Leo."

Mary had bright curls like Araminta's and they were tumbling about her shoulders. And she was very pretty and appealing as she stood there defending her daughter.

Leontine's voice had a touch of wildness. "But she isn't going to be married. She called up Nicky just now and asked him to destroy these notes. She says she is staying at Aunt Min's. I don't know what to make of it all, mother."

"Something must have happened to make her change her mind."

"But what could happen?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Leo."

"Why don't you call her now, and ask? Why don't you?"

"It was Nicky who answered her. 'We will wait until morning.'"

"Why wait—? Oh, you spoil her to death, both of you. You never think of the rest of us. Yet

it is Helen and Iris and I who do everything for you. We even give Nicky the money he spends on cigarettes."

The wild voice broke, and Leontine fled sobbing, up the stairs. They heard her quick step in the hall above, the slam of a door behind her.

Nicky was white as a sheet. "She told the truth, but I'll never forgive her."

"I know." Mary went to his arms and presently from that shelter she said, "Sometimes I wish we had a little home of our own, Nicky."

And Nicky said, "Do you think it has been easy for me to take bread from their hands?"

And Mary said, "Then, my dear, why do we do it?"

He had no answer, but he held her close. She was his world and would always be. He wasn't much of a man, but he loved her.

The next morning everybody was late for breakfast. In fact, the meal might more appropriately have been called luncheon, since it was 11 o'clock before Helen and Leontine and Iris appeared.

Mary was at the coffee tray, and Cissy, the waitress, kept bringing in waffles which Mary and Helen ate because their plump contours were matters of indifference to them, and Nicky ate nothing because nothing made him fat. Leontine and Iris contented themselves with thin toast. They were solicitous of their figures, which so far were sylph-like. They were still talking about Araminta. There seemed nothing more to be said on the subject, but they still kept saying it. At least Leontine did. Iris and Helen had refused to get excited. "She's probably had the time of her life, Leo. Why worry?"

"Because she has been most inconsiderate. ~~Running~~ as all on our

toes at Annapolis. And now telephoning that she's staying over at Aunt Min's for a dinner party. . ."

And Helen said, "But why not, Leo? Aunt Min's dinner parties are not to be sneezed at."

Nicky's tone was cold. "Did you expect her to play the—prodigal?"

Leontine flushed, and got up from the table. "Of course not, Nicky. Don't be a goose."

Her tone was conciliatory. She felt she had said things last night which were unpardonable. But she was not ready to ask Nicky's pardon.

She left them all, went out of doors, and made her way towards the pavilion, whence, presently, Iris followed her.

And Iris said, "If I were you, I wouldn't tell the world. . ."

"Tell—what?"

"That you—care. . ."

"For Barney? Why not?"

"Well, your pride for one thing."

"I don't seem to have any pride."

They had reached the rustic table beyond the pavilion, and Leontine as she talked leaned against it. "People can think what they please. And years ago—he loved me."

"Puppy love, Leo. Men get over it."

Leontine moved away from the table restlessly. "He's got a future before him, if he'd only wake up to it. And Minta will never wake him."

"She may. . ."

"But she's such a child, Iris."

"She's 19."

"Oh, don't dwell on ages—we don't look ours."

Leontine certainly did not look her 27. As she stood there on the little hill with her back to the bay she was like something by Sorolla, with the white splash of her short frock against the blue, the gold-brown of her arms and neck and the gold-brown of her stockings, her bronze locks blown about by the breeze—an ageless type. One would judge her young when she was middle-aged, and middle-aged when she was old. Iris was not unlike her, but more delicately fashioned, and with a slight dimming of the youth which lighted Leontine.

Helen, having singled them out, sat on the steps of the pavilion.

"Still talking of Minta? We're rather cats, aren't we?"

"Speak for yourself, Helen."

"Well, why not let her alone. . ."

"You know why? She's taking the centre of the stage. . . and yesterday when I tried to tell her . . . that we wanted her to go away."

"Leo, you didn't—"

"I did. It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes, but why proclaim it from the housetops?"

"Here we sit like the three Fates," said Leontine, passionately. "Only instead of weaving the destinies of other people, we are caught in the web we have spun. We go around in three. But Araminta goes alone."

She stopped suddenly, looking towards the road, where a long gray motor slid like a shining snake. "It's Barney," she said, breathlessly, and began to run down the hill towards him.

CHAPTER 10

WHEN Leontine reached Barney, she asked, "Where's Minta?"

"At her aunt's, didn't she tell you?"

"Yes. But we thought you might bring her."

"No such luck. . . ." He vouchsafed no more than that.

"A nice trick the pair of you played on us last night. Not coming down. Did you forget you had promised me two dances? I came within an inch of being a wallflower."

"But you weren't? You couldn't be."

She laughed. "You don't deserve to be forgiven. . ."

"But I am. . ." he smiled back at her. "I must be getting on. I haven't had breakfast. . ."

"We're just having ours. . . ! Come on up and Cissy will bring you some waffles."

Her voice was eager, her laughter against the sullenness of his thoughts a relief. He got out of his car and they climbed the hill together.

Driving along the highway, gripped by despair, Barney had told himself fiercely that there were other women in the world. He would go away and forget—to some of those cool Continental resorts to which his friends fled in the summer. He would not lack distraction. He had said he would not give Minta up. But why fight for that which belonged to another? It would be a losing game at best.

As he sat in the pavilion with Leontine and Helen and Iris he was conscious of a sudden change of mood. Here on this little hill he had held Araminta in his arms. Here he had laughed in triumph at her surrender. And here he would laugh again!

A gull flew up on strong wings above the bay—higher and higher—until it became a flashing silver streak against the blue. There was a phrase from one of Schnitzler's plays which years ago Barney had copied in a book. "To be determined is—the same as having wings. . ."

As he remembered it, the blood ran quick in his veins. To think of Araminta as his might make her so.

So, watching the gulls above the bay; eating and drinking; flinging back and forth the little feathers of talk which passed as conversation, Barney emerged at last—master of himself, and Leontine, seeing his eyes lighted dared believe herself a factor in the transformation.

It was nearly one o'clock when he got up. "Thank you for a gorgeous feed. But I've stayed beyond all reason."

They protested. "You haven't." They were all standing, and all good to look at. Barney admitted it as they gathered around him—Iris with her clear blue eyes and that winged gray look above her forehead, Helen in pink linen which matched her smooth cheeks, Leontine all gold and white and brown beneath the sun. None of them could, of course, hold a candle to Araminta. But for the moment they eased his agony.

Leontine went down to the car with him. "Come again—to-morrow."

"You'd get tired of me."

"Never. . ."

He laughed and held out his hand. "Some day we'll make up the dances we missed."

"Is it a promise?"

"Yes."

She waved to him as he drove away, and stood for a long time looking after the shining, streaming car. Going back to join the others, she spoke to Cissy carrying a tray. "Everything was delicious, Cissy. You might tell Alice."

And Cissy, coffee-colored and



white capped, laughed, throatily. "Oh, my soul, Miss Leo," she said. "Alicia had her hair on her head, and I cooked that beefsteak like I was cookin' for a king. If I had my way, Mr. Barney would have a crown on his head and golden shoes."

She went on her way, laughing, but the echo of her words lingered. Leontine felt that, like Cissy, if she had her way, Barney should wear golden shoes! And a crown on his head like a king!

Tyson House was ten miles from Great-Gate. One turned from the highway and followed an excellent road cut through wooded land. New and then an opening in the wood showed the bay, and all about was the beauty of spring blossoming. Barney rode on slowly, thinking it all out. Wishing that Araminta was beside him—wishing.

He was within three miles of home when he saw a sight which made him stop his car, and look again. The sun, sitting down through the branches, lighted the dimness of the grove, and in that light stood a boy. A lovely child, his slight figure in white sweater and shorts, his dark hair blown about, his eyes shining.

But it was not at the boy alone that Barney looked. It was at his own dogs. The dogs from Tyson House. Five of them. Great German shepherds, trained for police work. All except Miss McBride who was trained for nothing.

They were gathered about the boy, tails wagging, in attitudes which Barney knew expressed ecstatic interest. Old Max, big as a calf, stood level with the child's shoulder. Most people were afraid of old Max, but the boy was not. And he stood in the midst of the circle, smiling.

Now that Barney had stopped his car, he was aware of that boy's clear voice, the clean-cut words, easily caught at that short distance:

"From noise of Seare-fires rest ye free,

From murders—Benedicite,

From all mischances that may fright

Your pleasing slumbers in the night;

Mercie secure ye all, and keep

The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.

Past one a-clock, and almost two,

My masters all, good day to you!"

The boy made a bow, and the dogs barked. The boy laughed, and it seemed as if the dogs laughed with him. Miss McBride lay down and rolled over—enraptured! The other dogs eyed her with a kind of polite patience. She was still in years a puppy, though as big as the rest of them.

Barney found himself smiling. He wondered how the dogs had made their escape. Some gate left open—he would have to speak to Hugo. He lifted his fingers to his mouth and sent forth a shrill whistle. The dogs wheeled and rushed towards him. He was out of his car to meet them. They did not throw themselves upon him. They were too well trained for that. But their voices gave vociferous welcome.

And in the midst of the clamor the boy came up.

"Are they your dogs?"

"Yes."

"They came while I was singing. They seemed to like it, so I sang again." He had a dark eager face.

"They probably thought you were—Fun."

"Oh, do you think they did?"

"They might."

"But I didn't have a pipe."

"You had a bell, which was better."

"Could you hear it through the words? Mother makes me sing it that way, as if the bellman was ringing. You see, mother's been on the stage." He said it with pride.

"Really?"

"Yes. In California. A long time ago. Before she was married."

"You're a long way from California."

"Yes. We live in Sylvan Park."

Sylvan Park was a deserted boom resort. On the beach. A few nice houses, but no one wanting them.

"A bit lonesome, isn't it?"

"A little. But mother doesn't like seeing people. But we have a lovely time all winter. I liked the snow. And the ice. Mother and I skated. And at night we came in and had a big fire and popped corn. And we read a lot . . . and had a lot of music. Mother plays."

Barney got back into his car.

"May I give you a lift?"

The boy shook his head. "I take the path through the woods."

Barney said, hospitably, "Come and see me some time. And the dogs. I live at Tyson House—just beyond."

"The one that looks like a church?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to come," the child said, wistfully, "perhaps I shall. I'll ask mother."

The dogs followed the boy. They knew better than to take the highway. With a short cut through the woods they would get to Tyson House before their master. Barney waved to the boy and went on, wondering. What woman was this, who in this desolate spot had hidden herself and this lovely lad from the eyes of a curious world?



CHAPTER 11

ARAMINTA, worn out by excitement, slept through the afternoon. When she waked, she took a hot bath, dressed for dinner, and stood by the window watching.

Jan came early. He would, she told herself, be expecting to see her. But she did not go down. Indeed, Rhoda had to come up for her finally. "Miss Minnie is asking for you, Miss Minta."

Araminta gave one last look at herself in the mirror—blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers to that enchanting figure in its gleaming white. Then the small feet in the shining slippers ran lightly down the stairs.

She entered the drawing-room with light-heart beating. But her manner showed no hint of her inner agitation. Everybody said to everybody else that she was charming, this niece of Minnie Cowan's, as she moved among them—"As beautiful as her grandmother," Lucius Huse-Brown said.

He said it to Janney Breckinridge. The grandmother married a bishop, which was a great mistake. She should have married a man with money—to set off her beauty."

Janney, with his eyes on Araminta, said, "Women make great mistakes in marriage. And the answer is—why marry?"

Lucius Huse-Brown laughed, and at the dinner table proclaimed to

the rest of them, "Breckinridge doesn't believe in marriage."

Janney laughed. "Don't make it so wholesale. I said 'beautiful women'."

And a murmur went round the table, "Why not?"

"Because they should be free—like birds. Not caged by domesticity."

The argument went on. Araminta, listening, was intensely conscious of Janney's voice, never pressing too hard in controversy, leading the talk lightly, brilliantly carrying his point.

On one side of her was Janney, on the other Lucius Huse-Brown. Across the table was Marianna Huse-Brown, a white-haired, plump and gracious woman of Aunt Min's generation.

The Huse-Browns were old friends of Aunt Min's and were most important people. They belonged to fine county families, and owned coal mines in the western part of the State. They had used a large part of their great talent in forming the taste of the community. They encouraged local talent in every way.

Young artists and young writers; and now in these later days their philanthropy had to do with building a little theatre at the crossroads near Annapolis, and with encouraging the efforts of a group of eager and ambitious players.

Lucius talked now to Araminta of his theatre, and she answered him intelligently. But she felt that only one part of her answered, the other was observing Janney—the turn of his head, the flash of his eyes, even the movements of his slender hands as he lifted his soup spoon or cut up his chicken.

Everything about him was important. He helped himself from a dish that was passing, and she saw the gleam of his ring. The strange silver ring which he had brought from India, set with an uncut ruby, and which had been a bit tight for his finger.

She spoke of it. "Your ring fits you better than it did two years ago."

He held his hand so that it slipped from his finger. You remember?"

She met his look and it seemed as if his glance burned through her. She wanted to pick up the ring, but she did not. And presently he put it on again.

The incident had its significance. There had been a time when she had heard the story of the ring. Of how when he first got it, it had seemed to bring luck. And then his luck had left him. Perhaps if she would wear it his luck would come back to him. It was too big for her, and besides people would have asked questions. So all during those days in Lexington and Louisville, she had kept it carefully in a little box. But after his letter she had sent it back.

They talked now of commonplaces. He asked about her summer. "Any plans?"

"The family wants me to go to Juan-les-Pins. Nicky and Mary and I."

His glance slanted down at her. "I shouldn't be so far away—Italy."

There was a studied significance in his tone, but she refused to respond to it. "Do you know Juan-les-Pins?" she asked Lucius Huse-Brown on the other side of her.

He did and was enthusiastic. He talked with Jan across Araminta. Compared impressions. Araminta between them had little to say.

At last dinner was over, with coffee served in the drawing-room. And

now Minta knew that her moment had come. "Aunt Min," she said, "Mr. Breckinridge wants to look at your lanterns. I've been telling him about them."

And so they got away. "It was the truth, wasn't it?" she asked him, as they left the others. "We talked about them at dinner."

"If it had not been the truth," he said, "do you think I would have cared?"

They did not speak again until they came to the room where the lanterns were hung. It was not a large room, but to Jan, it seemed as if he passed from a world of reality to a world of illusion. All of Aunt Min's lanterns were lighted, yet there was no garishness. The light came through jewelled fretwork and silver filigree, through painted parchment and opaline glass. Aunt Min's collection was famous, and in the high-ceiled room she had placed her treasures against hangings of deep blue, so that they seemed to shine, and smoulder like torches in the night.

"She picked them up everywhere," Minta said, "in her travels—India, Africa, Tibet."

She stopped, for Janney had made an impatient gesture. "Minta," he demanded, "why didn't you marry him?"

"Barney?"

"Yes."

"I think you know . . ."

"Was it what I said last night?"

"Yes."

His laugh was triumphant. "You belong to me and you know it."

She shook her head. "I belong to myself."

She sat down on a small blue-covered divan, and he sat beside her.

"There are things I must tell you, Mignon . . ."

He began with his boyhood. His father and mother. They had always been unhappy. He had lived in that kind of home. He had learned to distrust marriage. To hate it. He thought all wedded pairs were like his parents. "You can't understand Minta, the dreadfulness . . . I was such a little chap . . ."

"I had a brother, and he married, and in a little while marriage was to him what it had been to my father and mother. My world was dark. It has been dark ever since. More than anything else I have wanted a home. But I have not dared. Every time I have thought of it I have seen my father and my mother—my brother and his wife, their words jangling. Belis out of tune. Discord." He drew a shuddering breath.

"But we need not be like that—Jan . . ."

"How do we know? Are we so much stronger than other lovers? My parents loved each other. But when they felt their chains love died . . ."

"And so, I had become a sort of wandering Jew, with no rest for my weary heart, until you came into my life. And after a little, I had to let you go. I thought I could get over it, but when I saw you—"

He got up with a quick movement, and drew a cushion to her feet. "I must have you, Mignon . . . I must . . ."

CHAPTER 12

HE talked on and on and as she listened Araminta felt as if she were in a deep wood, a wood that was dark with shadows, with trees so high that they shut

out the sky. And in this wood, Jan was walking with her, and saying, "I cannot offer you marriage."

"I can't, Minta. I should make you unhappy, and I won't risk it. But what I want to offer you is something more than marriage—a friendship that shall touch the stars."

"Other men and women have had such friendships. Why not you and I? Oh, why should you give yourself over to commonplace duties, Minta, commonplace ambitions? Do all the things that married women do in these days, to hide the emptiness of their lives? Last night you told me you were going to marry Barney—Barney who wants a house-keeper, children, someone to deck with furs and jewels. And you gloried in it and threw the facts in my face. Yet it is I who place you so high that I ask more for you than a safe and solid future. I can think of better things for you than your Barney can ever give you."

"What things, Jan?"

"I want you to find something you can do well, and do it. Think of all the great women..."

"But I'm not that kind."

"How do you know? Women write, sing—act. Why shouldn't you? Why shouldn't all the world know your name, not that of your husband...? Araminta Williams, famous and unforgotten, by the grace of God, and the help of her friend..."

And now it seemed as if in the deep wood bells were ringing—Araminta Williams, ding dong... Araminta Williams, ding dong... famous and unforgotten, ding dong, by the grace of God, ding dong, and the help of her friends, ding, dong, ding...

She was flushed and thrilled. "Oh, Jan, do you think I could?"

"I know it." Again he carried her with him on the wings of his enthusiasm. Their friendship would transcend all those wonderful ones of history. She would be his Blessed Diamond, looking down. His Beatrice! His Heloise! His Egeria! And if he mixed famous passions with famous friendships, Araminta was not aware of it. She was aware only of the way in which he said it.

"When you spoke of Juan-les-Pins it seemed as if the Fates had planned it. I'll be near you—in Italy. And I'll motor over week-ends. I know every inch of the roads. I know all the lovely places. I know a cottage you can take, with your father and mother. I know a cook and a gardener. I will show you life as you have never lived it; beauty as you have never known it. A thing of mind and spirit. If we married, what time would we have for finer things? I should be coming home to talk about bills and beefsteaks... lamb stew on Mondays. Fish on Fridays. Green paint or blue for the bathroom. Window curtains."

"The dark hair was flung back. "If I had a million to offer you, Minta, it might be different. But I haven't. And I must lose you, just because I haven't money!"

"No," she said, with a quick catch of her breath. "No."

The light of the silver lantern, flicked from a temple in India, shone down upon her. It was as if for a moment a young priestess of the temple had lent her soul to this very modern body. Janney's imagination took quick fire. "You're too good for any of us. You're a saint in a shrine. I've always told you..."

She shook her head, smiling a little. "I'm just—Minta."

They heard Aunt Min's voice in

the hall. She was bringing up the Huse-Browns. With the entrance of the three of them, the room lost its glamor. Marianna Huse-Brown, with her white hair, her wide, white neck, the diamonds of her ear-rings cascading to her shoulders, sat on the divan and drew Araminta down beside her. "We've been talking of you," she said.

"Of me?"

"Yes. We're putting on 'Dear Brutus' at our little theatre. We want you to play the part of the child, Margaret. We are remembering, you see, the way you did that bit last summer in our pageant. It was charming." She looked up at Janney, who was standing beside them. "Did you see it?"

"No."

"We were illustrating the poems of great authors. Minta was Blake's—'A Little Girl Lost.' She wandered in a dark forest..."

She wandered in a dark forest... As the words crashed across her consciousness, Araminta had a sudden sense of shock. She had forgotten the slight part, but it must have remained in the sub-strata of her mind, for it was in a deep, dark forest that she had seemed to wander as she talked with Jan.

"She was lovely," Marianna proceeded. "In a blood-red tunic, and there was just a touch of blood-red sunset through the trees, and she kept crying out, 'I'm lost, I'm lost.'"

"You did it very well, my dear," Lucius said, coming up. "That's why we must have you now. The part of the child, Margaret, has the same eerie quality."

"But I may not be here."

"Why not?"

"We are planning to go abroad. Mother and daddy and I."

"Don't go too soon, and we'll produce before you leave." Marianna stood up. "Lucius, we've got to go to the Hitchcocks. I told Lily I would look in on her dance."

So Marianna swept out with Aunt Min and Lucius, and once more the room of lanterns regained its magic.

Araminta, starting to follow, was held back by Jan. "You'll have to-morrow and all to-morrow with them, and only these few moments with me. I won't be able to see you again before I sail, Mignon. My time is packed with engagements. I shouldn't have dined here to-night if it had not been for you. I had to beg off from a play and supper dance..."

She sat again on the blue divan. "But I shall see you soon. We're to sail in June."

He looked down at her in her bridal white. "I shall think of you—like this—" Suddenly, he knelt beside her. "I know I am asking a lot. More perhaps than a man has a right to ask of any woman. If you cannot give it freely and with all your heart, tell me now, Minta."

"I do give it—freely—"

"And with all your heart?"

"Yes."

It was like a covenant between them. For a moment he hesitated, then leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. "My very dear," he said.

CHAPTER 13

THE next morning, Araminta went home early. She did not return as a Prodigal, for Piffkin, Aunt Min's chauffeur, drove her down in great state and elegance.

She found the family still lingering over their late breakfast. As she passed the dining room door,

she called back, "Save something for me."

Once again in her little upper chamber, she took off her hat and examined her face closely in the mirror for signs of the conflict which had torn her since she was last in the bosom of her family. There seemed none, though she told herself she should have been scarred by it all. She put on a print frock with pink roses sprinkled over it, and with a sash that tied in the back. Then, cool and collected, she went down and stood in the door.

"Hello, everybody."

The response was not what she had expected. There was something subdued in the atmosphere—even Leontine seemed less crisp and cocksure.

Araminta sat down. "Just a cup of coffee, Cissy."

Nobody asked any questions. The talk was desultory. Nicky read the morning paper; Mary, creaming and sugaring Araminta's coffee, put in too many lumps; Helen fed bits of muffin to the red setter. Leontine sat with her chin in her hands, brooding.

At last, Araminta could stand it no longer. "What's up?" she asked.

Immediately they all came to life. "Nicky's got a job."

"A job—Nicky...?" Araminta's voice showed her amazement.

"Yes," Nicky dropped his paper and flung his arm across the table. "And why not? You'd think from the way the girls are taking it, that I was going to gao!"

The three of them wailed, "But Nicky..."

Nicky ran his hand through his crisp brown curls. "It's the chance of my life, Minta. I'm going to design stage sets for the little theatre this summer. The Huse-Browns are financing the project, and they want something unusual. They will pay me well. I see no reason why I shouldn't do it."

"But, Nicky—I saw the Huse-Browns last night, and they didn't tell me."

"I asked them not to. I wanted to tell you myself."

Araminta got up, circled the table, and hugged Nicky's neck. "It's marvellous..."

Leontine spoke with some bitterness. "I'm glad you think so. It looks to us as if Nicky is rather letting us down."

And Nicky said, with a sharpness unusual to him: "Haven't we gone all over that, Leo? There's such a thing as owning my soul. I've stayed on here, letting you do things for me, and I'm getting soft..."

Iris laid aside her letters. "But that isn't the worst of it, Minta. He's taking you and Mary to Bay Cottage."

And Helen supplemented, "Leaving us flat..."

Mary interposed, "But, darlings, he can work better..."

Bay Cottage...! The breath seemed to leave Araminta's body. "That—we're not going abroad?"

"I'll say we're not. Why should I play around the Riviera, trying to paint pictures, when I've a chance like this..."

Araminta did not answer. She stood back of Nicky, frozen like a statue. She wasn't going...! She wouldn't see Jan...! She wouldn't see him again for ages! The room darkened. The brightness of the day was gone.

They were all too busy with their own emotions, to observe her. All

but Mary. "My dear," she said, "you're tired?"

"A little—mother..."

"Come here and sit beside me."

So Araminta sat beside her mother, and Mary laid her plump hand on the slender one of her daughter, and after a while, she said under cover of the conversation, "Do you mind it so much, Minta?"

"Mind what?"

"Going to Bay Cottage?"

"Oh—that, mother. No..."

Leontine was asking furious questions. Why should Nicky and Mary go to live at Bay Cottage? After all these years? It was silly. It was more than silly. It was ungrateful. It made her, Leontine, feel like a fool—making so much of things she had said last night!

Then Nicky said, "You told the truth and it was good for me."

And Mary, worried, "I wish you'd stop saying things before Cissy."

And Helen: "Oh, Leo, why not let him do as he pleases. And Bay Cottage is a darling place."

And Iris: "If you think the world won't talk..." she threw away an empty envelope, as if she threw away the whole subject.

There seemed no end to it. But Araminta was not thinking of the things Iris said, or Helen or Leontine, or Nicky or Mary, she was thinking of herself, and of Jan, who was going away, and whom she wouldn't see for ages.

She said, "I'm going up, mother, and—rest..."

"Of course, my dear. You need it."

Araminta wondered if she would ever rest or whether her spirit would wander endlessly in search of the things she wanted. She climbed the stairs and moved about her room putting it in order—hanging up the white dress she was to have worn at her wedding; the pink she had worn when she ran away with Barney, and the silver and blue pyjamas. And while she unpacked and hung up, her mind was on Jan and how she could get word to him. For she must see him; tell him what happened; learn from him what part he would play in her life with the sea separating them.

She heard Mary's voice presently at the door. "May I come in, darling?"

"Yes, mother."

Mary entered, and shut the door behind her. "We've had a dreadful time, Minta." Her face showed her agitation. "I've got to talk about it to somebody. Leo got the notes, and said things to Nicky, and he won't forgive her."

"And yesterday, he started out to find something to do. He had heard that the Huse-Browns were talking about getting someone for the scenery. And Nicky has had a lot of experience abroad with Reinhardt and Gordon Craig. So we dropped in at the theatre, and the Huse-Browns were there, and before we knew, it was a bargain. And we won't have to pay any rent at Bay Cottage, for it belongs to me and Nicky says he and I have never been so happy as we were in our little house in Italy..."

and of course, if Nicky wants this I must want it too. When you love a man you have to—follow..."

"You love Nicky like that, mother?"

"Yes. You see he brought me romance. The girls' father was practical, and it wasn't until Nicky

loved me that my girlish dreams came true. I know his faults. But he has given me happiness. He has given me great happiness, Minta. I must remember that, even if I don't always agree with him."

It seemed to Araminta as if never before had she seen her mother's heart. This easy-going Mary, who had gone on her way smiling, was not happy because she had had her own way, but because she loved much. "When you love a man, Minta, you have to follow."

But what if the man you loved had not asked you to follow? What if that which he offered was so intangible that you hardly knew what part you were to play? What if with a willingness to forsake all and cleave only to him, you were not urged to forsake?

CHAPTER 14

FOR the first time since leaving Jan the night before, doubts assailed Araminta. The future stretched before her like an uncharted sea. When Mary at last left her, she tried to reach Janney by telephone. He was not at his club or at his office. She decided to send a telegram, which would await him on his return.

She sought out Cissy, whom she found at the back of the house, hanging out nappies in the wind and sun.

"Cissy," Araminta said, "do you remember that pink hat of mine that you wanted?"

"Does I, Miss Minta. . . ?" the emphasis was eloquent.

"Well, I'm going to give it to you if you'll do something for me."

"I'll do anything, honey."

"I want to send a telegram, and no one must know. I'll write it, and you must ask Buck to ride to town and get it off for me."

Buck was Cissy's perennial suitor. He did odd jobs around the place, and drove the small utility car on errands. "You can tell him I'll give him a dollar, Cissy."

Cissy adored Araminta, and was thrilled by the secrecy. She found Buck and showed him what Araminta had written. "You ever hear tell of this here Janney Breckinridge?" she asked.

"I ain't. Is you?"

"No. Look like she's making a date with him. And she'd better stick to Mr. Barney. There ain't no luck in changing men."

Buck blessed her. "Ain't no luck in changing me, Cissy. You member what I tell you?"

They read the telegram again with interest. "Plans changed. Call me up at five. Important."

"She'd better stick to Mr. Barney," was Cissy's reiteration.

Araminta had named five o'clock, because at that time all the family would be at the Huse-Brown tennis tea. Minta pleaded a headache and stayed at home. And it was at exactly five that the telephone rang.

"Minta?"

"Yes, Jan. I must see you." She told him why. "It means months away from you."

"It means nothing of the kind. Why can't you come without the others?"

"Without father and mother?"

"Yes."

"They wouldn't be willing."

"Why not?"

"I can tell you better when I see you."

"It will be late. There's a farewell banquet. Shall I say it?"

She told him where to find her.

His arrival at the house would precipitate too many questions. So it must be in the grove back of the pavilion. He couldn't miss it if he knew the highway . . . just beyond the entrance to Great-Gate.

Araminta dressed for dinner in sheer white without ornamentation. Not a jewel did she wear, not a pearl, or a crystal bead. But just below the point of the low neck she pinned a great white rose. She was assuming unconsciously the part Jan had assigned to her—a saint in a shrine—a priestess of the lamp!

The family at dinner, for the time at least, seemed to have shelved its grievances. Nicky was uplifted. Leontine had played a set of tennis with Barney and spoke of it. "I asked him over to-night for cards, Minta. He said he would come if he could."

They all looked at Araminta. But she seemed unconscious of their scrutiny. "I shan't be playing. I hate contract."

People began to come at nine. Araminta moved among them until they were all settled at the tables. A little after 10 she went upstairs for a dark cape which she folded about her.

The hall seemed deserted and escape easy. Yet as she reached the porch Leontine's voice called her back. "I wish you'd take my hand, Minta."

"Oh, not now, Leo."

"I want to help Cissy. It is time to serve things."

"I'll help her."

Leontine, stepping out on the porch, was aware of the dark wrap.

"Where are you going, Minta?"

"For a walk."

"To meet Barney. . . ?"

"Leo, how utterly stupid. . . ?"

Leontine flushed, and turned back into the house. Araminta followed her. "Go on with your game, I'll look after Cissy."

It was Alice's night out, and Cissy was working feverishly. Araminta added last touches expertly and when she had finished, she said, "I'll run along now. You can do the rest, Cissy."

"They ain't no rest, honey. You done finished it."

Araminta knew she was late. But it couldn't be helped. As she sped down the path, one of the kittens danced ahead of her. A wisp of a thing, plump and owning the engaging name of "Puffet." It rustled the leaves and scrambled among them, yet managed in some miraculous way to keep up with Araminta, losing itself in the garden as she went through it, but emerging again as she came to the stretch of sandy beach through which the path led.

The moon was rising, round and white above the bay, but to-night there were no ducks flying. The grove as she came into it was striped black and gold as the light shone beneath the trees. Jan was black, too, against the brightness.

When he saw her, he came forward swiftly, and took her hands in his. "I thought you were never coming."

"It was not easy to get away. . . ."

"Her voice shook, and he said, 'My dear, what happened?'"

"Everything. Oh, Jan, what are we going to do?"

"Easy enough. You must plan to come alone."

She shook her head. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Even if mother and dad were willing, I haven't the money. And I won't take it from Leontine and the others."

"Let me give it to you."

"No."

"But—why—?"

"Because it would spoil it." She drew a long breath. "I don't know just how to put it. But if I belong to you in friendship, I must belong to myself in—self-respect. . . ."

Jan was aware of a change in her—of a strength, a maturity which hitherto she had not shown.

"If you don't go, what then?" he asked her.

She sat down on a fallen log, and he threw himself on the ground beside her. "I have been thinking it all out, Jan," she told him. "There will be our letters—and I shall have my little part in the Huse-Brown play. Perhaps that will be the beginning."

"You mean—the stage?"

She nodded. "This summer I can have other parts, and if I do them well something may open up next winter."

He was moody. "And in the meantime?" He began picking up pine needles and throwing them away. "In the meantime I shall be miles away."

She did not answer. He put up his hand and touched her cheek. "You are crying, Minta. . . . Do you care so much?"

He took her in his arms. Gently as one might comfort a child. She lay with her face against his coat, sobbing. She felt the touch of his fingers on her hair, but he did not kiss her.

Then, out of the silence, came the sound of footsteps in the wood.

CHAPTER 15

ARAMINTA raised herself and looked, then drew her wrap about her. "It's Barney."

He came on and on, not seeing the two dark figures hidden by a clump of bushes. His golden head was like a flame, the bosom of his evening shirt a white wedge set in the blackness of his coat. He walked with quick steps towards the shining stretch of beach, unconscious of the watchers, who sighed with relief when he had passed beyond them.

But their relief was of short duration. For down the path, padding steadily, the dog, Max, was following his master.

Araminta thought quickly. "Stay here," she whispered, "until I come. It's Barney's dog, and he knows me."

She stepped out into the path. "Max," she said, "you old—darling."

Barney turned and came back.

"Minta!"

"Yes." She had her hand on Max's collar. "Snap on his leash, Barney. My kitten is among those trees."

Barney held Max with a strong hand. "What in the world are you doing out here, Minta?"

"Taking a walk in the moonlight—with Puffet."

"I told Leontine I'd try to get over. But things kept me. And then, too, I didn't know whether you would want me, Minta."

"I always want you," her tone was light.

"I wish it were true. . . ."

She ignored that.

"Come on up to the house, Barney."

"Too late, isn't it?"

"No." She began to walk on, leading him away from Jan, as a bird follows a false trail from her nest. The big dog pulled at his

leash. "Don't let him go, Barney," Minta said, "he's mad to chase the kitten."

When they reached the house, they found a lot of people in the hall, Leontine among them. "Look who's here," someone shouted.

Leontine's eyes accused Araminta, but to Barney she said, "Why the dog?"

"Max? I brought him out for exercise. Things kept me at home, and it was so late I didn't know whether I dared come in. But Minta made me."

"We stopped to eat," Leontine explained, "but we'll have several more rubbers. You can take Oliver's hand—he's going to dance."

Barney demurred. But Araminta urged him. "I'll be back in a moment and sit and watch you."

She went on flying feet to the grove. When she reached it, its spell seemed to have departed. Puffet still in the tree was mewing plaintively. The wind had come up and blew the leaves about. A cloud darkened the moon.

Jan was waiting. "What made you so long?"

"I had to wait until I could get away—he's playing cards with Leontine."

"Yet his heart is with—you. . . ."

"Jan. . . ."

"It is. I could hear it in his voice. And he'll come here and come again until he gets you. Do you think I am going to leave you here for him to marry? Promise me you won't, Minta. Promise me you won't marry him?"

He stood over her like a threatening shadow. Again she had a frightened sense that she was lost in a wood. "Jan," she said, imploringly, "surely you trust me?"

"I'll trust your promise. Say it, Minta, say it. . . ."

"I promise. . . ."

Araminta and her parents moved to Bay Cottage in June. She wrote to Jan about it.

"The house is built right down to the bay, so that there are stone copings to protect it from high water. The wild ducks swim to our front steps for food, all the little mallards with their mothers and a wise old drake or two; and our friends come in their boats and land at our porch. We have big low rooms stretching along the shore, with Nicky's studio at the end, where he builds his models, and back of us are pines and oaks, and that's all except that we have two peacocks which belonged to our predecessors, and two wooden ducks on the gateposts which were once decoys and badly battered, but which Nicky has made to look as alive as life!"

"It is a great change for all of us. We keep only one maid, so mother and I have to do a lot. I am afraid she doesn't like it, but she loves Nicky, and he is happy. He has designed two sets, and has money in the bank. He is so proud of himself, that he invited the bishop to dine, and killed the fatted calf, and told the bishop he was a prodigal father!"

"The sets Nicky made for 'Dear Brutus' are marvellous. In the scene where I come on lights make what seem to be the shadows of a forest, with the wind rising, and the thunder rolling. And Jan, they all loved my 'Margaret'! Lucious Huse-Brown says I have real talent and I try to believe him. It seems too wonderful that perhaps some day all you have said may come true, and

that I shall be Araminta Williams—famous and forgotten!

"The girls will spend July and August at Bar Harbor, and Barney is away. But he will be back early in September. He is going into politics and is frightfully busy, so I see nothing of him. And you can think of me as happy, although I do have to make the breakfast toast and fry the bacon. Of course there are moments, Jan darling, when I yearn for the fleshpots, and would give my ears to be back with Alice andaisy waiting on me. We missaisy, especially, who was the slave of both of us.

"This isn't a wall, it's just a statement, and it has made it easier for me to see your point of view. Poverty does take the edge off things, and while Nicky isn't poor, he's positively parsimonious, and I respect him for it. He says that until he gets a permanent job, he can't squander anything. I'm afraid he will never forgive Leontine."

Jan's reply was that he hated to think of her frying bacon. "I see you always in a moonlit wood, with a rose at your breast, or under the lanterns, or in a dream of the future in a great theatre filled with golden light, bowing to an enraptured audience."

It was wonderful to get such letters. Yet there were moments in Araminta's life when she wondered if Janney's dreams had anything to do with reality. One could not live always in moonlit woods!

She was, however, as she had said, happy. She loved the little theatre, and the rehearsals with Mark Kearney, the leading man. "Some day I am going to have you do Lady Teasdale," he told her. "I'd like to see you try something ambitious. And Jean Arthur will be away in September, and we can slip you in then."

Jean Arthur was the leading lady. Both she and Mark had come down from New York at Lucius Huse-Brown's solicitation. They would go back for a new play on Broadway in December. In the meantime they were making a name for the Araminta Players.

CHAPTER 16.

BARNEY had it out with Araminta when he came home in September. He stopped in at Hay Cottage on his way to town to ask if he could do any errands. His call had the effect of casualness, but was carefully premeditated.

He found her sitting on the stone coping feeding the ducks. It was low tide and her feet hung over the water. She had a basket of bread in her lap, and now and then she threw a bit to one of the peacocks, who stood back of her, trailing their shimmering trains in the sunlight. She wore a slim blue cotton frock with short sleeves and her hair was tied up with a ribbon. She looked like a child—too young to be planning futures.

Barney standing over her said abruptly, "What's this I hear about your being an actress?"

She evaded a direct reply. "Don't you think it will be wonderful?" "I do not. You're nice enough as you are."

Araminta threw more bread to the ducks. "I may be nice. But I'm not useful."

"How useful would you be on the stage..."

"You think I'd be simply—ornamental?"

"I think you belong—in a home."

"Oh, don't be medieval, Barney. I have my ambitions."

"I'm not medieval."

She threw bread to the peacocks. "Haven't you any—?"

"What?"

"Ambitions?"

"Well there's need for decent men... in public life. I told you I was going into politics."

"Oh, that," said Araminta, vaguely.

"What I meant, was something different... being a great poet, or a great writer, or a great musician."

Barney stopped her. "I'm not a genius. I'm simply a man with some brains and a lot of stored up energy. But if I thought you cared—I might do anything."

It was the first time since that morning in Aunt Mir's drawing-room that the subject had been broached between them. Araminta went on throwing bits of bread to the ducks.

"It's this way, Barney," she said, at last, "what I think of you hasn't anything to do with it. It's what you think of yourself."

Barney, who now was sitting beside her on the coping, said with a touch of bitterness, "All of which is indisputable, but I doubt its efficacy in my case. There's little incentive, you see. I have money enough and to spare."

"But you said you were going to try politics."

"I am. I have enough respect for old traditions, and for the future welfare of my country to want to carry on. And besides—I've got to go to work, or go to pieces."

She did not answer, and they sat looking out over the water. At last he spoke. "You're changed, Minta. You seem so far-away."

Your body is here, but your mind isn't... a pause, then, "It's as if you had some secret source of content."

She was amazed at his penetration. "I have my work," she said, evasively.

"And you think that work will fill your life? You don't know yourself, my dear."

She might have told him that it was her work—and Jan. But she did not.

She said, "Have you seen me in any of the plays?"

"No. I don't want to see you."

"Barney..."

"The thing is all wrong, I tell you. You may have talent, but you haven't the temperament to meet the obstacles that come in a life on the stage."

"How do you know? Have I ever been tested? You think I'm a child, Barney. But I'm not. And some day, perhaps, you may believe in me. Some day, perhaps, the world will be calling me famous—Araminta Williams, famous and forgotten..."

There was something in her voice, an exaltation, an echo, which made him say sharply, "Minta, who taught you that?"

She hesitated a moment, then flung at him, flaming, "A man who believes in me."

"I see..." dryly. He threw a last bit of bread to the ducks.

"Perhaps he knows you better than I do."

The ducks made quavering sounds of content, the waves from a passing speed boat came splash-

ing against the concrete coping and wet Araminta's little shoes. Barney caught her up and lifted her to safety. Then he stood looking down at her. "Darling child," he said, "we aren't going to quarrel about it, are we? I can't do without your friendship."

"Of course we're friends..." she told him, "don't be silly about it..."

As Barney drove towards home, he told himself that he must put sentiment out of sight. Make himself her good comrade. Necessary in her day's routine. It would be working blindly, for there was, evidently, the influence of the other man. The man who hadn't asked her to marry him, yet who was helping her to set her little feet in the path of ambition.

And in the meantime?

Throughout the summer he had entered actively into the life of the community. He had been to men's meetings—political, social, civic, to women's clubs as speaker; to barbecues where the country folk congregated. His month away from home had been spent quietly on his uncle's yacht, and there he had mapped out his future. His partnership in Thaddeus' law practice had been, hitherto, one rather of courtesy than of actual participation. But Thaddeus was gradually withdrawing from intensive activities. It was time for Barney to take his place; to fight in his state and county on the side of sane statecraft, of honesty and decency in administration.

There was a quality about him which drew men. For, since the beginning of time, the world, no matter how jaded, has been drawn towards such youth as Barney's. Here was a body built for strength and beauty. There were those who laughed at him, called him a dreamer. But there were others, and these were in the majority, who felt as if the freshness of rain had fallen on the parched soil of patriotism. So, perhaps, had their forefathers felt about citizenship. So, it might be, men could feel again.

Barney did not know his power and that was the charm of him. He knew only his need for the expression of the force in him which was dammed up and sought an outlet. Through loving a woman, he had learned to love mankind.

To-day, however, he got little comfort from any effort of high-mindedness. By the time he reached home, the glow which had lighted him when he left Araminta had departed. Life seemed flat, stale and altogether unprofitable.

The dogs which met him in the wide hall seemed to comprehend his mood. They followed him up the stairs to the door of his room, and when he shut it, dropped down outside, heads on paws, patient. All but Miss McBride, who not having reached years of discretion, sat with her ears cocked, whining. At last growing impatient, she slithered downstairs to the wide, tiled court, and found occupation in watching Hashi, the houseman, who was busy among the water plants in the pool.

There were gold fish in the pool, old, fat, and ruddy. They swam lazily about Hashi's hand, but when Miss McBride poked her nose beneath the surface of the water, they fled like fleeing flames.

Old Thaddeus coming in, said: "Mr. Barney here, Hashi?"

"Yes, Mr. Tyson."

"Tell him I'd like to see him. In my study."

CHAPTER 17.

HASHI went up at once, but Miss McBride followed her master. It was old Thaddeus who spoiled her. He took her head now between his hands. "Glad to see me, old girl?"

She was and she showed it.

She lay across his knee when Barney came in. She was not sure whether to get down and fuss over Barney, or stay where she was. She compromised by going over to Barney, sticking her nose in his hand and going back to Thaddeus. The other dogs, bunched in the door, and not daring to cross the threshold without orders, eyed her reproachfully.

"Great news, Barney," Thaddeus said, as his nephew came in.

"What...?"

"They've endorsed Olcott."

Olcott was Barney's candidate for the legislature.

"Good."

"Everybody says it's because of your popularity. That last picnic did it—your speech and the way you put things up to them, and your manner as you went among them, praising the fried chicken and the children, and asking the men about their crops."

"Old stuff..."

"It wasn't old stuff, and you know it. You liked the chicken, you liked the children, and you were having the time of your life. And as for the crops, your interest was genuine. You didn't have a planter grandfather for nothing."

Barney, leaning back in his chair, said, "I've got to do something or go—mad..." He jumped to his feet and stood looking out the window.

Uncle Tad, staring at his nephew's back, said, "What do you mean by that, Barney?"

Barney turned. "Oh, I've been bumped in a love affair, Araminta!"

"Araminta!"

"She won't have me."

"Nonsense, she's got to."

"You tell her that..." Barney's voice was explosive. Miss McBride whimpered. The dogs in the hall pricked up their ears. "She has turned me down absolutely."

"I was in love with her mother," Uncle Tad said. "I gave up too easily and the other man got her."

"Do you mean I am giving up too easily?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, the end isn't yet," Barney said, "and in the meantime I'll have a try at making something of myself. She says I have no ambitions. And her dreams don't run to politics. She'd rather see me writing odes—" His laugh was not cheerful.

Thaddeus said, "Pain heart..."

"Don't you believe it. I'll die fighting. And now what about the meeting?"

"There's one to-night. They want you there."

"I'll try to make it. Perhaps next year I'll try for an office myself. Follow in the footsteps of my distinguished ancestors. Perhaps I, too, shall be famous—" he tried out Araminta's sentence, "famous and forgotten. Minta had better look to her laurels..."

And with that he went off, while Thaddeus, somewhat in the dark as to all this declamation, stared after him.

The meeting was over early. And Barney drove home slowly, thinking it out. The night was dark, with the coolness of autumn in the air. He passed a town or two and coming finally to the crossroads was faced by a sign outside the little Arundel theatre. The play it proclaimed was "Dear Brutus" by request. Barney went in.

An old barn had been turned into a playhouse. Much money had been spent to make it suitable for its new purposes, but it retained a charming air of primitiveness. The house was well filled. Barney sat at the back, and being late, did not have to wait long for that scene where the dream child, Margaret, talks with her father. Leantime forward, he watched Minta with tense interest.

Here was the little girl, Minta, whom he had known—a lovely, laughing figure... hair flying about her shoulders... eyes like stars... "Daddy, watch me... look at me... Please, sweet moon, a pleasant expression..."

She gave to the part the right touch of other-worldliness. She was alive, yet somehow remote.

When the curtain fell he heard people all about him saying, "Who would have thought she had it in her..."

A woman who had been sitting beside Barney spoke to him. "Can you tell me her name?"

"The child? Araminta Williams."

"Thank you. She is rather wonderful, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"I was on the stage once. I know how hard it is to do a thing like that."

He wondered why she was telling him. She seemed, he thought, about 30. Her russet hair was bobbed. Her eyes were a clear hazel. She was dressed very simply in a white sports frock, and held her brimmed white hat in her hand.

There seemed nothing else to say, so he smiled and turned away. She spoke and held him. "Mr. Tyson... I want to take this opportunity to thank you."

"To thank me? Why?" She was aware of his astonishment.

"Because I have a boy. He's 12 and I've been trying to square his ideals with life. And you've helped me." She gave him a frank and flashing smile. "We heard you the other night at the picnic. We weren't a part of it—but we sat back among the trees. And what you said about the young men, and their part in the world's future, meant more to Lad than anything I could tell him."

The curtain went up and silence fell between them. Araminta made no further appearance. Barney decided to go round to the back, and ask if he might drive her home. As he rose, he felt a light touch on his arm. "May I bring my boy to see you?"

The hazel eyes were candid. There was no sign of flippant motives in that ingenious face. He said, "Of course," went on his way, and forgot her.

But she did not forget him. After the play was over, she slipped through the crowd and made her way to her little car. Then she took the highway until she came to S. Van Park.

Her own house stood unlighted and the other houses were empty. It was only when she came in like this at night that she was afraid. Once safe in the house with Lad, with the lights up, there was nothing in the least alarming. And she had taught Lad the fallacy of fear. His father had had so many strange timidity, so many little carking worries. She had had always, when he was at home, a sense of impending catastrophe.

She put up her car, and ran swiftly through the dark, fleeing from the shadows of memory, as well as those made by the angles of the house against a lone street lamp. Gaining safety at last, she locked the front door and went on into the kitchen. There she made herself a sandwich, carried it back with her to the living room, and read a magazine while she ate. She did it all with a surging sense of freedom. Lad's father had hated meals out of order, he had feared, too, that she might get fat. He wanted her indeed, she had learned after a little, back on the stage where he had first seen her. He wanted the illusion—could not live without it.

And now he was out of her life. It was lonely here, but a nice sort of loneliness. She saw very few people. She had treated herself to the summer series of the plays at the little theatre. And there had been the picnic. And both times she had seen Barney Tyson. With a touch of superstition, she wondered about their third meeting. For, of course, there would be a third one, such things always happened, according to ancient oracles, in threes.



CHAPTER 16

LATE in October Leontine gave a party. And Araminta was not asked.

When Helen and Iris protested, Leontine said, "She has made her own bed."

"Oh, don't be archaic, Leo."

"I'm not, Helen."

"Talking like the Book of Proverbs," Helen was impatient. She no longer felt herself one of the three Pates, or the Three Old Maids of Lee, or in the class with other left-overs. For she was going to marry Taylor Pierce. She hadn't told anyone. Iris and Leontine wouldn't approve. Taylor had no money, and no ambition. But he was nice to look at, and very human, and Helen was tired of Leontine's inhibitions.

Hence her defence of Araminta. "You blame her for everything. Just because she ran away with Barney."

"I blame her, because if it hadn't been for her, Nicky and Mary would still be here. And people are wondering about it. They act as if we had turned them out..."

"They'll wonder more if Minta isn't asked to your party."

Iris interposed. "It's Leontine's party, Helen."

"Do you mean that you defend her?"

"She has a right to do as she pleases."

After that conversation, Helen drove straight to Bay Cottage and

told Araminta. "Don't think I had anything to do with it."

"Of course not, Helen. And, anyhow, I'm too busy."

Helen eyed her with some curiosity. "I really believe you are getting something out of it."

"Out of what?"

"Of working on those old plays when you might be married."

"My dear, anyone can get married... only a few of us can be famous..." she wrinkled up her nose in a little grimace. "I'm really not as conceited as that sounds. But I do like it. And 'Lady Teazle' was wonderful."

"Everybody is talking about it. Minta."

Everybody was talking, and talking so much that the Huse-Browns put their heads together, and on the night of Leontine's party invited three men to dine with them, men who loomed large in the theatrical world—a great playwright, a great actor, and a great producer. When they came she told them about Araminta. "I want you to see her. She is as vivid as Julia Marlowe, as wistful as Maude Adams."

"Not so fast, Marianna," the old actor said. "If you say too much, we shall believe she is real."

"She is. I'll show you." She turned to her husband. "Do you think we could get her to come, Lucius?"

"Why not?"

Marianna went to the telephone and called up Araminta. "My dear, we must have you. In costume, as 'Lady Teazle.' I'll send my car for you."

Araminta, thrilled and palpitating, and with Mary helping, got into her costume. There was the curled white wig, the rouge and patches, the flowing flowered skirt, the pink satin pantalettes.

"Oh, Minta, Minta," Nicky said, when she came down to him, "you're too lovely to be true."

Mary was worried. "She needs Iris' cloak."

"Where is it?"

"I took it back to her after the last performance," Araminta told him.

"Stop at Great-Gate and get it," Nicky suggested.

"But, daddy, Leontine's having her party..."

"Go in by the back way—through the wood. You won't see anyone but Cissy and Alice."

So Araminta a little later stopped the great Huse-Brown car where Jan had stopped his car in June, and made her way down the moonlit aisles of the little wood of many memories. There Jan had held her in his arms while she sobbed her heart out—there he had made her—promise...

She found Cissy and Alice in the kitchen.

"De Law, Miss Minta," Alice said, "you sure am late."

"I haven't come to the party. I want Iris' cloak, Cissy, the pink one."

But Cissy couldn't find it, and came back to say so.

Alice remarked, witheringly, "You can't find yo' haid, Cissy, lettin' alone anything else..."

"I'll go, Alice," and Araminta sped up the back stairs; looked in Iris' room, looked in Leontine's, looked in Helen's, and finally came on the cloak in her own little Cinderella-room which showed the view of the bay.

She wrapped the cloak about her, snapped off the light, and stood for a moment by the window. Below

her stretched a length of lawn, and to the left the kitchen garden, beyond them the shimmering waters. And standing on the lawn silhouetted against the golden light were two tall figures, Barney's and Leontine's. There was no mistaking them, no other pair had that tallness and slimmness.

Being there, however, they formed a barrier to escape by the back way. Araminta decided to risk the side entrance. So still wrapped in the pink cloak, its great hood hiding her face, she ran down the stairs, and through the open door into the darkness beyond.

Barney, out under the moon with Leontine, was wondering about Araminta. "Isn't Minta coming?" he asked.

Leontine dared not tell the truth.

"One can never count on her."

"Why not?"

"She's temperamental, Barney. More so now than ever. Temperament in an actress is an asset."

"She isn't an actress..." his tone was moody.

"What else would you call her?"

"Oh, a child with a—plaything."

"You don't take her seriously?"

"Why should I? She'll tire of it—inevitably. She hasn't the determination for a life like that..."

"Finer women have done it."

"I doubt if there are any finer." Leontine wanted to scream and say things to him. Was it for this she had brought him out under the moon? To have him talk of the fineness of Araminta?

"You idealise her, Barney—" she stopped and stared. From the side of the house came roars of laughter—then, under the lights that illumined the lawn a streaming procession, headed by Araminta, her pink cloak flying, her big hood flapping, her white curls fluttering, her slipper buckles shining.

After her went the crowd, shouting, shrilling, "Araminta, Araminta, ARAMINTA!" Someone had seen her as she skulked in the shadows, and had started the chase; and presently they caught her.

Oliver King was first. In spite of her protests he lifted her in his arms and set her on one of the tables with which the lawn was dotted. And there she stood in the moonlight—a sight for men's eyes. And Leontine knew it. Leontine, who had left her out in the cold! Leontine, who, at this moment, was as primitive and violent in her emotions as any savage woman.

Barney, standing still as a statue, his eyes on that enchanting figure, asked, "What does it all mean?"

And Leontine said dryly, "It means that she likes the—limelight."

Everyone was demanding "Speech, speech!" Oliver put up his hand for silence, and out of that silence came Araminta's lilting voice: "I'm sorry... I didn't expect to create a sensation. I am going to the Huse-Browns for a rehearsal of 'Lady Teazle,' and I came for Iris' cloak. You've made it a game of hide-and-hounds—and I don't like being the—rabbit..." She looked down at Oliver. "Please, don't keep me up here any longer."

But Oliver, a bit unsteady as to feet and voice, said, "We like you there—" and put both of his hands on her little slippers.

Suddenly, his hands were wrenched away, and Barney was saying, "I'll lift you down, Minta."

In his strong arms she was light as a feather. "Take me to my car," she said, and he ran with her, outstripping the others.

CHAPTER 19

TOGETHER they climbed into the car and were off, and then Barney said, "For heaven's sake, Minta, what's it all about?"

"I told them . . . Marianna asked me to come up in costume to meet some friends who are interested in plays. And I wanted Iria's cloak . . . there was a hint of impatience in her voice. . . I thought I could get away without being seen."

"Why didn't you come to the party?"

"Too busy— She must not, she felt, tell him how Leo had treated her. There was no reason to make further trouble."

"Are you always going to be too busy to have a good time?"

"It depends on what you call having a good time."

Marianna, when she saw Barney, was delighted. "I'm so glad you brought him, Minta."

"I didn't bring him. He brought himself."

The dinner guests had adjourned to the ballroom, where there was a little stage, and it was there that Araminta met the great actor and the great playwright and the great producer. The great actor, who had been a great comedian, let his eyes rest on her. "She told the truth," he said. "If your art matches your looks, your future is made."

"I really haven't any art," Araminta told him.

The old actor smiled. "Modesty becomes you."

It was a difficult audience to face, but they had the grace of kindness, these distinguished gentlemen who had held the world to its illusions. The art they loved was one of fine wit and of deep emotion, of beauty, and of brave words, and they prayed in their hearts that the world might some day recover from its orgy of ugliness. And they prayed, too, that somebody might, before it was too late for them to see it, produce a comedy as delicious as that of Sheridan. But they doubted it.

And so Araminta, all pink and powdered, gave them the lines. And because she was young and beautiful, and because laughter was in her eyes and on her lips, and because there was within her a spark of that thing we call genius, she won their applause.

The great actor, when she came down from the stage, took her hand in his. "If you can laugh like that when your heart is breaking," he said, "you will reach the heights."

And the great playwright said, "If you haven't a part, I will write one."

And the great producer said: "I think I can find a place for you. It may be a little one. But it ought to lead to something better."

And Barney, sitting a little apart and hearing them say it, knew it was true. And hated it!

He insisted on taking Araminta home. He had sent for his car and it was now waiting. When they passed Tyson House the lights were shining. "Let's go in," Barney suggested, "and tell Uncle Tad about it."

They found Uncle Tad and Miss McBride by the fish pond, sharing a long chair that Hashi had placed for them.

Hashi placed more chairs, and went away. When he returned, he brought a little tray of frosted glasses, and a plate of delicate and

savory sandwiches. Minta drank her lemonade, but fed most of her sandwich to the fat goldfish. The dogs, well-bred, but wistful, turned away their eyes, all but Miss McBride, who gave a whimper of eagerness.

"Shall I?" Minta asked. Uncle Tad shook his head. "She doesn't deserve it."

Miss McBride laid her nose on his knee, begging. "Oh, well, she's just a young thing, go and get it, McBride."

The other dogs sighed, and sat down. Barney took four sandwiches from a plate and offered them. "Uncle Tad spoils Miss McBride," he said.

And Uncle Tad said: "It's because she is young and foolish."

Araminta smiled at him. She felt at the moment utterly at her ease. She liked being there with Uncle Tad and Barney. She liked this great house and the great dogs and the expertness of service. There were things to be said for a life like this—in spite of Jan's arguments.

She took off her wig. "It makes my head ache," then ran her fingers through her own bright hair till it stood up like a halo. "Barney hates my going on the stage," she said to Thaddeus with some irreverence. "You are really going?"

"Yes."

The two men considered her. They liked seeing her in that chair, with its rich velvet backing her shining head. They liked the slim whiteness of her hands along its arms. They liked the sweep of her full-flowing flounces, down to the brilliant buckles of her little slippers.

Uncle Thaddeus spoke his mind. "You belong here."

"Here?" she was flushed, startled.

"Yes. Oh, you needn't think I don't know about it. Anybody with half an eye can see what Barney thinks of you."

"Oh, well, Barney's a darling."

Barney's laugh was short. "Barney's a darling, but you'd rather not spend your future with him, thank you."

Her eyes sought Uncle Thaddeus. "Don't let him talk like that," she tried to say it lightly, but suddenly she began to sob, sitting there looking straight at them, with the tears dripping.

In a moment they were both at her feet, Barney with his handkerchief, Uncle Thaddeus with his, the dogs grouped in a solicitous circle.

"I think," Minta was saying, accepting Barney's handkerchief, "that I'm tired. It's all because I am so tired, Barney."

"—"

That night Araminta lay long awake. There was much to think about—Leontine's party; that nightmare chase on the lawn; those wonderful men at Marianna's dinner; and what they had said; that incredible climax, when she cried in Uncle Thaddeus's chair and had wiped her eyes with Barney's handkerchief.

It was the memory of Barney and Uncle Thaddeus and the big dogs that made her tears flow again. She had been, for the moment, wrapped in the warm garment of their affection. It had nothing to do with love; it had nothing to do with the exalted and impassioned friendship which Jan offered her. It had to do only with a tired child's need of comforting, and they had given it. Barney had brought her home. He

had not bothered her with questions. He had been gentle, kind, protective. She remembered what she had thought of him long ago—a sail at sea—a life-line thrown . . . the shadow of a rock.

Restless and uncertain she rose in the night to read Jan's letters. She kept them in a locked red-lacquer box, a sheaf of them, for he wrote often.

As she read, Araminta was aware that if Barney was a life-line thrown to her, Jan was a trumpet-call—Barney wrapped her in a warm garment, Jan tore the garment from her, and made her breast the wind. "Work and find joy in it, Minta! Freedom for the mind! For the soul! I do not want you to be content with less than you are. Women of to-day are not the women of yesterday. The world is before you."

She knew his delight would be keen when he heard what had happened at Marianna's. It would be the fulfilment of his prophecy, "You are heading straight for greatness, Minta."

Was she? And did she want it? Youth counted a lot, and beauty. She had both, people told her. But when youth was gone and beauty, what then?

CHAPTER 20

SHE had slept, finally, to dream, she was again in the deep forest. Again the trees hid the sky, again the shadows gathered. She wandered in darkness, and in the darkness she heard herself calling, "Jan, Jan!"

Then out of the stillness a voice answered, and the voice was not Jan's but Barney's!

In the morning she went to Leontine, and found her in her room upstairs, writing.

Araminta stood in the door: "May I come in, Leo?"

Leo looked up. "I haven't had my breakfast."

"Are you too hungry to talk?"

"About the party?" Leontine's voice had an edge to it.

"No, although I'm sorry I crashed in at the wrong moment," Araminta sat down by the window. The wind was blowing and the bay was grey—altogether a dreary prospect. "I came to tell you that you needn't be afraid. I shall never marry Barney—because I care for someone else."

Leontine spoke with dry lips: "Someone you are going to marry?"

"No."

"You mean he doesn't love you?"

"I'd rather not talk about it, Leo. And I am sorry about last night. Barney insisted on going on with me to Marianna's."

She stopped as she saw Leontine's face. "Oh," she said, "did it hurt you as much as that?"

Leontine shook with stormy crying. Her head went down on her desk—her arms outstretched across it.

It seemed dreadful to Araminta, as she listened to Leontine's sobbing, that life should be like that. Everybody loving the wrong person. Even if Barney came to care what peace could be found with that restless spirit? Leo's crying was like a tropical storm—devastating. And Barney deserved the best of everything.

The wind swept gustily through the room. Araminta rose and closed the window. As she turned, the scene was indelibly impressed on her mind. Leontine's room was very modern, in green and white, with a sharp accent here and there of black and silver—in its bareness, its re-

straint, it expressed, perhaps, the best that was in Leontine of lucidity and order. In the months that followed Araminta was often to think of Leontine's room, and of Leontine with the traces of tears still on her cheeks, her hair in disorder.

"Leontine," she said, "I am going away. Let's bury the hatchet, darling."

Leontine pushed her hair back with trembling fingers. "Oh, Minta," she said, violently, "I've been such a—beast—"

Araminta crossed the room and kissed her. Not a word was spoken as they clung together—but Leontine's rough head lay in the hollow of her young sister's shoulder, her eyes hidden, as Araminta's hand caressed her.

Araminta was to go to New York in December, and it was in November that she wrote to Jan:

"When I leave here I shall leave the old Araminta behind me. I have burned all my bridges. I shall have pay enough from the beginning to meet my expenses, and so shall be financially independent. Jean Arthur is letting me have her apartment. The Huse-Browns have been wonderful, and their influence has given me a push forward which it would have taken years to achieve by myself. Aunt Min has insisted on buying for me an outfit which is like a bride's trousseau. She thinks I'm extremely foolish to go on the stage, yet since I must, she insists that I shall not go shabby. It has all been very exciting and very flattering but I think I've kept my head."

"Nicky and Mary don't like the idea of my living alone. But girls do it in these days and I shall have my work and your letters. That will be all I'll need, my darling. And when I say 'darling,' I am not making love to you. It is such a friendly word. 'Darling, darling, darling' . . ."

"I shall hate to leave my ducks and my little cat Puffet. And Nicky and Mary. I am rather like a pussy-cat myself, Jan. I like a warm hearthstone. But I shall learn to like the other, and there will be all the new friends—so wonderful and different. And I shall be different. But it will be the kind of different you want me to be, and what you want me to be is—my life."

"Your flowers came yesterday. Everyone wanted to know who sent them. But it was easy enough to put them off. I am becoming a bit of a public character, and get tokens now and then from the stage fans who have seen me in our little theatre. But no one but you would have thought of the white roses with the silver ribbons."

"I can hardly believe it, when you say you may see me in January! If you will make it New Year's Eve we can go to church and watch the new year come in—together. I should love that, Jan. I should like to say my prayers—with you."

"My dear—I am opening my heart! Perhaps too much for friendliness. Perhaps too much for a saint in a shrine! But my life is yours now to mould and make. It is as if I were the clay and you the sculptor. Perhaps some day, like Pygmalion, you'll make me come alive!"

She had written in a moment of great exaltation. His reply was no less exalted. "How high you have climbed in a few months, Mignon, a little more and we will reach the white peaks together. And then you will thank me! For I shall have

saved you from yourself—that other self, beloved, which slept and dreamed and knew nothing of achievement."

With such stimulation, she spurred herself to meet his expectations. Worked hard. Grew a little pale. Aunt Min, coming down to Great-Oats for Thanksgiving dinner, spoke about it. "You look like a ghost, Minto."

"I'm all right, Aunt Min. Don't tell me."

The whole family had come to the feast, and there was Barney and Uncle Thaddeus. And Taylor Pierce. Helen had insisted that Taylor must be included, and at dinner she announced her marriage. "We did it yesterday, so that to-day you could all be thankful," she told them, with a rather engaging touch of impudence.

Taylor beamed. "Blame me," he said. "I made her do it. I wanted to be in the family."

His smile was ingratiating. They all shook his hand and kissed Helen. After all it wasn't so bad to get one of the girls married. And Taylor would take Helen to his home. It was a nice old place, going to need a bit. But Helen's money would help. So ran their thoughts, weighing the material aspects, unaware that in marrying Taylor Helen was doing a big thing for herself because she loved him.

Yet, even with this somewhat hilarious interlude, the dinner was not a success. The oysters were perfect, the turkey roasted to a turn, the pumpkin pie oozing with richness. Yet with Araminta going away and Helen married the household at Bay Cottage and Great-Oats would face changed conditions. "How many," Aunt Min asked. "Are coming up to Washington?"

Iris said: "It seems foolish doesn't it, to open the house, just for myself and Leo? We may go to Florida or something."

"Take any or all of you on my yacht," Uncle Thaddeus offered. "Barney and I go down in February."

"If we have a yacht . . ." said Barney.

Everybody looked at him. "If a few more railroads pass their dividends," was his explanation. "None of mine have," said Aunt Min. Her complacency was evident.

Uncle Thaddeus was on edge. He and Barney were heavily loaded up with unprofitable securities. And there was no doubt he had been glib in the matter of Florida investments. The news of the market in the morning paper had left him depressed and uneasy.

Nicky also was depressed. He had a cold, and that morning he had been cross to Mary. Bay Cottage in winter was not all it might be, and the little theatre wasn't well heated.

CHAPTER 21.

BARNEY, having Minto's departure on his mind, shared the general gloom. Only Aunt Min seemed unaffected. She had eaten her oysters and her turkey and celery, her mashed potatoes, and turnips, her spiced peaches and her pumpkin pie, her Edam cheese and nuts and raisins, and now over her coffee, her plump countenance glowed with repletion! She became as it were, the life of the party!

She drew on a choice collection of stories and told them well. At last she came to one about the

president at Rapidan. A titbit of humor! "Janney Breckinridge told me that," she said. "You can't hear him, Minto?"

Yes, Minto remembered.

"He's coming back—in January. He'll be in Washington for several months." Her glance swept the table. "Minto met him at my house. He was charmed with her. The night I had him to dine he wouldn't keep his eyes off her. Come to think of it, he said he had met you before, Minto. In Lexington, wasn't it? Or Louisville?"

"Derby week—in Louisville—there was a flame of color in Araminta's cheeks, two years ago."

Mary said, "I have never heard you speak of him."

"Oh, well," Minto said, vaguely. "he went away."

In spite of the studied calmness of her tone, Barney's mind struck sharply at the truth. The blush had not been for nothing! Janney Breckinridge? The man who had not asked her?

Aunt Min had more to say about him. "He's in the Diplomatic Service and perfectly delightful. When he comes, you must invite him down, Minto."

"I won't be here, Aunt Min."

Aunt Min's round eyes surveyed her. "Of all crazy things, this going on the stage is the craziest!"

Uncle Thaddeus was emphatic. "I'm glad to hear you say it, Minto."

Araminta, no longer blushing, blew him a kiss from the tips of her fingers. "Just for that I won't send you any tickets."

"I'll buy them and come and sit in silent protest."

"And I'll smile at you across the footlights—like this." She rose and made a sweeping bow, her tulle ruffles bled in her finger tips, her smiling eyes lifting to an imaginary gallery, lowering to an imaginary pit! She was artificial, admirable altogether ravishing. They broke into tumultuous applause. Here was a new Minto, a distinct personality. Nicky and Mary felt like two old fowls on a bank, watching their duckling swim. Jealousy fell away from Iris and Leontine. This Minto of the stage was too divorced from realities to remain a subject for rivalry.

Of them all Barney alone refused to accept the change in her. She could not get away from him like this, masked and clothed in something that was not herself. She should not . . .

After dinner he took her to the library, where Buck had built a big fire on the hearth. "When do you go?" he asked her.

"Next week."

"I'm coming over."

"Please don't."

"Why not?"

"I shall be busy."

"That isn't all of it. Are you putting me out of your life, Minto?"

"I'm burning my bridges."

"I see—"

"No, you don't see," she looked up at him with a smile of such warm friendliness that his heart contracted, and I am going to be very honest. Do you remember that night—the night after I came to your home from the Huse Browns, and cried?"

"Yes."

"I learned something about myself that night, Barney. I found that I liked being with you and Uncle Tad. I liked it so much that—I wanted to—stay—"

"Minto—"

"No. It isn't what you think. I'm not in love with you, Barney. But it was wonderful to be there, with nobody wanting anything of me but to be—myself. To know that if I married you, you would only ask to take care of me. I had been so afraid of the things those big men said about me. But I've set my foot on a path, Barney, and I've got to go on. I can't go back. You draw me to the things the old Minto wanted—but I must not want them any longer. Or if I do, I can't have them. For I love someone—who can't give them to me. Love doesn't always go the easiest way. And perhaps my way is to go on—alone."

She stopped and stared into the fire. When she spoke again, her voice was hurried.

"I've never talked to anyone like this. But I had to tell you. I've set my foot in the path—and so it's good-night and good-bye, Barney."

He lifted her hand and kissed it. "You'll come back to me."

She shook her head. And when he had gone, she sat for a long time gazing into the fire. One of the kittens which had wandered in, played with her tulle ruffles and powed at her slipper, but Araminta had no eyes for it. At last it swarmed up her skirt and made a bed of her lap. She gave it the curve of her arm and fluttered its fur with her fingers. "Darling," she said, "darling."

It was late when Barney reached home. Having deposited Uncle Thaddeus safely and changed his dress clothes for tweeds and a weather-proof sweater, he called the dogs and went for a walk. He knew there would be no sleep for him until he had brought about a state of physical tiredness. He could not get Minto out of his mind—Minto who had made her bow to them all like a premiere danseuse; the other Minto who had talked to him by the fire.

The night was bitter cold, and the ground white, with a light powdering of snow. The dogs, excited by their unexpected outing and the sharp sting of the air, raced madly ahead of their master. He let them go, and followed presently the line of the beach.

The stars were out and the dark waters of the bay reflected them. Far off was the blinking red eye of a lighthouse. It was very still, except for the rustle and crackle of the frosted grasses as the waves moved among them. Miss McBride, less venturing than the rest, came back to Barney and walked beside him, her nose against his hand. Then, she was off like a shot after the other dogs, who had wheeled and gone in a massed dark wedge towards the woods.

Barney didn't like the looks of it. They were trailing something, and their united strength was dangerous. He put his fingers to his mouth, and whistled. The dogs came back, reluctant and lagging, ears cocked noses eager. At last old Max gave tongue a sharp yelp of protest.

"What's up, old man?"

The yelp became a bell-like bay. The other dogs took it up. They huddled about Barney, keen to be off, waiting for a word from him.

Barney knew now that old Max rarely made a mistake. As he hesi-

tated he heard above the excited baying a crash and an ominous roar. It was not the roar of the water, for the waves lap-lapped lazily. It was not the roar of the wind, for not a leaf moved. It was the roar of a fire; he saw it now back of the trees—and it came from Sylvan Park.

CHAPTER 22

HE ran, then, the dogs after him, and in a moment they got a full view. Great flames leaped up from a small garage, until they seemed to boil and overflow, like the molten contents of a mammoth kettle. The flimsy structure was a fiery column against the darkness of the night. No wind to blow it this way or that. And only the dreadful sound of it.

Then piercingly, sickeningly, another sound, as a flame seemed to detach itself from the other flames and flutter down the sands . . . a sound of screaming. A woman was running towards the water. A woman with her dress on fire!

Barney had her in his arms in a moment, lifting her and plunging with her into the cold darkness of the water. He held her submerged for a breathless space. When they came to the surface he was aware of the whining of the dogs, as they splashed towards him. Old Max, getting beyond his depth, swam strongly to the rescue. He was trained for such work, but now he was not needed.

"All right, old boy, I've got her."

They left the freezing cold of the water for the freezing cold of the night, and the light of the leaping flames illumined the man with the woman in his arms, and the dogs, so that they were like copper statues under the sky.

The woman was conscious. "Don't think of me. Think of Lad—I've lost him."

He set her on her feet, and, still holding her up with a strong hand, stripped off his wet coat and wrapped it around her. "It's better than nothing."

"Don't wait. Get Lad. . . ." Her voice was agonised.

He put her hand on Max's collar. "Look out for her, old fellow." Then he forged ahead at full speed, hearing beneath the roar of the fire as he came closer, a thin, high wailing. "Mother, mother . . ."

Barney found the boy by the side of the blazing building. He was scuttling back and forth in the shine of the flames like a frightened animal.

When he saw Barney, he ran to him. "Mother, mother," he cried, wildly, "she's in there—burning!"

Barney caught him up. "Your mother is all right, son."

"Where?"

"On the beach."

Together they raced back to where Barney had left the woman. They found her drooping across old Max's strong body. The big dog had braced himself to bear her weight. The other dogs, who had followed Barney now swept down in a full tide of curiosity.

"Out of the way, all of you," Barney shouted.

The boy was bending over her, "Mumsie, darling!"

"I'm all right, dear."

But she was not all right. She was badly burned about the arms. "I smelled smoke," she explained, "and ran down to the garage and

CHAPTER 23

when I opened the door, the fire seemed to leap out at me.

She got that far and fainted. Barney lifted her, carried her into the house and laid her on a couch in the living-room. "Telephone the fire department," he told the boy, then turned his attention to the mother. She had opened her eyes and was able to give directions. He would find cotton, gauze, everything on the bathroom shelf. Lad would show him.

Barney stopped in the hall to get Hashi over the wire, and presently he was binding up the burned arms. Expertly. Gently. The invalid's self-control had given way, and she was moaning.

The fire engines arrived, their sirens screaming, as Barney fastened the last bandage. "I'll go out," he said to Lad, "and speak to them. The doctor will be here in a minute, and a nurse. You'd better look up some dry clothes for your mother."

He had piled blankets on her and had one around his own shoulders, and Lad had made a blazing fire.

Reaching the door, Barney turned back. "I don't know your name," he said.

"Elise Watterson," faintly, "and this is my boy—Lad."

Barney hurried out in the freezing night. The flames bubbled and belled as the firemen spouted chemicals, and pumped up water from the bay. There was the sound of engines, and of orders shouted. The sound of all the dogs barking.

With a few sharp words, Barney brought the dogs to heel. There was a roar and a crash as the roof fell in. "Not much to be done," one of the men said as Barney came up. "Do you know how it started?"

"Mrs. Watterson told me she opened the door and found the whole place in flames. She's rather badly burned. I got here in time to throw her into the water."

"You are wet yourself, Mr. Tyson. You'll catch your death."

The man knew him, of course. Everybody in the country knew him. It came to Barney for the first time that he might have some difficulty in explaining his presence at midnight in this desolate spot.

"I had been to dinner at Great-Gate, and was out walking with the dogs when I saw the flames."

"Yes, sir. You'd better be getting out of these clothes, sir."

The fire was dying down. Barney was aware of a sudden chill. Of shaking limbs. Of chattering teeth. He said to the man, "My car will be here, presently, with coffee and sandwiches. There'll be enough for all of you."

"There's your car now, sir."

There were two cars. The doctor in the first one, with the nurse and Uncle Tad, and with Hashi coming on later with supplies enough for an army.

With Mrs. Watterson shut in her own room with the doctor and nurse and with Barney in the boy's room getting into dry garments, Uncle Tad was left with only Lad for company. With his back to the fire he looked about him. The living-room was, he decided, charming. It was furnished in good taste, but with slight expense. A little table set in front of the fire held the remains of a feast—nuts and raisins in a bowl of gold and black lacquer—pale green candles burned down and extinguished, a silver dish of home-

made candy—fragile green goblets, and a tall pitcher, showing crescents of orange peel and the red of cherries.

"You were having a party?" he asked the boy.

"Our Thanksgiving dinner. Just mother and I, but she dressed for it, and looked so pretty. She said it was in my honor—because I am the head of the house."

"Your father is—dead?"

"No. But he sailed away one day and never came back."

"Never came back?"

"No. He just sailed away into the sunset—and after that we never saw him."

Uncle Tad exchanged glances with Barney, who had entered and had heard the last words of the conversation. Hashi brought in a thermos of coffee, and when he went out to serve the firemen, Lad was with him.

"Quiser thing," Uncle Tad remarked, "what the child said about his father."

"Yes. It sounds as if it might be a mother's poetic way of explaining a domestic crisis."

"You mean—desertion?"

"Yes."

"Who is she, Barney?"

"A Mrs. Watterson."

"Good old Kentucky name. How long have you known her?"

"I don't know her at all. I was walking with the dogs and saw the flames." Again Barney was aware of the inadequacy of his explanation.

"You mean you had never met her?"

"Only once, casually, at the Playhouse. She said she had heard a speech of mine at the barbecue."

The door of the bedroom opened and the doctor came out. "She's in for a hard time, I fear. I'd like to get her to the hospital. But she won't hear of it."

"Why not?"

"Says she can't leave the boy."

"He can come to us."

"Do you mind telling her that? I have exhausted my arguments."

Uncle Tad went in and stood by the bed. "My dear child," he said, "I'm Thaddeus Tyson, and I want your boy to stay with me, while you go to the hospital."

"I'm not going."

"But the doctor says—"

"I'm sorry. But I won't leave Lad."

The doctor interposed. "This house isn't heated except by fireplaces and there's every chance of pneumonia for you with the shock and chill. You are taking great chances, Mrs. Watterson."

"I must have Lad with me," tremulously.

Uncle Tad made a sudden decision. "You are both going home with me. To-night." He smiled down at her. "I always get my way, you know."

"Oh, but it would be a dreadful imposition."

"It would be dreadful if something happened to you—and Lad were left—without a mother."

"Oh . . ." She shut her eyes as a wave of pain swept over her.

Uncle Tad bent down to her. "Let us take care of you . . ."

"Do you think I should . . .?"

"Yes."

And so it was settled, and presently they were on their way in the two big cars, with the dogs taking short cuts through the woods to meet them.

It seemed to Elise Watterson, waking after a long drug-induced sleep, as if some magic had been working in the night.

She lay in a bed like a queen's. The soft shine of a lamp showed the rich amber of the brocade bedspread and of the canopy above her. The walls of the room were of paneled wood picked out with gold; a long mirror, like a well of deep water, reflected her pale face and her paler pillows; on a great tapestry back of a carved chest a lady in a wimple and peaked headdress, a knight in armor and a six-toed dog were all made alive by the shadows of the leaping flames, for there were logs on the fire, and the air was filled with a warmth and perfume like that of a pine forest in summer.

Elise had never slept in a room like this. In the days of her stage experience she had known the barren luxury of big hotels, but nothing of the sweet comfort, the rich serenity which brought such peace to her soul.

She gave a little sigh, and the nurse came to her at once. "Are you in pain?"

"No. It's like being in Paradise—after Hades . . ."

"I'm glad you slept . . ."

"What time is it?"

"Almost nine. But it's quite dark. Snowing." She went to the window and drew back the curtain. "See . . ."

"Where's Lad?"

"He has been out for a long time with young Mr. Tyson. They took the old sleigh with the horses and bells. I was afraid they would wake you."

"I should like to be waked by bells," Elise lay looking out at the snow. "Will the pain—come back?"

"We hope not. The doctor won't let you suffer."

Elise smiled at her. "I'm hungry."

"Good, I'll get you ready for breakfast." She went into the bathroom for water and towels, and came back to be faced by the question, "Did you find my—things?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid—I'm very shabby."

"Not at all. I brought enough for your immediate needs. And Mr. Thaddeus said not to bother to send back to your home for anything. There's plenty here."

Elise asked no more questions. If she wondered whence came all of the fragile loveliness in which she was presently clothed she made no sign. She was content to find herself wrapped in silken softness, the laces of a little French jacket hiding her bandaged arms.

She smiled up at the nurse. "It's like a trousseau," she said.

As a matter of fact, it was a trousseau, or part of it, for Barney had borrowed it of Helen!

Everybody had, of course, heard of the fire. Leontine had come down early to Bay Cottage the morning after, to talk it over. "What do you know about it, Nicky?"

"No more than you do."

"Buck says that Barney was there and saved the woman. And he has taken her and the boy to Tyson House. She's ill—in bed—with two nurses to take care of her. I wonder who she is?"

Nicky drew on the resources of his somewhat erratic memory. "The Peters rented their house to her over a year ago. I don't see how anyone can live in it in winter.

There's no heat but the fireplace."

"No one seems to know her. And why should she hide away like that?"

"Like what?" Araminta sat down to discuss it. She had been dusting the living-room when Leontine came in. Her head was tied up in a blue handkerchief which hid her hair, and gave to her small face a look of austerity.

"Well, she has been here for months, Minta, and keeping away from everybody."

"Which doesn't exactly make out a case against her, does it?"

"I'm not trying to make out a case. But it is all a bit mysterious."

"What is—?"

"Barney's taking her in. . ."

"Barney would take in a stray cat."

"You know what I mean, Minta. His being at Sylvan Park at that hour of the night—"

Araminta rose and flicked the dust cloth over the shining railwood of a small table. "Leo, I wouldn't have your kind of mind for—anything."

"What's the matter with my mind?"

"Oh, thinking things like that of—Barney."

"Like what?"

"Nicky interposed, "Don't scratch each other's eyes out."

Leontine said, "Minta thinks because Barney is in love with her he can't look at another woman."

Araminta laughed suddenly. "Darling child," she said, "have you had your breakfast?"

"No."

"You'll feel better when you do. There's some coffee left in the percolator. Come on out and I'll give it to you."

They went into the dining-room together, and there while Leontine drank her coffee Araminta finished the argument. "Now that we are away from Nicky and Mary I'll say this, that you know Barney isn't like that—"

"Like what?"

"Having a clandestine affair. You know it, Leo. The other is just—brain storm. . ."

And Leontine said, moodily, "Sometimes I think I'm going mad."

Araminta's voice was sharp. "If you think it, you will. Why don't you get some other interest—"

"Oh, just because you are going on the stage . . . you want everybody to have a life work."

"I want you to be as big as you ought to be, Leo. And now you are being seen everywhere with Oliver King."

"Well, I must have somebody."

"You're entirely too good for Oliver, and you know it."

"Oh, don't preach. . ."

"I'm not preaching," Araminta laid her hand on Leo's shoulder.

"It's just that I love you enough not to want to see you—unhappy."

"Happiness!" Leo's laugh was hollow. "Is there any such thing in the world, Minta?"

And Minta wondered.

When at last Leontine went away, Araminta watched from the window the tall slim figure until it was blurred and blotted out by the falling flakes. The sound of the motor broke the stillness as Leontine started her car—a sound almost ghostly in its suggestion of distance as it came from behind that flitting snowy curtain.

And it was through that curtain that Barney emerged a few minutes

later, and looked in at the dining-room window.

The windows of the dining-room faced the road. The light that came through them this morning was dull and grey, yet the room was cheerful enough, for Nleky had given a coat of primrose paint to the cottage furniture, there was a twinkling fire, the dull gleam of pewter on the small sideboard, and in the centre of the table a great bunch of chrysanthemums in a copper bowl. Bending above the bowl and arranging the tawny blooms was Araminta.

CHAPTER 24

BARNEY tapped at the window and she turned and saw him, then went to the window and raised it.

"May I come in, Minta?"
"Of course."
"I didn't know. Officially we've said 'good-bye' to each other."
"Don't be an idiot, Barney."

He stepped lightly over the sill. "I'm here to ask you to go to town with me."

"To Washington?"

"Yes."

"In this weather?"

"What do we care for wind and weather? When there's a lady in the case."

"A lady?"

"And her—lingerie..."

"Barney!"

"Well—you've heard about the fire?"

"Yes."

"And that we've Mrs. Watterson at our house?"

"Mrs. Watterson? Is that her name?"

"Yes. She's badly burned, and the nurse says she needs things—and I thought if you'd run up with me to Washington..."

"I'll do nothing of the kind—with Helen only 10 minutes away, and with her trunks packed to the brim with more clothes than she'll wear in a million years. Aunt Rhoda fitted her out in the old-fashioned way. Dozens of this and that. We'll go over and borrow them. I'll be ready in a minute."

She began to untie the handkerchief from her head.

"Leave it on, you're lovely."

"My dear boy, I look like a housemaid."

"You look like a saint at a way-side shrine."

She tore the handkerchief from her head. "I'm not a saint," she said, stormily, "don't call me that, Barney."

It seemed to her, all at once, that being set on a pedestal was, after all, unsatisfying. She wanted to be gay and young. She wanted somebody near at hand to be gay and young with her. Going out a little later with Barney into the crisp, cold morning, she watched him in merriment and laughter, throwing snowballs at him, fighting him off when he rubbed her face with them—"Barney, don't... You'll rub my rouge off!"

"There isn't any rouge, and you know it..."

As they drove on in his car, he told her about Mrs. Watterson. Not much to tell. Their meetings at the Playhouse, his meetings with Lady-bird walk with the dogs.

"You wouldn't believe it, Minta, but I've had the dickens of a time explaining."

She laughed. "And I've had the dickens of a time defending you."

"From whom?"

But she wouldn't tell him.

Helen and Taylor received them with open arms. "It's not that we're getting bored with each other," Helen explained, "but a snowy day like this to have the two of you—it's delightful."

"We can't stay," Araminta told her.

"Oh, but you must—to luncheon. We're having a beefsteak pie—to fit in with our atmosphere."

"Hunting lodge, English gentleman. All that—" Taylor explained.

Araminta looked at Barney. "We might come back?"

And Barney said, "I always knew Helen was an angel."

Helen in her own house was charming. Separated from her sisters, she had acquired personality. She was no longer one of three. She was the wife of Taylor's heart!

Lacking the money for lavish expenditure, she had utilised what she found in attics and storerooms—to furnish the low-ceiled rooms—sporting prints and antlers, Taylor's guns on the walls—his father's—his grandfather's. Red linen slip-covers on the chairs; huge old silver covered dishes; pewter.

Araminta explained her errand. "We want them for the Mysterious Lady of Sylvan Park."

Taylor laughed. "Barney, you're being talked about."

Barney flushed. "I don't care. But it's a bit difficult for Mrs. Watterson."

Taylor agreed with him. "We'll stop it wherever we can."

Upstairs, looking over Helen's things, the two women talked:

"What about her, Minta?"

"Mrs. Watterson? I haven't seen her."

"Men are so easily taken in."

"But they couldn't turn her out, could they?"

"No."

"Barney said Uncle Tad did the inviting. And there seemed no other way. She couldn't bear a separation from the boy."

"Oh, I'm not blaming Uncle Tad and Barney—but if you see her, tell me about her."

"I will. Her name's Elise, and she's been on the stage."

Helen, sitting back on her heels, said, "Not so good, is it?"

"Well, at least we know she didn't set her house on fire in order to make an entree into Tyson House."

They laughed, and went on making their choices—"Pink or peach, Minta?"

"Peach."

"Good. Taylor likes me best in pink. He says I'm like the first cherry blossom. Silly."

"Are you happy, Helen?"

"Heavenly happy."

"No regrets?"

"Not even a small one. I've loved it all. Making this old house over into a home for Taylor and me. Into a home—some day—for our children."

Araminta's eyes were wet—"Oh, Helen... but some women wouldn't be satisfied..."

"Some women—don't know..."

When Araminta drove away at last with Barney, she said to him with a little sigh, "Helen's a duck."

Barney agreed. "She fits into Taylor's life perfectly."

"It's because she loves him..."

A long silence: "If only you loved me, Minta."

"Oh, blessed Barney, don't."

Araminta saw Elise for the first time on the following day. Barney

had insisted that she come over.

"I want the two of you to meet."

Entering the sick room, she felt a bit shy about it. But when she saw Elise pale against her pillows her shyness left her. "My dear, do you feel like seeing me? I'm Araminta Williams."

"I know. I've been one of your audience more than once this summer."

"Barney told me."

"And I've envied you. Once upon a time I tried to be an actress. And I loved it..." she smiled and turning the subject, "but now I'm living like a princess in a Christmas pantomime—in this lovely room."

Araminta sat down in the chair the nurse had placed for her. "I have often slept here, when we came down from Washington for parties in winter, and I adore the six-toed dog on the tapestry."

"I haven't counted his toes."

"You'll find yourself doing it—and wondering about the knight and lady."

Araminta was talking lightly, in consequence, but her mind was busy. How pretty she was, this Elise Watterson, with that pale lace foaming up to her pointed chin, with her brown eyes holding that golden light, with her autumn leaf locks.

CHAPTER 25.

"WHAT made you leave the stage?" Araminta asked suddenly.

"I—married—"

"Oh—I!"

Elise laughed a little. "So—don't get married, my dear, if you're looking towards fame."

"I'm afraid I shall take it out in—looking."

"No. You have it in you. But some day some man will make you think you're the light of his eyes."

"I'm not going to be—the light of his eyes."

They laughed together.

"Mr. Tyson says you're leaving for New York in a few days to be in Sydney Croft's new play."

"Yes. 'Bread and Honey'."

"How wonderful!"

"I have only a little part. I'm the maid who hangs out the clothes. It is a modern fantasy, modern clothes, modern conversation; but the theme is that of the old nursery rhyme: the king is a great financier absorbed in his money getting. The queen lives at ease on what he makes—smiling at other men in her parlor, and not caring much about her husband. The maid comes in and out, singing her silly song which links them all together."

"You've called it a little part. But it might be a big one."

"Really?"

"Really, my dear. I wish I might see you in it."

"I'll show you—" and Araminta, much to the admiration and edification of the invalid and the nurse, brought in an imaginary basket, did things with an imaginary clothes line, and hummed and sang in a lilting voice: "The king was in his counting-house—" and all the rest of it.

"Oh," Elise said, when it was

ended. "You make it as gay as the morning. That's what people are dying for in these days—laughter—laughter. Why sadden them all with tragedy?"

Araminta, joining Uncle Tad and Barney later, said, "She's a darling."

"I thought you'd like her."

"What does the doctor say about her?"

"She'll have to be here for some time. Her case seems to be a bit desperate. I asked her if there was anyone I could notify, and she said, 'No.' And she and the boy will have to go back to that desolate spot."

"She lived there last winter."

"Yes. But it's no place for a woman alone—with bootleggers about and run runners."

A shout from outside drew them to the window. Barney opened it. An excited small boy stood just below them, "Look at the man Hashi and I made."

It was a Japanese snow man—with a bundle of wood on his back and a staff in his hand. "I made his hat," the boy told them, "Hashi showed me how."

He was a charming child, Araminta thought, with his dark hair and his bright eyes. Something familiar about him. But not like his mother. Something familiar

She saw Elise twice after that. A charming woman. Much interested in Araminta's career. Araminta listened with tense eagerness to her suggestions. "Leave nothing to chance, my dear. Learn your technique, then put yourself into it emotionally. It is emotion allied with intellect which makes great artists—your youth is an asset—but I have seen Mrs. Fiske as gay at 50 as if she were 20—with no loss of the illusion."

A week later Araminta left for New York.

Elise spoke of her to Barney. "She has asked me to write to her."

"You've better luck than I," he told her ruefully.

She smiled at him, wondering a little. Was Araminta running away? And if so—why didn't he run after her?

Still it was none of her affair. She turned on her pillow and lay looking out through the window at the clear winter sky—crossed by a branch of pine on which a squirrel sat with his bushy tail arched warmly over his back. How still it was—the heavenly peace! And how little she had thought that day when she had first seen Barney that their third meeting would bring her under his roof.

Araminta hated New York. The noise of it, the crowding. The terrific beauty weighed on her. Hitherto she had moved in leisurely fashion through her days. The sounds in her ears had been those of the restless waters of the Chesapeake, the wind in the trees, the murmuring monotony of raindrops on the roof, the sweet sharp calls of birds, their mad matins, their hushed evensongs.

And now crash, bang, clatter. Elevated! Subways! People's voices shrieking—trying to make each other hear, opening their mouths like actors in the old-fashioned movies, with nothing audible; hanging on to straps, swinging against these knees and those; held tight in a crush of unsavory humanity.



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Then, too, the awful loveliness of the architecture! Towers of Babel! That view of strange turrets back of the public library—the sun striking down through angry clouds like the lighting in an old engraving of the Feast of Belshazzar in her grandfather's dining-room.

Babylon is fallen . . . is fallen . . . is fallen . . . that great city . . . ! Why should that sinister refrain beat in her brain? With all the well-dressed, laughing people swinging up the avenue? Would the Lord ever get tired of them, discouraged? She remembered the old Negro in "The Green Pastures"—a wearied and anxious Jehovah—wondering about his children. About punishment. What was He thinking now of that underworld which defied his power? Of the upper world which defied it? Of the crimes and sins of both of them?

And the city's composite mind? Diet! Tomato juice cocktails and Melba toast! Bathroom scales! Leontine and Iris multiplied by millions! All the unsuccessful people jeering at success. All the successful ones feeling the city! Gossip in literary circles worse than village tea tables. Gossip in theatrical groups, searing people's reputations. Gossip in tabloids and best-selling books! Sharp pens jabbing at dead and gone idols! To the dogs with Washington! To the dogs with Lincoln! To the dogs with Roosevelt! Did you hear those old stories about Woodrow Wilson?

Oh, she wanted her little ducks and the shimmering waters. She wanted old, quiet houses and Puffet, her cat. She wanted Barney and Uncle Tad and Old Max, Miss McBride. She wanted Aunt Min and Rhoda and the Persian and the Pekinese. She wanted Cissy and Alice and Alice's good cooking. She was weary of pseudo-French and pseudo-Italian menus, of atmospheric tearooms, of people who mistook heaviness for intellect, whose wit was dependent on cocktails, and whose stories had been stale to the bon vivants of Maryland for two decades.

She wanted Nicky, she wanted Mary. She wanted Helen and Taylor and their hunting lodge of a house. She wanted Great-Gate and Leontine and Iris, and Annapolis and Anne Hampton and her waffles. She wanted Barney . . .

She wanted in fact everything that was familiar. For she was homesick with a deadly homesickness which made her blind to everything that was right in her new surroundings and awake to everything that was wrong.

Yet, most tactfully, she kept her state of mind to herself. She went to the theatre smiling, she came home to the loneliness of Jean's apartment to work like mad so that she might push away that smothering sense of solitude. She had a maid who provided chaperonage of a kind. Nicky had insisted on that. Hence she had no domestic duties; but she studied hard, trying to fix her eyes on the future, when fame would compensate for everything. To fix her mind on New Year's Eve when Jan was coming back to her.

CHAPTER 25

AUNT MIN, who was to have the family for Christmas, had written a pressing invitation to Araminta. "You must be with us."

But Araminta couldn't. There

was a matinee, if you please, and an evening performance. Actors weren't supposed to need holidays!

"Darling," she wrote, "I'm a working woman. And my Christmas dinner will be eaten between performances, in bites and snatches."

It wasn't, of course, as bad as that. For everybody sent her boxes of food, as if she were on the point of starvation and proper edibles for the Christmas season couldn't be found in the metropolis. Araminta, surveying her riches, decided that such largesse must be shared. So she asked the queen of the Bread and Honey company to dine with her. "They've sent up enough from home to feed an army."

The queen, who was of an almost incredible svelteness, considered the matter. "I suppose I might risk it."

"You can diet the other 364 days—and Alice's mince pies are perfect."

"My dear—just because you never gain a pound. . . !"

"Oh, I shall, some day. I'll be nice and plump and play the nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"Don't speak of it—it's the end of youth—a part like that."

The queen hated to grow old. She was a very beautiful creature, but she kept her beauty by untiring effort. She looked lovely in the play,



which was what they had hired her for. She was, everybody admitted, a bit wooden, but she didn't know it. Nor did she know, as yet, that Araminta, as the maid, was by way of carrying off the honors.

The dinner was served by the old woman, Beulah. There were white orchids in a silver bowl in the centre of the table, white candles in silver holders.

The queen demanded, "Why all the elegance?"

"Oh, well, it's Christmas."

"But, orchids? Who's the boy friend?"

Minta smiled. "One of my old neighbors."

There was a little tree set in the great window which looked over the city. Heaped about it were dozens of boxes.

The queen was curious, "Present?"

"Yes."

"Mind showing them?"

"Not at all."

A string of pearls from Uncle Tad. A prayer book from the Bishop. A cheque from Nicky. Lingerie made by Mary's busy fingers. Her favorite perfume and powder from Leontine. Aquamarine beads and earrings from Iris. Books from Taylor and Helen. A rare little volume of plays bound by Riviere in hand-tooled leather from Barney. A glass paper weight backed by a Baxter print from Aunt Min.

The queen pounced upon the paper weight. "Who gave you that?"

"My aunt in Washington. She's mad about Baxter."

The queen was blank. "Baxter?"

Araminta told her patiently. "His prints. Aunt Rhoda has a large collection—she has spent a small fortune."

"Do you mean that this is worth money?"

"Not as much as some of them."

The pearls had a more concrete meaning for the queen.

"Real?"

"Yes. Uncle Tad will do it." Araminta swung the pearls up about her white neck. "These go with my clasps. I never wear any other jewels."

"You mean that you have others?"

"From my grandmother. She was a great beauty. And the diamonds came down from her."

"Well, you've got her looks," the queen graciously conceded. "I might be jealous. But I'm not. . . ."

A little later they left for the theatre. Arriving there, Araminta donned a very modern and sophisticated maid's uniform—grey, with a fine white cap and an infinitesimal white apron. In the garden, she hung minute handkerchiefs up against an ultramarine sky. She hummed as she worked, with a clothespin in her mouth, sang snatches of rhyme: "The king was in his counting-house . . . counting out his money . . . ; the queen was in the parlor . . . eating bread and honey; the maid was in the garden" She was lovely, heart-shaking.

And Jan, sitting far back in the audience, saw her!

He had arrived a week ahead of time. He had wanted to see her play while she was unaware of his presence. He had driven straight from the boat and wore street clothes. He had found himself tingling with anticipation.

Yet when Araminta entered, her beauty came upon him almost with a sense of shock. The freshness, the spontaneity, the utter lack of self-consciousness. It was as if no one was within a thousand miles of her. As if in that garden where she hung out her handkerchiefs there was no other audience but the dicky bird on his branch.

Such a little part! But she did so well with it! Serving tea to the queen, and to the knave who visited her! Hinting to the king that money was not everything. . . . A little part? But it dominated the others. When the curtain fell, he heard people asking, "Who is she?"

He wanted to tell them. He wanted to hear all they had to say about her. He wanted to speak to them of her future. He wanted to shout to all the world: "She's Araminta Williams, and she's—mine."

Araminta could not believe it was he, when she came out of the stage entrance and found him waiting. But there he was, dark, splendid, with his hat off and people looking at him as they passed. Cosmopolitan to his toes! A sort of composite of all the beautiful dark men she had admired, from Byron to Barrymore!

He stepped forward: "Mignon."

"Oh, darling, darling—"

They walked on together. Her hand in the crook of his arm, his hand over it. "When did you get here?"

"We docked three hours ago. I came a week ahead. I couldn't wait, Mignon."

"Oh . . ." she breathed it like a sigh. "It's too heavenly to have you, Jan!"

He hailed a taxi. "Where shall we go?"

"Too late for my house."

"Supper somewhere?"

"Yes."

He took her to the newest of the big hotels. That great and awe-

inspiring structure which rivals the pyramids and the Sphinx and the Colossus of Rhodes as a wonder of the world. Neither of them knew what they ate. "Minta, it's all coming true, isn't it? In the theatre people were asking about you. And you were—wonderful—"

"Really, Jan?"

"Really, dearest."

Their table was in a corner and screened by Christmas greens. He reached out his hand to her. "May I kiss the tip of your little finger?"

She laughed—"Oh, not here."

"Where, then?"

"To-morrow—at my house—at luncheon."

"As long as that?"

"Breakfast, then."

"Why not to-night?"

She shook her head. "Being old Maryland and mid-Victorian, I'm very keen on the proprieties. My maid leaves at ten, arrives at eight in the morning. From ten to ten, therefore, my latchkey is out—no later, no earlier." Her lashes flickered over her laughing eyes, but she meant what she said. "I hate Bohemian atmospheres," she added.

"Then you haven't changed?"

"Why should I? I expect to be always Araminta Williams of Great-Gate, who has a bishop for a grandfather and was taught the ten commandments."

"Aren't they calling you—provincial?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps. They can take me or leave me. And I rather like my—self-respect."

JAN liked it. Heavens, how many women there were in these days who had not even a remnant of dignity or of reserve. Who hunted then and were hunted in a chase that ended almost inevitably in the divorce court!

He was eager. "May I breakfast with you at 10?"

"Yes. But we'll be in a bit of a rush. I have to get to the theatre at 11. For rehearsal. And I don't eat luncheon—there's a matinee."

"Until tea time, and then I'll be deadly tired. Why not dine with me? Beulah does things very well, and we'll have it early—and it will seem delightfully domestic to have you opposite me at the table, twice in the same day."

Watching her as she talked, he was aware of a change in her. She was less the child. More the woman. In the months since he had seen her, Jan had philandered a bit. It had been, he had told himself, necessary to his success. There were the wives of some of the diplomatic husbands who had demanded an exchange of pleasantries which in less sophisticated circles might have been called love making. These affairs, he had argued, did not affect in the least his attitude towards Araminta. He had given to her that sacred and subtle thing which he had chosen to call "friendship," and which by virtue of her innocence and idealism set her high above the others. But now, seeing her beauty bathed in her radiance, the thought of every other woman was swept aside. Only Araminta mattered. Only Araminta.

She said, "You haven't heard a word I've said to you."

"What makes you think that?"

"Your eyes—they seem to be looking beyond me."

"They are—into the future."

His voice was quick—eager: "Re-

member you are mine."

"Of course!"
"It isn't of course! When I saw you on the stage—with everybody applauding—I felt as if I had urged you to all this only to—lose you."
"But you can't lose me, Jan."
"Why not—?"
"Because—oh, don't you know it?"

There were people all around them, but they saw only each other. The room swam in a golden haze—somewhere, far off, was music.
At last Araminta rose. "We must be running on."

"Wait a moment, Mignon."
He took from his pocket a small box and handed it to her. "I've had my ring made to fit you. I want you to wear it, Minta. It's an awkward thing for your finger! But I'm a bit—superstitious. As long as you wear it, I shall feel—safe. When you cease to wear it, I shall know—I've lost you."

A flame flickered across her cheeks. With a sudden movement she pushed the box back to him: "Take it, I don't want it."

"My dear, . . ."
"Oh, why should you say a thing like that? As if you expected that some day—I'd stop—caring. . . ."
He waited until he got her into a taxi. "My dear, I'm sorry."

She turned towards him. "It's just," her voice broke, "it's just—that we must have—faith—to go on."

He drew her head down to his shoulder. She did not resist, and he heard the quiet intake of her breath. "Mignon, you're crying."

She did not answer, and for a long time she lay there, sobbing. Such a little thing, relaxed in his arms.

The next morning brought her composure. "I'm mid-Victorian again," she told him, as he drew her to him, when he came, "and Beulah's hot cakes are waiting."

He knew that she was purposely putting a barrier between them. Wisely he conceded. His ring was on her finger, she had asked for it the night before in the taxi. And had whispered, "Forgive me."

Breakfast was delightful. Her mail came in and she let him read it—"all of it," she said, yet hesitated over one letter.

Most of the others were from "unknown admirers." Then there was a line from Mary. "Nicky's got a touch of the 'flu," but you are not to be worried. I wouldn't have told you, but he is afraid you might wonder at his not writing."

"Nicky," Araminta explained, "has been my most satisfying correspondent. He has never seemed to me quite like my father—he is more like a nice—youngee brother."

He smiled at her. "Are you as old as that?"

"I'm older than Nicky. He will never grow up."

The letter over which she had hesitated was from Elise Waterson. It would be full of news, she knew, of Tyson House. She read a few lines and looked up. "You'll like to hear this," she said.

My dear: I am wondering how you are getting on. You haven't said, and I fancy the strangeness of it all may be hard for you. The routine of your life changed. The lovely leisure of your days sacrificed to what the theatre demands of you. There were times when it seemed to me like the dragon, Fairair, with his jaws open to devour me, and with no Sigurd to save me.

And then I began to like it. It grew on me like an appetite for a strong drink. The moment I stepped over the threshold of the theatre I was exhilarated. This feeling came, I think, with my success. At first I was avid for applause. I wanted the assurance of my audience to know that I had done well. Then came my knowledge of my own powers. I was not a great actress—I think I should never have been that. But what art I had was used to its extreme limit. I seemed never to tire. My whole day tended towards the night when I would slip off the day-time garment of what I called myself, and take on the moods, the passions, the appearance of another woman!

Do you feel that way about it? And does it seem to you natural and right that your life should be given up to it? I think all great women of the stage must have known that nothing else counted. And that is why almost without exception they sacrificed their lives to it. Some of them didn't. Mary Anderson loved and married. And was forgotten. And there are others—but most of them go on and on, pushing back of them the normal things that belong to a woman's life.

I did that until I married—then came Lad—! I had not found in love and marriage all that I had dreamed. But I had my child. That's why I have been afraid to go back. It is why I have not tried to find my wings again. What if I grew drunk again with the urge of it, and left Lad behind—

My dear, why am I writing all this? Only perhaps to warn you. My way may not be your way, and you have chosen your path. But somehow, little Araminta Williams seems to me more woman than actress. Will you forgive my saying it? That you belong here on the shores of this blue bay with the winds and the suns and the stars, rather than in the darkness of the daytime theatre or the glare of it at night. You belong here—with Barney and—

Janney stopped her.

"Why should anyone write to you like that?" he demanded. "Who is she?"

"A friend of Barney's. She was on the stage." In another moment, Araminta would have spoken Elise's name, but Janney was already on his feet, declaiming, his dark hair flung back.

"Oh, the less you have to do with people like that, the better. You're beginning a new life—your life and mine. Nobody else counts, nobody. All the bells of success are going to ring for you, and when they do you'll thank me that I didn't let you bury yourself in a little corner of Maryland with that mid-Victorian crowd. You'll thank me some day, Mignon. You'll thank me."

He was breathing quickly, excited, exultant—"You and I will go together, Mignon. Do you think I'm going to give you up to Barney—that I'll give you up to—anybody?"

She caught fire from his fire. "My dear—I'm yours and you know it!"

"Always, Mignon?"

"Always, Jan."

And so it happened that in that high and thrilling mood Elise's letter was forgotten, and Jan failed to learn the name of the writer—a name which would have driven the blood from his cheek, and would have swept him away from Araminta on a surging tide of memories.

CHAPTER 28

WHEN they reached the theatre she took him behind the scenes. Having been presented to the queen, Jan found himself catechised. "How long have you known her?"

"Ages."

"She's never said anything about you."

"She wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't talk a lot about herself, does she?"

"No." The queen was still unsatisfied. But she reserved the rest of her questionnaire for Minta.

"Where did you meet him? He looks like a million dollars."

"He's not rich. He's in the Diplomatic Service. And has just come back from Italy."

The queen knew little of diplomas, or of Government services. But she knew distinction when she saw it. "He's a cross between Hamlet and the Prisoner of Zenda," she told the king later. "You know, the melancholy, romantic kind. I think she's in love with him."

"What makes you think it?"

"Oh, her eyes," said the worldly-wise lady. "She doesn't see anyone else when he is near her."

Jan sat through the matinee, and carried Araminta off for a ride afterwards. They went out and beyond the city, and came back with the darkness enfolding them, and Araminta saying, "It has been heavenly."

It had been more than heavenly. He told himself, rushing back to the hotel to change for dinner. They dined early with old Beulah in attendance. The dinner was delicious—a pair of ducks that Nicky had sent; a salad of avocados and pink shaddocks; a soufflé for dessert with an amber sauce.

"You do yourself rather well, don't you?" Jan said as they finished.

"Beulah does, and I like it—"

"Housekeeping?"

"Yes."

"Any woman can keep house."

"But not all of us can be star performers—"

Araminta led the way to the living room, where a wide window looked out over the city. They sat down on the cushioned seat and Beulah brought them their coffee. "We'll just have time to drink it," Araminta said, "or I shall. You'd better stay here and have it at your leisure. You don't want to go on to the theatre again."

"Whither thou goest—" it was not said lightly, but she chose to take it so.

"You'll be bored stiff."

"You never bore me."

When she went for her wrap, he stood looking about him. Jean's apartment was attractive. Much black and silver, a bit of pomegranate in the chintzes—a lacquered box, flowers everywhere.

The violets he had brought her had been set in the centre of the table. On top of the bookcase was the bowl of white orchids. When Minta returned, he said: "What afluence!"

Her eyes questioned him.

"The orchids?"

"Oh, Barney sent them."

"Barney—? I thought you had broken with him?"

"I have. . . ."

"Yet he sends you—these—"

She flushed. "Surely an old friend—Christmas—"

"No—" he said, "no." He found himself unexpectedly violent.

"But, Jan . . .!"
"Oh, let's not talk about it," his face was dark, "how can I expect to compete?"

"With what?"

"His—money. . . ."

"How silly!"

"Do you think it silly to be—"

"afraid . . .?"

"I think you are making a lot out of nothing." She came close to him, looking up and speaking earnestly. "I've chosen my way—and it is your way. It isn't Barney's nor anybody's else. Oh, why spoil things with—doubts? We have such a little time—together. . . ."

"We won't spoil it," he told her penitently. "I'm sorry, Minta."

In the week that followed every hour was filled. They went to matinees on Araminta's off days. To tea dances and supper dances. They dined and lunched uptown and downtown and midway. They motored to Long Island, to Westchester, and over into Jersey. Araminta wore Jan's violets every day. Jan's roses were in her room. He spent money, money, money, in spite of her protests. It was all so marvellous. White stars in the freezing night. Minta's apartment, fragrant with his flowers, lighted only by the low lamps and the fire. Old Beulah bringing in the tea tray—

But with it all, no love-making. It was Araminta who took refuge now in the cult of friendship. It was as if she recognised in him a tide of emotion, which if once let loose could not be stemmed. He sat at her feet and read poetry, and now and then he held her hand. It was all very naive, and people of his world and of hers would not have believed it. But Minta was steadfast in her insistence that he keep her on her pedestal.

"You put me there," her laughter was light.

"I know. But even saints are—"

kind."

Yet, in spite of her withdrawals, he found in her companionship more satisfying than anything he had ever known. Her mind met his—his egotism was fed by her air of absorbed interest. He called her his "Little Demon."

"You lead me on to talk about myself."

"What can we talk about that is better?"

Towards the end of the week, the great playwright, whom Araminta had met at the Huse-Browns took them both to supper. He had asked Araminta, and she had said, "May I bring a friend of mine? Otherwise I shall have to wait until next week."

He had smiled at her, "People don't make me wait."

"Don't they? But you will?"

"For you? Yes. But I won't have any young man marrying you."

"This one won't."

"Why not?"

"We are both dedicated to my future." Her chin was tip-tilted, her eyes slanted.

"Just what does that mean?"

"He's interested in my career—urges me to it. . . ."

"Men aren't interested in women's careers—they are interested in—the woman."

He said something of the kind that night to Janney. "She has a great future, if we can keep the men from marrying her."

"Other women have married."

"Yes. But someone should do for her what Frohman did for Maude Adams—shut her away from the limelight, surround her with mystery. No interviews. No exploiting. Just Araminta Williams, a name, a

personality behind the footlights—but beyond that, nothing. . . .

"You mean you wouldn't even want her—here?"

"Not even here—with all these eyes to stare at her."

For people were staring at Araminta, who seemed serenely unconscious of it all. But she was not unconscious—she knew she was worth looking at in the smart simplicity of her white satin, with Uncle Tad's pearls. Yet she was not quite sure that she liked it—perhaps it made her a little—cheap!

She said: "But I shouldn't care to be shut away."

"I think you would. Having people say 'she's different'—not classing you with all the avid notoriety-seekers."

Araminta and Janney talked about it later. "It's your idea, Jan. A saint in a shrine."

"Yes. But you're more than that. I'm finding it out, Minta."

"What are you finding?"

"That you're a glorious—woman."

CHAPTER 29

THEY had another meeting with the great playwright, in his rooms in the morning. He was writing a play for Araminta. "I came to it the other night," he told her, "you lend yourself well to fantasy. And the public is learning that there may be as much truth in a fable or a fairy tale as in some of the dreadful emanations from the brains of neurotics. I've got to see a lot of you while I'm doing this. I shall do more plays for you. And get my plots from nursery books. There's a mystery play in 'Taffy was a Welshman'. And a splendid triangle in 'There Was a Lady Loved a Swine'. And all the doctrine of futility summed up in 'Humpty-Dumpty'."

The great playwright had a way with him. He talked well, and Araminta, listening with her eyes like stars, was, to Janney, a bit disconcerting. Had it come to this? That she would listen to others as she had listened to him? Other men were at her feet—other men were sending her flowers, books, sweets, asking for her photograph, asking her to go to this place and that. She had let him see the notes, laughing.

But he had found it no laughing matter. As the days progressed, he grew restless, irritable. At last, Araminta demanded, "What have I done?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, your manner, Jan."

"I'm sorry. But in three days I shall be in Washington—and you'll be sharing your life with all your other—admirers."

"Well, at least, they'll treat me with civility."

The hour was tea-time, and they were having it in her apartment. Janney set down his cup. "Are we quarrelling?"

"Oh, no, no. I suppose husbands and wives do things like this? Don't they? No matter how much they love each other."

"It is love that makes them do it. If I haven't been myself, it is because I'm simply—mad about you."

Dead silence! Then, "Oh, Jan, Jan, we mustn't. If I am going to get through with it—you mustn't—make love to me."

Came then New Year's Eve. After the play they were to go to the little church which Araminta had cho-

sen. It was a dreadful night, snow blowing, wind howling, their taxi moving snail-like in congested traffic, as they left the theatre!

"Not much chance of church, Mignon. You'll have to say your prayers at home."

But she would not have it that way. She wanted more than she had ever wanted anything to kneel beside Jan, and begin thus their new year together. She had a sense of her need of something bigger than herself to settle her problems. For in the midst of her happiness since Jan came had been a fear of what the future would bring. Again she seemed to wander in that dark forest where the sky was shut out. Again she was a little girl lost in a maze of doubt. Where was the path leading her? Should she refuse to go on? Friendship no longer sufficed for either of them. Yet Jan had said no word of marriage.

The little church when they came into it out of the bitter night, was warm and golden and fragrant with incense. It was of a more formal faith than Araminta's, but it was filled with plain and pious folk and for that she loved it. She knelt among them, and when all the bells rang at midnight, she bowed her head and slipped her hand into Janney's.

When at last they rose, she was aware of a strange brightness all about her. She seemed to partake of it, as if it were the warmth of sunshine or the warmth of wine.



She clung to Jan's arm, and he looked down at her. He said: "Fair-est among women," as if he did not know what he said, and moved with her along the aisle. Her face was uplifted and the light of the candles illumined it.

The snow was piling up outside—their taxi stood half-buried in the drifts. Jan put her into it, and it lurched heavily along. Araminta's hand lay on the seat. Jan put his own over it. "You're mine, and you know it. I'm going to marry you. I'm going to marry you—to-morrow."

This, then, was the answer the little church had given her! That she should be Jan's wife. A tremulous happiness seemed to unfold her. She came to his arms like a bird to its mate. She was going to marry him, and nothing else mattered!

Then, shattering the delicate substance of her dreams, came the rattle of his words. "We won't let the world know it."

She raised her head. "Not let the world know?"

"It would ruin your career—and mine, Minta."

She shrank away from him into her corner. The coldness of the night seemed to freeze her soul. A secret marriage? Was that what he meant? That she would be his wife, but she must hide it?

The snow was so deep that, when their taxi stopped in front of the house, Janney carried Araminta over the drifts and set her on her

feet in the dimly-lighted hall. After midnight, there was no one to run the electric elevator, and Araminta was afraid of the multitudinous buttons. But to-night she was not afraid of anything except this dreadful sense of impending separation from Janney.

"Will you come up?" she said.

She had never asked him at this hour. His dark face was lighted as he followed her into the elevator. He pressed a button and the car ascended.

"Beulah is staying to-night," Araminta vouchsafed, "I had planned a little party."

"And I have spoiled it?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Your voice. Your manner. . . ."

They had reached her floor and she went ahead of him into the living room, where a fire burned brightly on the hearth, and where, through a wide window, they could see the snow falling.

A low table was set in front of the fire, and old Beulah came in with a tray. "Shall I serve now, Miss Minta?"

"Yes," Araminta left the room and came back without her coat. She was still in her street dress which was of dull green wool and relieved only by a gardenia which she had pinned at the point of the neck and which was one of a bunch which Janney had bought her.

They ate and drank almost in silence. Quite unexpectedly, Araminta found herself hungry. Old Beulah went back and forth with hot little biscuits. When the meal was finished, Beulah took away the table and they could hear her moving about in the kitchen.

And it was then that Araminta said, "Janney, tell me why you want it—secret."

"I have told you—your career—mine. Surely reasons enough, Minta."

"Yes. My mind admits that—but not—my heart."

He came over and put his hand on her head, bending it back. "Mignon, look at me. You love me?"

"Yes."

"Then—why not—?"

Her upturned face was white—"Because it isn't a fair thing for a man to ask."

"Nonsense," he said, roughly, "it is for your good as well as for mine."

"Is it?"

"You know it is—," he stooped suddenly and kissed her. "No one will ever make you as happy as I—"

She stood up, putting the width of the fireplace between them. "I'd rather talk about it here, Jan. . . . She was breathing quickly but she had no sense of indecision. A feeling of certainty had come to her, of power. She knew what she wanted, what she must have. Her self-respect. And she could not have it in a hidden marriage.

CHAPTER 30

SHE told him so—her head up—her eyes very wide and earnest. "Some women might. But with me marriage must be all or—nothing. I should want to be with you, to share your life—that's what wifehood means to me—what it will always mean. It means having common interests—in meeting you at the door at night, and saying 'good-bye' in the morning. It means all the deep and sacred things of life, and it means, too, all the

friendly and pleasant ones. When you and I were in church a little while ago, I was transcendently happy. And then . . ." her voice wavered. . . .

His own voice was sharp. "I didn't think you were so—commonplace."

He saw then a Minta he had never seen before. As she stood in the light of the fire, she seemed to partake somewhat of its flaming. "No," she said, "I am not commonplace. But I am honest with myself. I don't want secret things in my life, and I won't have them. I haven't told you, but in all the months that I have known you it has seemed as if I were walking in a deep wood, and that I couldn't find my way out, and as if there were no one to show me the way. And now I know that I must find the way for myself—"

"You mean—you are giving me up?"

"No. But love can't be—like this. Not for me. If I were your wife, Jan, I should want all the world to know . . . There was about her a sort of clear brightness which intensified her beauty. Jan took a step forward, then stopped, for she had flitted from the fireplace to the window and stood there against the blackness of the night outside, as a young birch stands against a stormy sky.

He was never to forget her. In her green dress, with the white flower at her breast and with that clear brightness upon her. Many times in the years that followed, he was to see her, standing there, waiting for the words he might have said. But he did not say them.

He was a dark figure facing her. "Some day perhaps I may make you understand," he told her, with a touch of wildness, "but not now. And you have chosen—always remember that it was you who chose it, Mignon. . . ."

He crossed the room and caught her to him, held her fiercely for a moment, and was gone. . . .

The men of his district were talking of Barney Tyson for Congress. There was no doubt of his popularity, no doubt of his honesty and fitness. Back of him a long line of distinguished statesmen. He could catch the imagination of the people and hold it. He was sufficiently in sympathy with the tried principles of democracy to attract the conservatives, sufficiently forward-marching to swing the young men into step. His youth was, indeed, in his favor, for the time was ripe for leadership—a leadership of inspiration and of enthusiasm rather than of domination and dictation. A new generation was demanding idealism. The sophistication and sense of futility of the post-war period was past. In Barney was personified this new spirit, and the demand for him in the community was increasingly strong.

There were those, however, among the old school of politicians who stood solidly against young Tyson. These were the men who, for years, had controlled the nomination of candidates, who had helped elect them, and who had used them afterwards as tools for the accomplishment of their own ends. These were the men, too, who manipulated public funds for their own enrichment. They cared nothing for the honor of their party, or for altruistic ideals. They wanted a representative in Congress who would think as they did, do as they told him.

CHAPTER 31.

AT HELEN'S, they talked about Elise Watterson. "She's still at Tyson House, Helen. Oliver and I saw her as we rode by this morning."

"Looks as if she might take up a permanent residence," Oliver remarked. "perhaps old Thaddeus is going in for romance—or Barney."

"Taylor said with a touch of irritation, "Don't be an idiot, Oliver."

"They had finished luncheon and were at the card table. Leontine picked up her hand and studied it. "It is two months isn't it since the fire?"

"Yes. What of it, Leo?"

"Oh, well, you'd think she wouldn't want to be under such obligations."

"She's been very ill. And she's leaving to-morrow."

"Who told you that, Helen?"

"Barney."

Leontine, playing her hand with mechanical expertness, remembered the first time she had seen Elise Watterson. She had gone up to Tyson House for tea at Barney's invitation, and had found Elise enthroned in a high-backed chair, with old Max stretched on the rug in front of her. She had been wrapped in a red velvet cloak which Barney had unsnatched from an old trunk to cover her bandaged arms, and there had been something almost medieval in her aspect as she had sat there in vivid scarlet, and with the bright flame of her hair against the carved chair-back.

Leontine had poured, "Elise can't use her hands," Barney had explained, "but she's coming on."

Elise and Barney had seemed on the best of terms. And the boy was always with Barney. Leontine had had to admit he was a charming child. "He doesn't look in the least like you," she had told Elise.

"He's like his father's family—they all have that dark coloring."

"The Wattersons'?"

There had been just a hint of hesitation, or was it evasion, as Elise had answered. "There may be a bit of Italian blood somewhere, or Spanish . . . anyhow Lad is like them."

Leontine had stayed on until Thaddeus came in, and had watched the two men as they had hovered about Elise. She had gone away with the feeling that Elise was a woman to reckon with. Leontine couldn't be sure whether she was what she seemed, or whether she was playing a game. Leo had seen her several times since that afternoon, and still was not sure.

She said now, "What do you think of her, Helen?"

Helen whose thoughts had drifted far, asked, "Of whom?"

"Elise . . . we've all met her, and none of us knows a thing about her, except that she hails from California, and was once on the stage."

"And that she's a close runner-up to Araminta," Oliver supplemented.

They all stared at him. "What do you mean?" Leontine demanded.

"Well, isn't she? What do you think, Leo?"

"I think it's absurd—" but even as she said it, she knew that it was not.

It was Taylor who put an end to their speculations. "Oh, let's play cards," he said, "and stop talking about our neighbors."

Oliver jeered. "Taylor's turning pious."

Taylor accepted the adjective with smiling equanimity. "It's a good old word, although we sometimes misuse it." Looking up, he saw his wife's eyes upon him. In them was a shining eagerness.

"What made you look at me like that?" he asked her after the others had gone.

"Oh, because sometimes I'm so glad you are—my husband."

"Only sometimes?" He drew her down beside him on the big davenport which faced the fire.

"All times, dearest," she laid her head against his shoulder, and he put his arm about her.

"Poor Leo," she said after a long silence.

"Happy, darling . . .?"

"Very happy."

That night, after dinner, Barney and Elise sat in the great hall where the goldfish swam in the pool. Thaddeus had dined out, and they were waiting for him.

Elise said, "So it's our last evening—together."

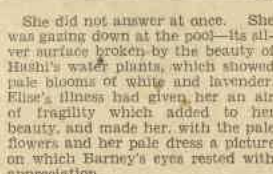
"Yes. I wish you were staying on. It's nice to have a woman about."

"You ought to marry, Barney."

"Tell that to Araminta . . .!"

She smiled at him, "I know. But since she won't, there are—others."

"Not for me."



She did not answer at once. She was gazing down at the pool—its silver surface broken by the beauty of Elise's water plants, which showed pale blossoms of white and lavender. Elise's illness had given her an air of fragility which added to her beauty, and made her, with the pale flowers and her pale dress a picture on which Barney's eyes rested with appreciation.

She said at last, "I don't know how to thank you."

"For what?"

"Your hospitality."

"Thank Uncle Tad."

"I have and shall. But it isn't so much for myself that I want to speak, but of what you have done for—Lad."

"It has been great fun. I don't deserve any credit."

"You and your uncle both deserve credit for not asking questions."

He turned and looked at her. "Why should we?"

"Because you knew nothing of me when I came. You know nothing now. You don't even know whether my husband is alive—or dead."

"Lad said he sailed away into the sunset."

"You knew, of course, what he meant."

"Desertion?"

"Yes. When Lad was too little to remember him. I had some money of my own. And we came here—because once my mother lived in Maryland. It is her name that I use—my stage name—I have not cared to use my husband's. You have both been dears to take me in without—credentials."

Barney stopped her. "Don't talk of what we've done for you. The house is here, and the servants. Uncle Tad and I were tired of ourselves. The nurse might have been

among the unemployed if you hadn't fortuitously given her occupation."

He laughed and she laughed with him. "Will you come and see me," she said, "at Sylvan Park? You and Uncle Tad? And dine with me? I'm my own cook, but I'm not a bad one . . ."

"What about your poor hands?"

She flexed the fingers. "Not so bad . . . only little scars. When I think what it might have been if you hadn't come . . ."

"If I hadn't come, you would have dipped yourself in the water, and gone home and dried yourself, and had pneumonia with no one but Lad to look after you—and Uncle Tad and I wouldn't have had this pleasure . . ."

"You can treat it lightly if you wish," she told him, "but just the same . . ."

"Just the same, you're going to stop trying to be grateful, or I shall set the dogs on you—"

"The darling dogs—they wouldn't."

CHAPTER 32

OLD MAX came over and dropped down with his nose on Elise's shoe.

"You see," she said, "they have adopted me."

"So have we all—haven't we, Uncle Tad?" for the door had opened and old Thaddeus stood on the threshold.

"Haven't we what?"

"Adopted, Elise."

"Of course," Old Tyson sat in the big chair which Hashi had placed for him. "I wish we could find some way to keep her."

Elise blew a kiss to him from the tips of her fingers. "If I don't go home I shall be spoiled to death."

Old Tad's tired eyes rested on her placidly. "I've thought of a way to get you here. I'll have Nicky paint your portrait. Beside this pool. And you'll have to come every day to sit for him. Call up Nicky and see what he says."

"No, no," Elise protested, "you mustn't do that . . ."

"Oh, let him have his way," Barney advised her. "If you don't he'll have it anyhow."

Nicky, over the wire, said, "I'm just getting over the flu."

"That won't last forever. When can you do it?"

"In a week or two."

"Right," and Barney went back to report to his uncle.

"You're to sit in that dress," Thaddeus told Elise—"with your gold bag in your hand—among anemone shadows—and there'll be the red-gold of your hair and the red-gold of the fishes—"

Elise came over and laid her hand on his shoulder. "You're a darling."

"I'm glad you think so, my dear."

When she had gone, he said to Barney, "A charming woman, my boy. If I were 20 years younger—"

"Or if I hadn't met a small maid named—Araminta—"

"Yes. We might have had a mistress for Tyson House."

"Except that she still has a husband. She spoke of it to-night, Uncle Tad."

"A divorce would be easy enough."

"For desertion? Yes. But I fancy she doesn't consider it."

Uncle Tad, lighting his pipe, said, "Business is bad, Barney. I was talking to-night to Lawler. You and I shall have to sit tight for a time."

They hated Barney. And, listening to talk of his fitness for office asked themselves only, "What can we find against him?"

One of these men was Oliver King.

"Of course he may win—with all his money," he said to Leontine.

"It won't be Barney's money which will elect him."

"His money—and the women."

Leontine demanded, "Just what do you mean by that?"

"Oh, he simply has to lift an eyelash and they fall for him. You know that. You do it yourself."

She gave him a level glance. They were at the Country club, after a morning's ride over the frozen fields. "Don't be so hateful—Oliver."

He struck his riding crop against his boot. "If I had his money, you wouldn't treat me this way."

"What way?"

"As if I were the dirt under your feet." His cheek took on a deeper red. "And when it comes to that, they say the old man has been taking big losses in the stock market."

"Uncle Tad?"

"Yes. And your Barney's fortunes are pretty well tied up with his uncle's."

"He isn't—my Barney . . ."

"You'd like him to be . . ."

She rose. "I'm tired of being—insulted, Oliver. Let's go on to Helen's."

"I'm not insulting you. And I don't feel like playing cards."

"But Helen expects us for luncheon and we're late as it is . . ."

"Let her wait then . . . I'm going to have this out with you . . ."

She threw herself into a chair. "Oh, well, if you must talk about it . . ."

"I want to know what you are going to do about me?"

"She yawned. "Marry you some day—perhaps—"

"Do you think you can keep me dangling—?"

"Why not?"

"I won't stand it—"

"Then you needn't . . ."

"You mean that?"

"Yes."

He turned away, then came back. "If I go now—" he said, roughly.

"You won't go . . ."

"What makes you say that?"

She reached out her hand to him, smiling. "Love me?"

"You know I do—" he crushed her hand in his.

"Then let's not talk any more about it. And I'm starved. I didn't eat any breakfast . . ." she led the way to their horses, and presently Oliver was pounding along beside her, sulky, but acquiescent.

Leontine hated herself for giving him hope. She wished she were big and fine so that she might say to herself, "I love Barney and he doesn't love me. But I won't take anything less."

But she knew that she would take it, unless some miracle brought Barney to her. She would not let herself fade into something silver and indefinite as Iris was fading. Oliver was good on a horse, and would look the part of a well-to-do squire, and he and she could live at Great Gate. Iris would go to Italy. Iris had often said that when Leontine was married, she would spend the rest of her days in Florence.

Yes, as a second choice Oliver might do!

"Money is the least of my worries."
"That's because you've never known the lack of it. Wait until you feel the pinch of poverty."
Barney laughed. "Perhaps I need pinching . . . to get me into action."
"You'll need money if you've any idea of running for Congress . . ."
"If I do, I'm not going to pay for votes."
"It is money that wins elections, my boy."

"I don't believe it. Not if there's a real issue for people to vote for. It seems to me that this is a moment for a big crusade. Banners and crosses! Things like that. An appeal to man's aspirations. I mean it, Uncle Tad. Youth is tired of materialism. It wants to fix its eyes on the stars!"

"Dreams, my boy, dreams . . ."
"Well, let me dream," said Barney, doggedly. "I'll have a try at it."

Uncle Tad stroked the long head of Miss McBride which lay on his knee. "Once upon a time I thought I could change the world—but I didn't. The woman I loved married another man, and I lost—ambition."

"No woman," said Barney, with a sort of eager fierceness, "is going to spoil my life. Not even Araminta."

"Yet it was Araminta's grandmother who spoiled mine. She married the Bishop."

Barney stared at him. "Minta's grandmother—?"

"Yes. Perhaps I was lucky to lose her. They tell me I was. The Bishop wasn't happy—but I sometimes think if she had been my wife things would have been different. She wasn't made for serious living. We would have danced through life—*together*."

Barney stared now at the fire. He didn't want to dance through life with Araminta. He wanted to whisper his dreams to her, and have her dream with him. To pass on to their children the dreams they had dreamed.

And now Uncle Tad was saying, "What do you hear from her?"

"Nothing. She writes to Nicky and Mary, but to no one else. I have a feeling that things aren't right, but she doesn't want any one to go to her. She says she is frightfully homesick, and that she must stick it out alone."

"She'll wake up some day," Uncle Tad prophesied.

"To what?"

"Realities."

Araminta would have said, if anyone had asked her, that she had waked to realities on the night that Jan left her.

Two months had passed since then, and no letter had come from him. Nor had she written. There had been times when it seemed as if she could not endure the silence between them.

Only her work saved her from complete despair and desolation. She was very busy. She acted in "Bread and Honey" six nights a week, and at two matinees, and spent every spare moment with the famous playwright whose new play was coming on, and which had a part for Araminta which fitted her perfectly.

Only once had the famous playwright asked for Jan. "What became of the young man?" he had said.

Araminta had answered, "He interfered with my career," and that had been the end of it.

But the famous playwright had seen the new look in the young eyes, a new note in the young voice, and

a new strength in Araminta's interpretation in the lines he had written for her, and he said to himself, "She has sent him away, but it has gone hard, and the hardness will be the making of her."

The reviewers in the big dailies were beginning to cock an eye towards this little Araminta Williams who was doing things in "Bread and Honey" and who was having a play written for her by the famous playwright. Having adjusted their somewhat atrophied ideas to the newness and freshness of her method, they now used their somewhat standardised pens in praise of her. They said she was bringing again to the stage something beautiful that it had lost.

She was proving, they said, that fantasy was in and facts were out, and that the literal-minded might as well concede it. The old gods of gaiety had come skipping back with Araminta Williams. The old gods of pathos reigned again, so that men and women laughed and cried with the maid in the garden and found the effect enchanting.

Things behind the scenes did not go so well, however. The queen felt her throne tottering. It was the maid now who got the curtain call. "And she's no better looking than I," the queen complained to the king.

The king consoled her as well as he could, but he had learned, in his many years on the stage that beauty lasts only as long as there is fire and imagination to illumine it, and Araminta had that rare and entrancing gift of personality which caught her audience up, swayed it, captured it, and paved the way for her success in a big part.

CHAPTER 33

BEFORE Araminta's success came, however, there arrived a letter from Leontine: "Nicky is painting a portrait of Elise Waterson, and Uncle Tad is paying him a big price for it, although the rumor is that Uncle Tad has lost a lot of money and that he and Barney are having to retreat. Everybody is talking about Elise and Barney. Gossip. You know the sort of thing. And Barney walks home with her every day, for she goes up to Tyson House for her sit-tings. She is posed beside the pool in the great hall. Nicky is quite mad about the portrait, and says it will make his fortune."

Barney has been in New York twice since Christmas, and I am sure he went to see "Bread and Honey." But he won't talk about it—or you, except to say that your going on the stage is all foolishness. He says you weren't born to be famous, you were born to be happy."

"But it looks as if Elise were consoled him. None of us sees much of her, for she prefers to keep to herself. She rather likes, I think, to play the part of a lady of mystery."

There was more, but Araminta, when she finished found her mind dwelling on two phrases. "Barney has been twice in New York" and "it looks a bit as if Elise were consoled him."

Oh, why hadn't Barney telephoned? Surely they were friends? Surely he hadn't forgotten—?

With the letter in her hand, she sat in the wide window thinking about it. There was a moon. And as Araminta looked a bird flew across it. Suddenly her thoughts went back to that April night when she had run away with Barney!

"Look, Barney, look . . ."
"I know, Loveliness . . ."

The hands on the round, bright face of a clock in a tower pointed to three before she rose, went to her desk and began to write.

"Can you ever forgive me for waiting so long, Elise? I shall not make excuses, but to-night I want to talk to you—to tell you how wise you are, and how I feel about it all. There is no one else I can tell, for no one else would understand. Things have come to me so fast and furiously that I have been swept away on a resistless tide. Or perhaps, as you put it, I have been drunk with it all, not so much with praise and applause, as with finding new things in myself—that I have power to move people, to make them listen and laugh and cry. It has been to me a miracle that I, little Araminta Williams, can do these things . . . it is as if I were some other person, and the little Araminta of the old days just stood aside and looked at her."

"And it is that Araminta who would be glad to-night to say 'good-bye' to the other Araminta of the stage and run back to Great-Gate, and forget this interlude which is so strange and unbelievable; oh, if tomorrow I might find myself on the sands with the bay stretching out, and with my leather coat keeping me warm, and with a little fire, and bread toasting on a stick, and bacon broiling in a pan, and Barney's dogs with their noses up sniffing the bacon, and Barney bringing pine knots to make a big blaze."

"After the play to-night I went to a pent-house for supper with a lot of people, pleasant enough in themselves, but somehow—different. I am not going to attempt to define the difference, except to say that they offered me caviare and cock-tails and thought me deliciously naive when I neither ate nor drank them. And probably none of them would get a thrill from my toasted bread and bacon. But then they've never seen the sun set—over the waters of the Chesapeake in a winter twilight, with the pines black along the shore, and Barney's dogs wig-wagging their tails, and Barney and me racing after them, and the air as cold as cold, and our blood as warm as warm. Another day I may feel differently and shall be reading the papers to see what the critics say of me. But that won't be the real Minta. The real one is back to-night by the bay, wandering in spirit at the edge of the pines and watching the ducks fly out across the moon."

Three days later, Elise showed Araminta's letter to Barney. He had walked home with her after a sitting with Nicky. Barney and she had grown to be great friends in the two months since Elise had left Tyson House. Nicky had dabbled over the portrait, his attack of influenza had left him listless, and Leontine and Iris had insisted that he and Mary should come back for a time at least to Great-Gate. The financial depression had affected the incomes of Mary's step-daughters so that they had been glad enough to share expenses.

At last Nicky was working steadily, with his easel set up beside the pool in the great hall and Elise went up to Tyson House every afternoon, staying for tea, and coming back, as a rule, in the early twilight with Barney beside her.

"Come in," she said to him, to-day, as they reached the door, "there's a letter I want you to read."

So, sitting by the fire in Elise's

little living-room, Barney read Araminta's letter, and read it again. His face was impassive and Elise could not know how the sight of that delicate, hurried script, the appeal of the impulsive words, shook his heart.

When he handed the letter back to Elise, he said, "How will you answer it?"

"I don't think I ought to answer it."

"Why not?"

"You should do it—oh, can't you see, Barney? She wants you!"

The red ran up into his face.

"Why should you say a thing like that?"

"Because—reading between the lines—"

"I don't want to read between the lines. Why should I? She's in love with another man."

"Araminta? I don't believe it."

"Believe it or not. She told me."

"Do you know him?"

"No. Nothing but his name—Janney Breckinridge."

Elise was kneeling by the fire, feeding it with pine cones. But now her scarred hands were still. "Breckinridge! Where did she meet him?"

"In Kentucky, I think—some time ago."

"Did she tell you?"

"No. Only that she—cared. Not his name. I got that from Aunt Min."

She kept her face away so that he could not see her expression. "Barney, don't let him have her."

"How can I help it?"

The scarred hand picked up another pine cone and put it on the fire. "If I were a man I would fight for the woman I loved with all the strength in me."

"I don't want her, if she won't come willingly."

Elise said over her shoulder, "Men are so stupid—"

"What do you mean?"

"To talk about a woman's willingness. As if it wasn't the primeval instinct for a woman to fly from pursuit. Oh, I know there's a lot of talk about women going out to get their men. They may get husbands, but they won't always keep them. There's something in a man which resents capture."

"Is there? A woman once asked me to marry her and I adored her for it."

The look that she gave him showed her astonishment. "Then Araminta wasn't the only one—?"

"It was—Araminta," Barney found himself telling her about it. "You see, she didn't love me. She was just running away from herself."

He rose and picked up his hat. "I shouldn't have told you all this," he said, "but you'll forgive me?"

Elise stood in the door and watched him as he went away. The sun had set and the world seemed to swim in a sea of pale green light. Barney, breathing that sea, was finally engulfed by it, but Elise still stood staring. She was clutching by a fear for which she had no name. After all these years—Janney!

CHAPTER 34

BARNEY, emerging from the grove to where the highway cut through, was hailed by two young people in a green roadster. It was Leontine's roadster, and Oliver King was with her. Leontine stopped her car. "May we take you home? You can sit on Oliver's lap."

"He cannot," young King protested. "I'll sit on his. Do you want me to be crumpled to a jelly?"

CHAPTER 35

"Don't worry," Barney told him. "I'll walk."

Leontine protested. "Oh, come on, we'll take you to Great-Gate for tea."

"Elise had tea with us and I brought her back."

He spoke without self-consciousness and Leontine, after a slight pause, said, "She's still sitting for her portrait?"

"Yes. Uncle Tad is mad about it."

"Mad about her, too, isn't he?" Oliver asked.

Barney looked at him. "Don't be an utter idiot, Oliver."

"Well, he isn't too old for it, is he?" Oliver's grin faded as Leontine's look warned him. "If you won't join us, you won't," she said lightly to Barney, "and I'm dying for tea." With a wave of her hand she was off, her car eating up the road at 50 miles an hour. Then, as suddenly as she had started, she slowed down. "Do you know why I interrupted you, Oliver?"

"No."

"Because it is Barney who is interested in the widow, not Uncle Tad."

"How do you know she's a widow? There's a rumor that her husband is alive."

"Well, anyhow, Barney walks home with her every afternoon and sometimes at night when she stays at Tyson House for dinner."

Oliver laid his arm along the back of the seat and leaned towards her. "What a neat bit of gossip might be made of it by his political opponents. Barney—the Crusader, Barney, the White Knight, mixed up in an affair with a married woman."

"Oliver, what a rotten idea!"

"It might defeat him—"

"Oh, don't," Leontine was turning into Great-Gate, "don't talk such absolute nonsense." But later as the two of them sat by the fire with Nicky and Mary and Iris, drinking their tea and eating Alice's buttered scones, Leontine's mind dwelt on Oliver's sinister suggestion. How easily the thing might be started. And what a blow it would be to Barney's pride. And didn't he deserve that his pride should be humbled as well as hers? And what was she going to do about it?

Aunt Min and Janney Breckinridge often talked of Araminta. Araminta was, he told Aunt Min, by way of being a great actress. He had seen her play and he was sure of it.

Aunt Min was not sure that she wanted an actress in the family. "She'd much better have married Barney Tyson."

"She'd much better not marry anybody."

Aunt Min had given him one of her keen looks. "I believe you're in love with her."

"Perhaps. But I'm too poor to think of matrimony."

"But not too poor to think of Araminta. She'll have enough when I go. I've left her everything, down to the Persian cat and Pekinese." Aunt Min laughed and tapped Janney's arm with her little fan. "You wouldn't have to live in this house if you didn't want to. There's a big old place in Virginia."

"Are you tempting me?"

"Do you need tempting? And you'd make an amusing nephew."

"I'm not as amusing as you think. I can be as tragic as Hamlet. And just now I am in the depths. I am

ordered to Siam, of all places, where I shall hobnob with exotic Orientalists and make love to the wives of the other diplomats."

"Why not make love to a wife of your own?"

Janney laughed, and how could Aunt Min know that her words were burning into his brain? He did not feel in the least like laughing. In the weeks since he had left Araminta on that New Year's night he had wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything. Yet he had not written. Manlike, he had argued that silence on his part would bring her to him. But it had not.

He had been amazed at her strength. He had thought each day he would find a letter from her. But none had come. And in the meantime—in the papers, everywhere, he had heard of her. Of her success on the stage, her charm, her beauty, and he who had, as it were, opened for her the door of this new life, found it shut against him.

He brought his attention back to Aunt Min, who was asking, "What have you on hand for to-morrow?"

"Nothing important."

"Will you drive down with me to Great-Gate? I want to see Mary and find out why we haven't heard from Minna."

Janney agreed, his pulses pounding, and went home to send a letter to Araminta. In it he asked her to marry him. It was an ineffable letter. He knew that when he had finished it. Not many men could have written it. And now that he had given Araminta what she wanted, he had no doubt of the outcome. Already he savored the exultation of her reply.

The next morning, he drove with Aunt Min along the great highway, walking slowly to spring warmth and color. Here and there a bit of emerald green in the grasses, the pussy willows silver above the shining streams, an amethyst haze over the hills . . . and at last the clear bright blue of the bay.

Mary and Nicky were at home and welcomed them and Leontine and Iris came in later. Janney was aware of Leontine's glance, of Iris's distinction, of Mary's graciousness, of Nicky's charm, but as he sat there among them, laughing and talking, he seemed to see with an inner eye—Araminta.

They spoke of her, and Aunt Min said, "Janney's another victim."

And Janney said, "All New York is mad about her," as if it were really a most impersonal matter.

But it wasn't impersonal and he knew it, and when Leontine took him into the garden there was Araminta again—flitting before them, with the crocuses to the right and the left of her, and the small cat, Puffet, running on ahead. And when they reached the hill where Araminta had asked Barney to marry her, they saw the wild ducks flying. "They are coming up from the south," Leontine said, "it's one of our first signs of spring."

When they returned to the house, Nicky was talking to Aunt Min, and telling her of the portrait he was painting for Thaddeus Tyson. "It's my best, I think. I wish you had time to go up to Tyson House and see it."

And Aunt Min said promptly, "I've plenty of time, and I'd like to have a little visit with Thaddeus. I'll drive you over, Nicky, with Mr. Breckinridge, and bring you back again."

AND so it happened that Janney, entering the great hall, saw the home that Barney had to offer Araminta—the paintings, the tapestries, the gorgeous space of it! And he saw, too, the portrait beside the pool!

It was a gorgeous thing—all red-gold and amethyst and flowing white—but the most wonderful thing was the face of the woman!

He knew her at once! Oh, how often he had seen her like that, in those early days—still, smiling, mysterious. A lady of the stage, set apart from real life.

When last he had seen her the glamour had departed. She had been a little stout, in a brown suit, with a close brown hat, and she had stood on the pier, as he had sailed on a diplomatic mission to Japan, and she had waved to him, and Lad, such a little fellow, had waved, too.

Five years ago . . . and here she was again in this great hall. He wondered how she came to be there, and what these people knew.

Well, Fate had played him some queer tricks. Perhaps it had another in store for him. He turned from the portrait, and saw a man standing in the door. The man was Barney Tyson! He kissed Aunt Min, was presented to Janney, and shook hands with him. Then he spoke of the portrait. "Nicky has done a big thing, hasn't he? And she's a beautiful woman. I have just come from taking her home."

They stood together, looking at the picture of the woman by the pool, these two lovers of Araminta. And at last Jan said, "Wasn't she on the stage? I'm sure I've seen her . . ."

"Yes, Elise Watterson. She lives near us—at Sylvan Park, with her boy."

As Jan rode home with Aunt Min, Barney's words seemed to swing to the rhythm of the speeding car. "She lives . . . near us . . . at Sylvan Park . . . with her boy . . ." and it was with a startled sense of coincidence that, the next day, he read a note which he found at his club.

It was from Elise: "I am wondering if you will come and see me. There are things I must talk about. Will you call me up and let me know?" Her telephone number was at the top of the page, and Janney got her at once over the wire.

"Elise? This is Janney. . . ."

"Yes."

"My dear, where have you hidden yourself—and why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I wanted to be—hidden."

He let it go at that, and on the following morning he again sped along the road which led to Great-Gate, turning off finally from the highway to the desolate stretch of beach, and the straggling line of bungalows.

He had wondered as he rode along if Elise was as lovely as the portrait. He remembered when he and Bob had first seen her. On the stage, she had been captivating as the heroine of a modern comedy, and they had both fallen in love with her. But it had been Bob whom she had married—Bob who had said, "I can't live without her, Jan. Let me have her."

And, after the pangs of renunciation had passed, Jan told himself that he had had the best of it. For he could see no happiness ahead.

Neither of the brothers believed in marriage. They were marked tragically with the memory of a home in which love had succumbed to hysteria, and in which two temperamental souls had failed to adjust themselves. In the midst of family quarrels, the two boys had stood together. They had comforted their mother when she had sobbed with her arms about them. They had clung to their father when, after some dreadful scene, he had sought them out for sympathy. Yet, with the wreck of romance around them, it had been given to the two small sons to know that their parents loved each other. And to know, also, that their love had not been equal to the test of everyday life. They were poor, and lacked the imagination to invest the commonplace with enchantment. They had wanted beauty and had not known how to find it. The mother was not domestic, the father loathed the routine of dull days. Neither parent had been able to illumine life with the steady flame of affection and courage. And so the boys had blamed marriage for what their parents had done to it. "We will never marry," they had told each other, and had taken their affairs of the heart lightly, refusing to be tied, until Bob had met Elise.

After their marriage, Jan had lived with them. Bob and Elise had insisted, and when Lad came he had been named for his uncle. With her baby to look after, Elise had left the stage and settled down to make a home for all of them.

Tragedy had followed. Jan and Bob were not of the stuff of which homes are made. Moreover, neither of them had incomes adequate for the tastes they had inherited. Elise's salary had helped. When it was withdrawn, there had fallen upon the little household the shadow of impecuniousness. Elise might have gone back to the stage, but she would not. She had felt that Lad must have his mother, and that her husband must be content with what they had. But Bob was not content. Elise wore simple frocks instead of the glamorous things of the theatre. She was a good cook, competent and cheerful. But Bob wanted more than that. He wanted her radiant with youth and loveliness, not broiling his steak in a kitchen apron.

So history repeated itself, and at last Elise had let Bob go. "It will be best for both of us," she had told Jan. "He wants the enchanted atmosphere in which he found me and domesticity won't give it to him. He wants to escape reality and so he runs away from me. I don't blame him. I know what you both suffered as children, with your parents both trying to escape. But I am not like your mother in this . . . I will not have scores of rumor and recrimination. Lad shall not see life as you saw it. He shall not see love as you and Bob look at it."

Jan had not tried to keep her. He had known she spoke the truth. And while he had ceased to feel for her the old romantic fervor, he had admired her for her poise, her dignity, her self-restraint. He had admired her, indeed, for this decision, which put out of her life not only Bob but Janney. She had a very tiny income. It would suffice for herself and Lad. "I am sorry, Jan. To make it all so—final. But to have either of you in my life would be to keep the wound open," her self-control had given away, and the tears had streamed down her cheeks.

"You love him . . ." Jan had said, "yet you are giving him up?"
"I am remembering our love and what it once meant to me. It died when he shared it—with other women."

When at last the day of parting arrived Bob had left with Janney, who had been offered a consular position in the Far East. There had been no talk of divorce. Elise did not want it, nor Bob. And so it had happened, that when Lad was three, Bob and Janney had sailed away into the sunset and Elise and Lad had waved to them from the pier.

CHAPTER 36

ELISE had changed. Janney saw that at once as she came towards him. She had been watching the road from her window, and met his car at the foot of the steps. She held out her hand to him. "It's good to see you, Jan."

"Is it really, Elise?"
Yes, she had changed. She was thinner, and her skin was touched by a tan which gave her warmth and youthfulness. She wore a knitted suit of faint blue which matched the pale azure of the bay. A blue beret was drawn over her hair. "I thought," she said, "that you might like to be out-of-doors. There's a seat under the pines."

It was a rustic seat, so placed that they looked across the wide stretch of water. Pine needles were under their feet, and there was the aromatic scent of the trees, as the sunshine warmed them.

They spoke for a time of the beauty of the spring morning, of the chance of rain, with that dark line on the horizon. Of Elise's love of this country. "My mother was from Maryland," she told him, "that's why I came here, and because it is cheap. The rent of the house is almost nothing, and Lad and I grow things in our garden."

"Are you happy?"
"I think I am. And I am very busy. I do all the housework, and take care of Lad's lessons. To-day he is at Tyson House. He always goes on Saturdays for a riding lesson. They are very kind."

"I saw your portrait. It was a strange coincidence that your note came so soon after."

"No," she said, "it was not strange. Barney told me you were there. She had been looking out over the bay, but now she faced him. "Jan," she said, "I want to talk to you about Araminta Williams."

"What do you mean?"
"You know. She's in love with you."

"Did she tell you that?"
"No—I found it out—by chance. And I don't want her to be unhappy."

"Why should you think that I have anything to do with her happiness?"

"Because—oh, I've seen you do it a thousand times. Make love to them, and then—run away."

"I can never run away from Araminta . . . I've tried it. But I have always come back. And she loves me. But she wouldn't love me for a moment if she knew the things you can tell her . . ."

"I shall never tell her, you know that, Janney. But you must let her go . . . surely you know that you can never marry her?"

"Why not?" he was standing now,

in front of her, his hands pushed into his pockets. "Are you trying to make me afraid again? Of myself? Of all the things that have frightened me—"

As he strode back and forth with the wind blowing his hair about, there was a look of wildness, almost of madness, which made Elise wonder as she had so often wondered of Bob if there was not something abnormal in the fears which so possessed the brothers.

"Oh," the wild voice went on, "I tried to go away and forget. But I couldn't. I asked for her friendship, but it wasn't enough. At last I proposed a secret marriage, but she wouldn't. I had thought that secrecy might protect us from the dreadful monotony of marriage which had spoiled Bob's life with you, and my father's with my mother. Even then I was afraid. Afraid of any tie. I dared not look forward to Araminta's old age. To see her loveliness wither and wane. I felt she would be like all women, wanting me to be content with the commonplace—and then when I failed to be content, she would look at me as you looked at Bob—and hate me."

"No," Elise said, "I never hated Bob. But I hated the things you and Bob believed in. You were always talking about beauty. You flung in my face the challenge of your artists' souls, your temperaments, your inhibitions—you saw no loveliness in courage and patience and orderliness, and sweetness of temper, mutual consideration, all the things one has to bring to life to make it worthwhile and decent. Women have loved you because of that mystical quality with which you surround love. It makes you the perfect lover, and we are all goddesses and saints in niches until you have to live through the realities with us. Then we're drags on you, and drudges—and that's what you'd make of Araminta . . ."

She, too, was standing up, her face strained towards him, her figure leaning against the strength of the wind. In the strange green light, the two of them took on an almost supernatural aspect. And Jan's face had the look of some dark spirit as he said, still shouting against the wind: "Why all this interest in Araminta?"

"Because Barney loves her."

"And you—love—Barney?"
Her voice was steady. "I owe my life to him . . ." She held out her scarred hands. "I was in a fire, and he saved me . . ."

He persisted. "You love him?"

"What if I do? He loves Araminta. And I am—married . . ."

"Marriage ties have been—broken."

She shook her head. "No. I am going away—"

"Where?"

"I'm not sure. Out west again, perhaps. I shall have Lad—and Lad must be—my happiness . . ."

The wind was bending the trees about them. They could see the swamps of silver rain across the water. "We must run for it," Elise said, and in another moment they were in the house, watching the tumult outside from the window of the living-room, where Elise had lighted candles.

And it was in that room that Janney said, "Elise, on Wednesday, I wrote her a letter, and asked her to marry me. If she will, I am going to take a chance on it—"

She knew that he meant it. "Oh,"

she said, "I'm sorry." Then, as she saw again his white despair, her hand was laid on his shoulder. "Sometimes," she told him, gently, "I think you are a bigger man than you will let yourself be. Perhaps if Araminta loves you—you will grow wiser, together . . ."

"You mean—if she marries me?"

"I mean—if God wills it."

"God," he said, "so you still believe in Him?"

"Yes," she said no more than that. But it was borne in upon him in the quiet of the room, that it was from her belief that Elise drew her strength.

A little later they parted without bitterness. Elise had done her best for Barney. The rest was on the knees of the gods, or in the hands of God as she would have put it.

It was not until Jan was well on his way that he remembered she had not asked for news of Bob. It was, he reflected, as well that she had not. For Bob was at this moment in Italy, seeking further illusion and finding it in a fervid love affair with a dark-eyed and somewhat indigent young countess.



CHAPTER 37

JAN'S letter had reached Araminta on the day when a cold which had been hanging over her had become acute, and the doctor had put her to bed. And so it happened that she did not answer it. Not until long after—when things had happened which changed the aspect of her world.

She had been working very hard. The famous playwright had finished his fantasy, and Araminta, in every stolen moment, was reading her part with him. There were not many moments because of the matinee and evening performances of "Bread and Honey." But Araminta didn't mind the hard work. The character which the famous playwright had given her was so marvellous that when she read her lines to him, it seemed as if she at once entered into the personality of the ugly child, whose ugliness came from a distortion of soul and whose body's beauty was finally revealed in a moment of great self-abnegation.

"That's the wonder of it," the great playwright told her, "with all your beauty you first make them think you ugly, and the ugliness must come from the shrillness of your voice, the awkwardness of your hands, the malevolence of your glance, the crookedness of your body. Your skin will be fair, and your hair soft and beautiful, you will wear exquisite clothes, and yet you must make them hate you."

"Do you think I can?"
"I know it. As I have told you, you're by way of being a genius."

And Araminta had sighed a little as if genius were something to think of with heaviness, and then, shedding her own personality, she had become suddenly the ugly child and the great playwright had marvelled at her as she had risen to the interpretation of what he had written.

Perhaps he had worked her too hard. Perhaps she had done it herself but, whatever the reason, fatigue had her in its grip as she dressed

one night for a party he had planned for her.

"I don't want to go," she had told him, "and I thought you didn't want me to meet people."

"This is—different. Just a choice little group of critics. I want them to see you before we put on the play. A private view as it were, and then no more of you. And you must be very subtle, my dear, wear a gown that will show all your youth and loveliness; later, when they see you on the stage in your ugly shell, the shock will thrill them. So much of your future will hang on what they say of you. I can't stress enough the importance of this appearance."

She wore, therefore, a long slim sheath of rosy velvet, with a green bird or two winging its way up the length of her. There was a little wrap of green velvet which matched the birds, and when she dropped the wrap from her shoulders, the whiteness of her arms and neck, and the pearl clasps and bracelet.

In the dining-room of the famous playwright, she sat with the six men. Not a woman among them, so that her youth shone gloriously. Three critics on each side of her, the famous playwright at the other end, pink flowers all down the length of the table in crystal vases, and all the candles burning.

Nothing could have been more perfect, and the great playwright knew it. Araminta could hold her own with men, not in the modern way of masculine assumption and imitativeness, but in the way of the women of her kind and class, who had expected and received homage from the males with whom they mingled from babyhood, and had been trained in the art of hospitality.

Araminta found herself liking the six critics. They were, in spite of their surface sophistication, rather charmingly boyish, even the oldest of them, with his white mop of hair and his eyeglasses on a black ribbon. They teased the great playwright.

"Not even a chaperone? Are you playing propriety?"

"Araminta doesn't need a chaperone—her youth guards her."

They knew that it was true—these six seasoned men. There was that about Araminta which was like the breath of spring—a freshness, a sweetness—and more than that, a wistfulness—she was like a child among them.

They had all seen "Bread and Honey." And the maid in her garden. Some of them had praised, and some had been a bit carping. But here was not the actress but the woman. She did not talk about herself. When they begged her, she said, "You are all so much more interesting than I."

But the great playwright drew her out, adroitly, when at last they all sat in a circle about the fire. So she told them of the bay and of the pines and of Barney's dogs, and of Puffet, her little cat. And sitting there about her, the years seemed to drop from them, and they, too, saw pine groves and the clear blue of streams and bays, and this dog and that, and an old gray cat and a black one. And even the oldest critic of them whose boyhood had been spent in Chicago streets, swung back to the lake in his thoughts, and saw himself on the sands, watching a white sail—

And he said, "How did it happen?"

She smiled at him. "What?"
"That you came here among skyscrapers. You belong to the moon—"

or in a white birch tree—or in a cave under the sea—"

The others laughed, but they knew what he meant, and leaned forward to listen.

"Do you want advice?" the oldest critic asked.

"Yes."

"Run back to the—moon."

She shook her head, "I'm earth-bound."

"Why?"

"Ambition."

"I don't believe it. Women like you—aren't made for ambition. They are made for—romance," his glance swept the circle of attentive faces. "I leave it to the others if I'm not right."

The famous playwright interposed, "Are you making love to her?"

The oldest critic nodded, "Collectively, yes. Individually, no. Not one of us has the youth. What she needs is a Paul to her—Virginia."

As they crowded about her at the moment of departure, the famous playwright, standing back and watching, said to himself, "I knew she'd have them, and they'll want to see her in my play."

But they were never to see her. For that night when Araminta reached home, she found the rooms too hot for her. She opened the wide window and looked out. The moon was sailing high—"Run back to the moon," the oldest critic had said—I. She turned her face up to it.

Its light shone down on her. She stood there for a long time, the cold air streaming over her bare shoulders, but she did not feel cold. A fire seemed to burn within her. When she went to bed her skin was dry and burning. Old Benlah coming in the next morning gave an expert opinion. "You is runnin' a fever, honey. Do you know it?"

Araminta nodded. Her head was heavy. She was glad there was no matinee. She'd stay in bed all day and make the night performance.

When Benlah brought in her letters there was one from Jan. Araminta, propped up on her pillows, read it. He wanted to marry her. It was a wonderful letter. She was, he said, his moon goddess! His saint in a shrine!

Somehow the lovely phrases failed to thrill her. Her head was so hot, and what had the oldest critic said. "You should run back to the—moon."

Araminta felt that she didn't want to run to the moon—she wanted to run back to Great-Gate and her big bed, with Mary bending over her and asking about her sore throat, and with Cissy bringing her water bags. She wanted all the bustle of the big house—she wanted to be loved and cherished—not as Jan loved her—but as she had been loved as a child.

She turned on her pillow, and the tears slid from under her lashes and wet the hand under her cheek which held Jan's letter, and they wet the letter. And suddenly, she laid the letter against her lips. "Jan," she whispered, "Jan," as if she called him. But he did not come as he had come in the old days—her hand fell back, and she slept, fitfully.

CHAPTER 38

BEULAH, waking her late in the afternoon, said, "Honey, you ain't fit to go out. You'll catch your death."

"I must go, Benlah."

So when the curtain went up, there was the maid in the garden,

gayer than ever, with her cheeks flaming, and her eyes fever-bright. The king was in his counting-house, counting out his money . . . the queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey . . .

Between the acts, the queen came upon Araminta, looking deathly pale and leaning on a chair. "My dear," she asked, "what's the matter?"

Araminta tried to smile. "A cold. I'll be all right—"

The queen surveyed her anxiously. "Going to faint or anything?"

"No. Don't bother—"

But the queen being old-fashioned and English sent her maid presently with lavender smelling salts in a cut-glass bottle.

"I'm better," Araminta told her. And presently the maid was serving tea, picking a nosegay, singing—the maid was in the garden . . .

Then, all at once, her voice wavered—hanging out her clothes . . . there came a little dicky-bird . . .

Through a haze, she saw her audience staring. Oh, she must go on! She must! She leaned forward to pick up another garment from her basket, she heard the clatter of clothes pins as they fell—she was aware of lights going out . . . of a murmur of voices that was like the noise of the sea—then a great wave seemed to rise and wash over her, and she sank to unbounded depths.

She was very ill, for weeks. Leontine came on to be with her. Mary couldn't, for Nicky was down again with influenza, and Iris had to take charge of the house. Leontine at once annexed an apartment adjoining, and with Benlah, two nurses, and as many doctors, began the fight to save Araminta.

The doctors promised nothing. "Pneumonia. She has been drawing too much on her strength, and has no resistance. Women of her type shouldn't try to act. They give themselves to it spiritually as well as mentally and physically, and it usually wrecks them."

Leontine told the famous playwright: "The doctor wants her to give up the stage."

"She won't."

"How do you know?"

"The child has genius—the world will bear of her."

In the days that followed Leontine was made aware of what Araminta meant to the great theatre-going public. The newspapers put out daily bulletins, the telephone was kept busy, moving picture companies cautiously wrote to know when Miss Williams would be well enough to consider a stupendous contract.

The apartment was buried in flowers. Flowers from Barney, from Uncle Tad, from Helen and Taylor, from Anna Hampton, and all the host of friends in Maryland. Flowers too, from new admirers—flowers from someone whose name was never on the card, which read: "For Mignon."

Flowers from Elias Watterson—a quaint pitcher of Italian pottery, filled with single violets and tied with faint blue ribbons . . . Good taste, Leontine decided. And from a smart florist on Fifth Avenue. The lady of mystery was, undoubtedly, discriminating.

Lying there in bed, Araminta seemed a child again. Leontine, bending down, would say, "Love me, Little Minute?" And Araminta's tired eyes would manage a smile, "Love you . . ." And so they came back to the days of Araminta's little girlhood, when she had adored the big sister, with the rich, deep voice, and when Leontine's love for "Little

Minute" had not been smirched by the blackness of envy.

But it was not always that Araminta recognised Leo, or the nurses or the doctors, for often as they ministered to her, the room with the wide window would suddenly fade away, and there would be great trees—lowering up towards a hidden sky. And in and out among the trees—in and out and in and out—restlessly, frantically, a little girl would try to find her way through the black darkness . . . and it was at such times that the nurse would call up one of the doctors, and would come back and do things to Araminta which would lower her fever and give her peace.

And one day as she wandered, she opened her eyes to find her grandfather, the Bishop, beside her bed.

"Granddaddy—?"

"Yes, my darling . . ."

"I want to go home—to the bay." The Bishop knew of waters which were eternal, and which swept up on shining shores. But he did not speak of these things, for he was wise, and understood that a crystalline heart such as Araminta's needs no guidance that age can give, so he only said, "The blue bay is waiting, my dearest, and when you come to it, the morning stars will sing for you and the stars at night," and she smiled at him and said, "You used to say things like that to me when I was little," and tucked her hand in his, and for a time she was content.

Then, once more, desolation would come upon her and at last that dreadful night.

Oxygen.

"Any hope, doctor?"

"We never give up . . ."

At 11—Barney. "Leo, for God's sake, let me look at her!"

From the first Barney had been in the city. He had been near the sick-room, but not in it. He had fetched and carried. His car had been at Leo's disposal . . . but not once had he seen Araminta. He had obeyed the doctor's orders which shut visitors out.

And now, he was asking for a look. Because he knew, as did Leo and the nurses and the doctors, that he might never see Araminta again alive.

At last they let him in.

She lay on her pillow, white as the whitest flower. Her bright hair brushed back from her face gave her the look of a little, suffering saint. Shadows were blue under her sunken eyes, and her eyes were shut.

No one moved in the room, neither the doctor over by the window, nor the nurse in the doorway, nor Leo crouched in her chair, nor Barney standing by the bed . . .

Suddenly, Araminta opened her eyes and looked into the face above her. It seemed to bend down to her between the tall trees . . . Then, as they held their breath to listen, she spoke, clearly, with a note of wild appeal . . .

"Barney, Barney, take me out of the wood! Take me out of the wood, Barney . . ."

He knelt beside the bed. "You are safe with me—Loveliness . . ."

She slept after that, with his big hand over her little one.

Back in the shadows, Leo wept, and wished that she, too, lay dying with Barney's hand in hers.

CHAPTER 39

BUT Araminta did not die. Nor did she know that Barney had stood by her bed. She

thought it was a dream—a lovely dream. She had a feeling that never again would she wander in the deep wood.

The doctors did not let Barney see her before he went back to Tyson House. "The faintest breath of excitement might be too much for her." And Barney, with his pulses pounding, had said, "I can wait." His patience was infinite. In her extremity she had called and he had answered. He did not know in what darkness she had wandered, he only knew that she had called.

As soon as Araminta was strong enough, they took her to Great-Gate. It was April when she came, and the dogwood was white along the highway as they motored down. All the water plants were lush and shining in the streams as they passed—the sky was a sea of blue, with white ships of clouds sailing—and the bay shimmered back to the horizon in a sheet of silver.

Cissy and Alice came weeping to the Gate to greet their child. "Oh, my soul, Miss Minta," Cissy sobbed, "I ain't never expected this day."

But old Alice said, "My white lamb," and took to her ample heart this baby, who had been brought to her arms at birth.

And Puffet, the cat, danced down the walk.

And a little line of ducks waddled across the lawn . . .

And Araminta was—at home!

Barney was deep in politics. Yet there were doubts as to his nomination. No one seemed to know just where the trouble lay, but it was there, a sinister influence, hard to combat; an opposition strongly massed and constantly felt as his friends fought for him.

Taylor Pierce warned him one morning, as they walked together. "I've found the source of it all, Barney. They are trying to make a scandal of your visits to Sylvan Park."

"Elise?"

"Yes."

"We're great friends—but that's all there is to it."

"Of course. But you can't make your enemies believe it, and it may mean your defeat. Silas will talk platitudes at the meeting to-night, and put them over. But you're a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. That's why they hate you. I'm no saint, Barney, but I give you my word when you stand up and tell us we're no more decent than we thought we were. I want to shout with the rest of them . . ."

"And I'm not the only one," Taylor went on, "who feels that you've given us a new hope for our generation. And that's why if they can get something against you they'll use it to the limit."

Barney laughed: "If you think a thing like this can beat me, you don't know me. I've been an idiot, though, to let Elise in on it."

"Better out out the visits for a time."

"She doesn't misunderstand me. She knows I'm in love with Araminta."

"Of course. But the world doesn't know it, and the eyes of the world are on you."

"Apparently, then, I've compromised her?"

"If you choose to use such an old-fashioned word. But our politicians can use it with great effect. Elise lives alone—in a rather mysterious way—and she's married—"

"There's nothing mysterious about it. I've told you. She gets the house for almost nothing, and Lad can be out of doors."

"And she's at Tyson House half her time in the company of two moneyed and attractive men. Isn't that enough to set tongues wagging? And Sills and the rest of them won't hesitate to make the most of it."

"They had reached the entrance to Tyson House where Taylor's car was waiting. He climbed in. 'Sorry, old man, to fill your ears with such rot—'

Barney stood with his hand on the door. 'I'm glad you told me. It's a great game, Taylor, and I'm in it to win...'

"He looked," Taylor said to Helen later, "like something on the stage. Not many men in these days have his quality of youth and splendor. You should have seen him, Oricket, as he stood there, defying all the forces of evil. Yet I'm afraid they'll get him."

"I'm not afraid," his little wife told him, "I'm not afraid of anything."

Taylor tipped her chin up with his finger. "Such a brave—mouse?"

"You can laugh if you like—," then, suddenly, she astonished him by crumpling up in his arms.

He held her to him. "My darling!"

She tried to laugh. "I'm all right. Only—do you love me a lot, Taylor?"

"More than I've ever dared tell you—"

"Always?"

"Till death and—after, Cricket."

When he sat across from her presently at the table, she seemed to him to have acquired a new and charming air of dignity. It was as if it steadied her to be the mistress of his rambling old place, the lady of his somewhat impoverished acres. She was busy constantly with the affairs of house and garden, rose and pump and impromptu as she bent over her books or instructed the maids. Yes, marriage had steadied both of them. Who would have thought, Taylor marvelled, in those somewhat rascally days of his youth, that he would have liked the steadiness in himself, and have valued it in a wife?

After dinner, they went down to the poultry yard to see the pheasants. Helen took great delight in the live things about her—the horses and cows and sheep, the chickens and ducks, and when they came to the runs with their high wire fences, she went into raptures over her latest experiment, the domestication of pheasants, and the raising of their broods.

"We haven't lost one of them," she said, as she and her husband watched the shy and sober hens gathered harem-like in a corner, while the gay young cocks flaunted their bronze-greens and reds without fear of the guns of the hunters.

"I wonder if they miss their freedom," Helen said, her eyes for the moment troubled.

"No more than all wild creatures—not more than men miss it. Think of the boys shut up in schools, the men in offices, yet they were once free."

A yellow cat came and rubbed about their heels, the fan-tailed pigeons strutted and rose on wide white wings to the roof of the stable—three red setters nosed their way about the yard. It was like a clear, sun-lighted painting, with

the high blue sky and the far blue hills.

"It's a lovely world," Helen said in a sort of ecstasy.

"In spite of politicians?"

"In spite of everything." They walked up a hill which gave a view of their broad domain, and sat down on the grass, with a tree back of them.

"We are monarchs of all we survey," Taylor remarked, "our land reaches from those hills to the bay. Looks like a lot. But not much money to back it up."

"Who cares for money?"

"Some women do."

"Oh, some women—," with scorn.

"I love the land," she went on, presently, "I love every inch of it. I want to live on it—forever."

"Do you—my dearest?"

"Yes."

He put his arm about her, and she leaned against it, and lay there, looking dreamily out on the darkening scene.

"Do you remember," she asked, out of a long silence, "the time I told you I was glad you were my husband?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm gladder now about something else."

"Yes?"

"I'm glad now that my—children—will have you—for a father."

The little voice died away on a breathless note. Taylor turned and looked down at her. "Darling?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER 40

IT was Oliver King who brought matters to a climax. In the old days Barney and he would have fought a duel about the things Oliver said at the Country Club. He had been drinking, of course, and he had had wit enough not to make open accusations. But there had been innuendo, no end of it, and the outcome had been that Barney had gone straight to Elise and had asked her to marry him.

"But I'm not free—Barney."

"You can be. You know that."

"But why are you—asking me?"

"Because—oh, we could get a lot out of it."

Elise sat with her chin in her hand and looked at him. She was a wise and clear-eyed woman, and many men had made love to her. But they hadn't made it like this. They had stammered and trembled, or had demanded and tried to dominate. But Barney was essaying the role neither of suppliant nor conqueror. He was simply stating, without heat or passion, "Marry me, and we'll get a lot out of it."

They were in the library at Tyson House. Nicky, who had been putting finishing touches to the portrait, had left before tea, and Uncle Ted was out. The wide windows were open, and the fragrances of the garden poured in. Elise looked very cool and serene as she sat in a chintz-covered chair with a broad hat shading her eyes. But she was not cool and serene. Barney's words had raised in her a storm of conjectures. Why was he doing it? Why?

"We might get a lot out of it," she said at last, "if we loved each other."

And Barney said, "Well..."

She tried to take it lightly. "Barney—that isn't the way a man makes love. That isn't the way you would make love if I were—Araminta!"

But why was he asking Elise demanded of herself, as Hachi brought in the tray and set it on the low table. And why didn't she accept life as he was offering it to her. If she married him she would be doing things like this to the end of her days—luxurious things which had to do with old silver and tapestries, and expert service, and gracious hospitality, with Barney lighting her way like a torch!

For at this moment he lighted the room—vivid, young—impetuous. "I want to take care of you," he was saying. "I hate having you live alone in that desolate spot with people talking about you!"

So that was it. "Barney," she said, "are people talking?"

"Yes," he said, "but I didn't intend to tell you."

He had risen to take his cup from her, and now set it back on the table untouched. "I want you to get this, Elise," he said, eagerly, "that I think you are one of the most wonderful women in the world. You'd make me happy."

Temptation assailed her! Barney as Lad's father. Lad going up and up the shining stairs of position and affluence. Herself, mistress of this house. Herself, the wife of this young and vivid Barney.

She felt the touch of his hand on hers. "Elise," he was saying, with an attempt at lightness, "is it so hard to take?"

She met his eyes squarely. "Dear boy, I've got to be honest with you—with myself. It sounds—like heaven. But I don't dare risk it."

"Why not?"

The words trembled on her lips. "You don't love me." But she did not say them. "Barney," she implored, "give me time to think."

"How much time?"

"Time enough to decide without the glamour. Do you know what a glamorous person you are?"

As he flashed a sudden smile at her she had the wistful and certain knowledge that if she should throw herself now in his arms the thing would be settled.

She got up and said breathlessly that she must go.

"I'll go with you."

"No. If people are talking, Barney..."

As she followed the path through the woods—happiness seemed to run beside her. Lad meeting her at the door, said, "You've got red spots in your cheeks—like paint."

"It isn't paint, of course, Lad."

"Well, it makes you look pretty, and young."

When Lad was in bed Elise went down to the beach and stood looking out over the waves. Such an infinite stretch of them... such an infinite stretch... life was like that—reaching out to far horizons. If she and Barney married, what far horizons? What undiscovered countries?

The light of the moon poured down upon her. She still wore her thin white, and was thus a luminous figure in the dark shadows of the wood saw her. They had hoped that Barney might be with her. But he was not, and they had had their pains for nothing.

Araminta had not heard the gossip. She was intent on getting well. She was, indeed, wandering in Elysian fields of convalescence. Everybody had been to see her from Aunt Min with Rhoda and the Pekinese in attendance, to Barney with old Max standing by the bed with his forefeet on the coverlet.

Barney had, indeed, come every day, very cheerful, impersonal, throwing out, for her to catch, those light feathers of conversation which had been their stock-in-trade when they were adolescents.

She had not seen him now for three days. She wondered what kept him, but her mind was at ease. He would come again, and she was never going away. This was where she belonged, and she would stay on—forever.

Leontine, talking things over one fair May morning, said, "Do you mean you don't miss it?"

"The stage? Never, never, never."

"But, Minta, you were marvellous."

"Was I?"

"Darling, you know it..."

Araminta laughed, and sat up among her pillows. Oh, it was wonderful to lie in a bed like this, and not think of rehearsals ahead, or of taxis racketing through terrifying traffic, of the glare of lights, and of people applauding; and the taxi again, and the wide window which overlooked the roofs—and the loneliness! Wonderful to know that the afternoon would come serenely, and the twilights softly, and the night would show its stars, and that the bed would be waiting for her—that nice puffy bed with her very-own-if-somewhat-worn pink spread, and with Cissy to turn it down, and with Puffet sleeping at the foot of it.

Leontine, weighing her small sister with keen eyes, was aware of a great change in her. There was something ineffable about the child—a light in her eyes, a chime in her laughter... Her bright curls were partly hidden by a band of blue ribbon swathed about her head; about her shoulders was an azure fluff of bedjacket. Yes, there was a touch of the angelic in Minta's appearance, as if in her close approach to death she had brought back a bit of celestial beauty.

"But if you don't go on the stage what will you do?"

"Why do anything, Leo?"

"You'll marry, of course."

"I shall not. I am going to live on here forever, with Cissy and Alice and Puffet. And when I am old, Puffet's great, great, grandchildren will lie on the foot of my bed, and Alice's great greats will broil my bacon and make my toast, and Cissy's will bring up my breakfast."

CHAPTER 41.

LEONTINE laughed, "It sounds all right, but you won't do it. And by the way, Minta—who is this Janney Breckinridge?"

"Oh—" said Araminta, faintly, "what about him, Leo?"

"He's been telephoning, frantically, every day."

"He would," said Araminta, "but I haven't felt up to it." She lifted her thin left hand, spread her fingers and studied them. "You remember—a long time ago," she said, "I told you—?"

"Then he is the one who calls you 'Mignon'?" Minta, are you going to marry him?"

"I'm not going to marry anybody. It's a grande passion, Leo. Dante and Beatrice... Auccassin... Abelard." Araminta had a sudden sardonic sense of the humorous side of her affair with Jan. She had not answered his letters, had refused to see him. Yet through it all she had known there must be an accounting.

She went on now, deliberately. "It is to be one of the great friendships of history—perhaps some day people will write poems about us, or say things on our tombstones."

Leontine got up and stood by the bed. "Do you mean that you're letting Barney down—for this?"

Dead silence, then, "Letting him down?"

Then Leontine told her. "I've never seen anything so beautiful," she said, as she finished, "I nearly wept my eyes out."

Not a word from the bed, and Leo continued. "He said, 'You're safe with me. Loveliness' and you gave a little sigh and went to sleep—"

"Leo—did I?"

"Yes. Oh, Minta, you don't know what love is. You have never known!"

Didn't she? Thinking about it afterwards, Araminta wondered if Leontine was right. Had she ever really loved Jan? Did she love him now?

She still wore his ring. She still felt in a way bound. Yet she had given no answer to the letter in which he had begged her to be his wife. She had, it is true, scribbled a few short notes beginning "Dearest Jan" and ending "Devotedly, Minta," in reply to his tempestuous demands for a meeting. But she had not let him come.

As for Barney? She found herself trembling as she thought of the things that Leontine had said. "Are you letting Barney down—for this?"

It was Aunt Min who quite unconsciously settled Jan's affair with Araminta. She motored down one afternoon, with Rhoda and the Pekinese in attendance.

Rhoda stood by Araminta's bed, and unobtrusively. "We've missed you, Miss Minta."

"Really, Rhoda?"

"Yes, Miss. I may say I've never seen Miss Minta so put out about anything. You're her favorite, Miss Minta, it's easy to see that, and I'll be glad when you can come to the house again." With which unexpected concession, Rhoda took her modest black turban and discreet black coat and the excited Pekinese to the sun porch, to await her mistress' departure.

Aunt Min, by Araminta's bed, talked of many things and came at last to Janney. "He has haunted the house, Minta. I think you're treating him very badly."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No. But he says you won't see him."

"I'm not up to it. . ."

Aunt Min surveyed her shrewdly. "What's your real reason?"

"I don't want to marry him."

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid."

"Why should you be afraid? If it is money you're worrying about, I'm ready to stand back of you. I told Janney that long ago. . ."

A breathless silence. Then, "You told him? When?"

"Just before your illness. I wanted to set his mind at rest, poor fellow. And there's the house in Virginia, Minta. You could have it. And, as I said to Janney, everything of mine will be yours some day."

"But, Aunt Min. . ."

"Don't say a word, darling. You know what I think of Iris and Leontine and Helen. Nice girls, but I didn't like their father. . . and you've been a sort of Cinderella. I ought to have seen it long ago, and have given you an allowance, but I didn't seem to come to it. But now—if you want to marry Janney, I'll buy the trousseau and set you

up nicely when you come home from Siam—"

Aunt Min, red-faced and beaming, went on and on, while Araminta, lying back on her pillows, seemed to listen.

But she wasn't listening. Racing through her mind was the thought that Jan's offer of marriage had come on the heels of his knowledge that Araminta would be Aunt Min's heiress. It had not been the fullness of his love which had brought the proposal, it had not been his longing for her presence, it had been the fact that they could be happy ever after on—Aunt Min's money.

It was all very practical—but it had nothing to do with romance. And for what had Jan stood in her mind throughout the years she had known him, but romance, impassioned and heart-shaking?

And now romance was dead!

She spoke with conviction. "Darling Aunt Min, I'm not going to marry him. Some day I'll tell you all about it. But just now—I can't. . . It hurts too much. . ."

The light died out of the old face. "I'm sorry. But it isn't your fault, Minta. Only don't do as I've done—let love pass you by—and come in the end to a Persian and a Pekese."

When Aunt Min had gone with Rhoda, Araminta took off Jan's ring and dropped it in a little box by the bedside. The action was the symbol of her freedom. Jan's spell was broken, and he could never weave it again. But in freeing herself, Araminta was aware that she had killed that figure of dark splendor which had for so long held her imagination. The Jan she had believed in no longer existed. She had ceased to be a saint in a niche, a white flame in the darkness—she was just little Araminta Williams mourning a thing that was—dead.

The next day she wrote to him: "It can't be, Jan. And some day you will know that I am right about it. My illness has given me a new vision of the future, and in that future I cannot see you or the things you want for me. . . I have left the old life behind, you and the stage, and the Araminta Williams who was to be famous. I think that, after all, I am just a simple, home-loving soul. I cannot tell you what it has meant to me to be here once more among familiar things, and to know that I need not go away again to strut on the stage and have people stare at me. I liked it well enough, of course. But it wasn't the real me, Jan, and that's the truth of it."

"And so you must go away without me. Our friendship was a rare and lovely interlude, but there was nothing to make it lasting. A man and a woman must share hardship, sorrow, to make love complete. You haven't wanted to share them, and perhaps I haven't. We have wanted to build our castle of romance without stable foundations, and so it has gone to pieces, and there's nothing left. . ."

CHAPTER 42

IT was not an easy letter to write, and it was after it was written that Araminta sent for the Bishop.

He came and sat by her bed. Araminta loved to look at him. He was such a gallant figure. A gentleman of the old school. Of slight and boyish build, his thick white hair above a serene forehead, young brown eyes, the fresh clear skin of one who is much in the open.

"Granddaddy," she said, "are you very wise?"

The young eyes twinkled. "Try me."

And Araminta said, "Tell me what to do with my life."

Now the Bishop knew a great deal about life, for men and women had sought him for advice and comfort, and he had given in full measure, and they had been amazed at the steadfastness of his faith and the tranquillity of his countenance.

But it had not always been given to them to know that the tranquillity had been born of tragedy, nor that there was a flame in the Bishop's soul, which had once burned to the point of consuming him, and it was this flame which now illumined for the Bishop the hearts of other men so that he understood their temptations and taught them how to fight.

"You mean—" he said, "tell you what to do with love?"

"How did you know?"

"Because life and love are one with women. . ."

And then she told him about Jan, and how she had sent him away from her. And she told him of the dark forest. "I was lost in it—granddaddy, and it seemed as if I would never get out. . ."

And the Bishop held her hand and said, "I know. Once I, too, was lost."

She did not ask any questions, because everybody knew that the tragedy of the Bishop's life had come from his most unhappy marriage. He had loved in a passion of boyish faith and idealism a woman whose beauty and charm were the toast of half a dozen counties. Why she had married him he never knew, except that the strength of his wooing, the tempestuous quality of his young passion had drawn her. They had had nothing in common. She laughed at her husband's aspirations, refused to share in any way the responsibilities of his life. She was proud of his attainments, proud, it would seem, of his spiritual growth, for she kept him to his work. "You're a shepherd of souls, Nick," she would tell him, "and I'm just Bo-peep with her crook. I love you for what you are, you must love me for what I am, and let me play while you work. It's the only way out of it."

And it had seemed the only way. When Nicky came, the Bishop had hoped for better things, but the boy had been the child of his mother. They had played together until Bo-peep died, then Nicky had played by himself until he had married a woman as irresponsible as himself. The Bishop loved Mary, but he had never quite forgiven her for leaving her three little girls, while she went gaily off on a second honeymoon. Neither had he, with his sturdy, upstanding independence, been able to see how his son could live on the bounty of his step-daughters. And now one had rejoiced more than the Bishop when Nicky had asserted himself and for a time had earned his own living.

And now, the Bishop brought to this beloved grandchild all the love which had been denied him: "Once I, too, was lost," he repeated, "and it was a long time before I learned that the Kingdom of God is within us—and that in that Kingdom there is no darkness. . ."

It was a long time before Araminta spoke; then she said, "Darling, darling. . ."

They talked quietly until he went away. And Araminta, very thought-

ful, in the twilight, saw the stars rise in the purple heavens, and after that the moon, and it was while she looked at the stars and the moon that Araminta put childish things away forever.

* * *

In the serene days that followed Barney came often to see Araminta. It was one of the comfortable things of her life to have Barney coming in and out—it belonged with the rest of the comfortable things to which she had come home—the pink bedspread, Puffet, the ducks, and the blue of the bay.

She welcomed him, therefore, with delight, one afternoon, as she lay alone on the couch in the living-room. The rest of the family were off to various engagements, and she was bored by her own company. "Clasy's taking care of me," she told him. "I really ought to be up and about. But I like being lazy."

"You're looking gorgeous."

"It's Leo's Paris negligee that does the trick," she informed him. "It's a queer thing, Barney. Once upon a time I hated wearing Leo's things, and now I love it."

The Barney of the old days would have said, "I love you. . . But this Barney didn't. He simply said, 'You're a restful child, Minta, and I've been hobnobbing with the proletariat—'

She smiled at him. "Barney, if you're elected, I'll hang over the rail of the house gallery and listen to all your speeches. . ."

"Heaven help you. . .! I'm not eloquent. But I am honest."

"Of course you are. And of course you'll win. Everybody adores you."

He laughed, "Darling child, if you could hear them. . . saying things against me, and getting away with it. A lot of people will swallow anything. . . But Sils is a rotten candidate and they know it. He isn't even decent. But he pulls the old wires and appeals to their emotions, sets the stage for all sorts of spectacular things. . . but I have faith to believe that he can't get away with it this time."

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. There were lines of fatigue in his face, lines that had not been in the face of the Barney of a few months ago. Araminta felt surging within her a deep tenderness—something she had never felt for him, for any man. She wanted to soothe and sympathize, to share the burden of his fight, to be a factor in his success—

"Some day you'll be president, Barney."

He opened his eyes and smiled at her. "Good little Minta. . . wake up?"

"But you will—"

"A fat chance with all the bounds of the underworld after me. . ."

Her breath was quick, "You can run faster—"

His eyes gleamed, "I might. . ."

She was leaning forward, her hands about her knees. "Barney, you'd make a corking candidate—"

"Not I. They would tear my reputation to pieces before you'd know it. Presidents go down to posterity in these days as villains or fools. No man is given credit for the best he can do. The world revels in vilage gossip—reputations are torn to pieces. For us there are no gods!"

His voice was stern. Araminta weighing his gravity, his pre-occupation was aware of a new Barney. The boy in him was dead, as the girl had died the night she had sent Jan from her.

"Our great men have this to console themselves, however," he continued, "the people are as a rule, with them. But to reach the people one must speak their language—the exception was, perhaps, Coolidge. But Mussolini is vocal, so was Roosevelt—so, in a way, so was Lincoln. Men must hear a commanding voice to follow..."

CHAPTER 43.

ARAMINTA, very frail in pale blue among her pillows, was lighted by an inner fire. "Let them hear your voice..." "Darling child, I'm doing it..." "I know. Barney—didn't ladies in the old days pin a sleeve or something to a knight's armor?" "You know they did. Remember the time you tore the sleeve from your green gingham dress when I started in quest of the Grail...? You had to go back to the house with one bare arm."

"Wonderful days... Barney."

"Wonderful."

After a moment's silence, "Do you want my sleeve for your shield?"

A long pause, then he laughed a trifle uncertainly, "Give it to some better fellow..."

"It's a pretty sleeve," she said, lifting her arm to look at it. "Much nicer than gingham."

"Much nicer..." Barney laughed again and stood up. "But we had great times with the green gingham."

He was gone before she quite realised that deliberately and coolly he had refused her offer. Her cheeks flamed. She had been so sure of his devotion. Only the other day, Leontine had told her—that he had brought her back to life. And if he had brought her back, did she not by virtue of that very fact, belong to him?

She was very tired, very sorry for herself. Cissy, coming in to look at her said, "Anything you want, honey lamb?"

"I'm dead for sleep, Cissy. I'll try to take a little nap. If I want you, I'll ring."

The couch was under a wide window which overlooked the side porch. Cissy drew down the shades, threw a light rug over Araminta, tucking her in. Then she went away, and there was no sound but the rustle of leaves in the slight wind, the squall of a catbird in the syringa bush. And soothed presently by the serenity of it all, Araminta slept.

She was roused by voices on the porch. Leontine had come up with Anne Hampton and Oliver and a second man. "Let's play out here," she was saying, "Cissy will get us a table."

Cissy entering the living-room was warned by Araminta to silence—"I don't want to see anybody," she whispered. Cissy nodded and went on her way, with table and cards and score pad, and in a few moments the four voices were bidding and raising, then silence fell as the hand was played.

Out of the silence came Anne Hampton's question: "How does it seem to house a celebrity, Leo?"

"Araminta? Oh, she doesn't think of herself that way. She's the same old Minta."

"What does she say about going back?"

"To the stage? She doesn't seem to consider it. She says she is as comfortable as a basket of kittens

and let's it go at that."

Oliver said: "She's had a taste of success. Some day it will draw her again."

"The doctor," Leontine informed him, "is afraid a stage career would be too strenuous."

Anne's voice: "Oh, well, she'll probably marry Barney Tyson, and that will be the end of it."

Oliver's voice: "Three spades, Anne...! She may not find it so easy to marry him."

Anne's voice: "Why not?"

"She has a rival. The widow at Sylvan Park."

"Elise Waterson?"

"Yes."

"But they say her husband isn't dead."

"Did you never hear of a divorce, darling?"

Anne's voice: "Oh, but surely..."

And Oliver's: "You can take it or leave it—but there's a lot of talk about them..."

Anne bid four spades—and once again there was silence, out of which came Oliver's plaint, "I knew when they doubled, we were gone, Anne."

They said various things after that. But Araminta had heard enough. So that was what had happened. That was why Barney hadn't wanted her sleeve...

And she had offered...! She covered her face with her hands. She had been so sure... yet she had been warned weeks ago by Leontine's letter... and it had been Leontine who had told her of Barney at her bedside—"You're safe with me, Loveliness..."

Oh, a woman wasn't safe with any man. They loved you and then they didn't. But why should she blame them, she who had not known her own mind? Who had asked Barney to run away with her! Who had let him make love to her under the white moon! Who had played fast and loose with him when she thought she loved Jan, and had found out then that she didn't!

She captured the rug about her and crept stealthily from the room and up the stairs. She climbed into bed, and when Leontine came up later, she found her small sister white among her pillows. "Anne Hampton wants to see you, Minta."

"I don't want to see anyone."

"But—Anne? She'll be dreadfully hurt if you don't."

"Oh, well, bring her along."

Anne, standing by the bed, said: "My child, if you grow any lovelier, we'll have to shut you up. None of the men will look at the rest of us."

"Oh, men..." said Araminta.

Anne sat down. "Fed up on 'em'?"

Araminta nodded.

"You would be after all those months of adulation. You don't seem changed, but I'll bet that inside you've got a prima donna complex."

Araminta laughed. "No," she said. "I haven't. Yet I'm glad I've had the experience. It's like having a jewel shut up in a box. You may not care to wear it, but you know it's there."

Then Anne, who always did what she pleased, and spoke as she pleased, and was forgiven by everybody, said, "You've got brains, Minta, though I wouldn't have believed it. You've always looked too marvellous to have a mind."

Araminta, sitting up in bed, hugged her knees. "Are brains any good to a woman, Anne?"

"Only when she can hide 'em," Anne decided, "but they're nice for your own satisfaction."

Araminta thought about Anne a lot when she was left alone. Anne had never married, nor Leontine, nor Iris. She wondered how they felt about it, and if they were happy.

Yet happiness was not the only thing. The Bishop had said as much. And the Bishop knew. Life was waiting for her. Without Jan. Without Barney. What was she going to do with it?

On the table beside her bed lay a little book. The Bishop had put it there. She reached for it and read: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life..."

"Light of life..." She liked that, and lay thinking about it, and thinking, fell asleep.

Helen often sat by Araminta's bedside. She was sewing in these days. Infinitesimal garments. And she was very happy. "Taylor's such a darling," she told Araminta.

Araminta wondered. What alchemy had transmuted plain Taylor Pierce into the man that Helen talked of? Was this what marriage could do when two people brought to it steadfast affection and friendship? Plump little Helen was no longer one of a trio of spinsters, she was a personage a queen on her small throne. Her mind was busy with a thousand things—things of the household, things of the farm, breakfasts, dinners and suppers, chickens, pheasants and ducks, the little pigs and the lambs, the cows, the milk, and the butter-making. "It's all so interesting, Minta."

CHAPTER 44

ARAMINTA thought of Anne and Leontine and Iris—bridge and supper dances, debutantes nosing their way in ahead of the older women. Humiliation! Yet they laughed at Helen and her homely interests. "They think I'm bromidic," Helen said, "but it keeps me at topnotch. Minta, to run things the way Taylor and I want them."

Then, too, the tiny garments. Araminta whipped lace on hand-rolled edges. "I'm old-fashioned," Helen said, "I adore lace on baby's things, and white rose perfume shaken in, and everything pink, and a basinet."

"I'd adore it, too," said Araminta. Helen looked at her. "I believe you would. Yet when I think that you had the world at your feet..."

"I don't want the world at my feet."

Helen went on sewing. At last she asked, "Minta, why don't you marry Barney?"

"Darling... wait till he asks me."

"Don't tell me he hasn't! Everybody knows he's mad about you."

"Is he?"

"Yes."

Araminta lay looking out of the window. "What about—Elise?"

Helen gave her a quick glance. "Elise?"

"Yes... Leo said something..." her voice fell away.

"There's been gossip," Helen admitted. "Taylor says if it isn't stopped it may defeat him. Sils is making the most of it..." she paused, then went on bravely, "If Barney married you, it would end

the scandal..."

"Darling child... if he wants Elise..."

"But he doesn't... it's just one of those friendships. And because there's really no harm in it, neither Barney nor Elise has been wise enough to see the danger."

"Why doesn't someone tell them?"

"Taylor has."

"Told Barney?"

"Yes. And Oliver King said something at the Country club. He wasn't himself, of course, but that didn't make it any easier for Barney. Taylor says that once upon a time a thing like that would have been settled with pistols—but Barney just said, 'When you're sober, if you are wise, you will send me an apology.' And walked out. It may throw Elise into Barney's arms. But if it does, he's done for..."

"You mean—politically?"

"Yes. It will simply confirm things people have been saying."

"I see..." Araminta whipped on two inches of lace before she spoke again, then she said, "I wonder if Oliver will apologise?"

"Taylor thinks not. And he's afraid the whole thing will come to a head at the big supper Barney is giving on the lawn at Tyson House on the fifteenth—there's opportunity at a time like that for rough work, and Sils will do his worst. Taylor has tried to get Barney to call the whole thing off, but he won't do it... he says it would look as if he had lost his nerve..."

Araminta went on whipping lace on the rolled edges, and when she spoke again it was of other things. Helen, reporting to Taylor, later, said, "I can't make her out. But I believe she cares for him."

"I wish Elise would go away. The farther, the better."

"But how dreadful for her, Taylor."

"Yes, she's a fine woman. But Barney is in the public eye. The thing is innocent enough in itself, but in politics no man is innocent to his enemies." Taylor sighed and stood up. "I've got to run along. Cricket. I hate to leave you."

"You never leave me, Taylor. I always have you—in my heart."

"Blessed child," he brought her hand up against his cheek, "blessed—little mother..."

Her lips were tremulous as he kissed them.

Barney at that very moment was demanding of Elise, "What are you waiting for?"

"A sign. Something will show me the answer. I am sure of it. I simply don't dare say 'yes' although it would be the easiest way..."

"Then why not say it?"

She looked down at the fish, swimming in the pool. They were at Tyson House, after dinner. Lad and Uncle Tad were walking in the garden. "Something holds me back, Barney. Perhaps I am a bit superstitious. But I feel I must wait."

She did not add that she had written to Bob. Whether she married Barney or not, she must be free. She had told her husband in her letter that she hoped he would welcome his freedom, and that he would go on to a fuller life because of it.

Yet with the stage cleared, as it were, for her marriage with Barney, she had no sense of security in the thought of her future with him. She found, on the contrary, that she was planning for a life

without him, subconsciously, perhaps, but none the less definitely. It was on the afternoon following the one when she had sat after dinner with Barney by the pool, that she and Lad lay on the sands. The waters of the bay were warm as milk, and the boy and his mother had staged a race in which they swam from their own little pier to a point where a buoy marked the channel. Now they were tired, and Elise had been glad of the physical exertion which had quieted her racing thoughts.

She said now, "Lad, how would you like to sail away into the sunset?"

"Like father?"

"Yes."

"Would we sail away to see him?"

"He has gone too far for that."

"Well, then, let's stay here."

The sun, dropping down heavily into the illumined waters, was like the dome of some distant mosque. "Do you remember the Golden Gate, darling?"

"I was too little, mother."

"Do you remember the sea-lions?"

"No."

"It's wonderful to be on the other side of the world."

"Is it?"

"Yes."

Elise wrapped her blue cape closer about her. "Laddie boy, what would you think if we went away on a great adventure?"

Lad, a sun-tanned figure in a red tunic, said, "What adventure?"

"Well, we'd buy a little car, a green one with a canvas top, so we could let it down to look up at the mountains and sky as we rode along . . . and we'd ride and ride . . . and sometimes we'd stop at little inns for a good bed and a hot supper, and sometimes we'd sleep on the hay in some farmer's barn, and sometimes we'd sleep on our blankets under the stars, and when we slept in the farmer's barn he would give us a breakfast of fresh eggs and sweet butter and crusty bread, and when we slept under the stars, we'd cook our supper and watch the moon rise, and see the smoke of our little fire against it. And we'd cross all the bridges over all the rivers—the Potomac first, then the Susquehanna, and after that the Ohio and the Mississippi . . . and then we would come the desert, and perhaps we could stop at a ranch, and the cowboys would let you ride their horses, and help them round up their cattle, and then . . . days and days after, we would come to another ocean, and we'd find a little house."

Elise's voice trailed away into silence as the adventure ended. "We'd find a little house . . . and then what, mother?"

"Well, we'd live happy ever after."

He was not satisfied. "I'd rather stay here with Uncle Tad and Barney."

Elise laughed, and gave it up. "Let's have supper out here, Laddie. You find sticks for the fire, and I'll get the bread and bacon."

CHAPTER 45

RUNNING towards the house, Elise saw the postman at the mail box. She crossed the road and found a letter. It was from Janney, and her heart turned in her breast as she read it.

"Dear Elise: It may interest you to know that Araminta has sent me at last about my business. In other words, she doesn't want me,

and I deserve it. Any man would deserve punishment who hadn't the sense to take what he could get when it was his for the asking. But I waited too long and her pride was hurt—so that's the end of it. And I shall go to Stam, and play at love with the diplomatic ladies, and with some of the Siamese ones, and all the time I shall walk in darkness . . . !

"If I see Bob I will tell him how lovely you are, and what he has missed. Yet perhaps he's more to be pitied than blamed—we're a rather wistful pair when you come to think of it—not knowing how to take our happiness, yet wanting, tragically, to take it."

"Elise, my dear, go back to the stage. It won't be easy after all these years but you'll make it—and glory in your fortitude. You're of different stuff from Araminta. What would crush her, will spur you on. In a little while you can put Lad in school, and take the future which should be yours. And some day I'll come back and give three cheers for Elise Watterson—famous and unforgotten . . . ask Araminta what the phrase means to her."

"So good-bye and good luck. Write to me some day. But don't write and tell me that Minta has married Barney Tyson."

Lad coming in found his mother cutting bread and buttering it. She still wore her blue beach coat, but her bathing cap was off, and her russet hair blazed.

"You were such a long time, mother," Lad said from the threshold, "and the fire is burning."

"I'll come in a minute," Elise wrapped the buttered bread in a napkin and took the box of bacon from the ice-box. "You can carry the milk and the marmalade, Laddie."

The little fire on the beach glowed like a red eye as the darkness came down. Lad and his mother broiled the bacon, ate it between their slices of bread and butter, and talked of a thousand things, but Elise did not speak of Janney's letter.

Two men, lurking in the wood, saw the red eye of the fire. "That's the boy with her," one of the men said. "Tyson's not there . . . it's just the boy."

The other man gripped him. "He's coming now—Tyson."

Barney was swinging along, with old Max behind him. He had walked through the open fields, skirting the woods, and was thus in plain sight for some distance.

"If the dog gets wind of us," one of the men whispered, "we'll have to beat it."

They saw old Max's head go up, then he came racing towards the wood. The two men made for the highway, where a small car was parked, and climbed in as Barney's clear whistle called the dog back.

"Two of Sils' henchmen," Barney said to Elise as he joined her.

And Lad demanded, "What's a henchman, Barney?"

"Gentlemen who obey orders."

Lad's tone was relieved. "Oh, well, if they were gentlemen . . . He gathered up the remains of the supper, and fed them to old Max, then the two of them went down to the water's edge.

Elise said, then: "Were those men watching me?"

"I'm afraid they were."

"Is it as bad as that?"

Barney spoke with vehemence: "It is very bad. I've got to do something about it. I won't have you frightened."

"I—Barney, let's go up to the house. I want to talk to you."

She called Lad, and led the way. "Time for bed," she told the boy, as they came into the sitting-room. "Uncle Barney will excuse us."

When she returned, she was dressed in the thin white which so became her. Her hair, dried by the warm winds, burned like a flame as she sat where the light of the lamp shone on her.

"Barney," she said, "I've had my sign."

"What do you mean?"

She opened a book and took out Jan's letter. "Read it."

When he had finished, he said, quietly, "Why call it a sign?"

"Araminta won't marry him. She's yours for the asking."

"I shall never ask her. Do you see what he says there? That he could have had her? That she's giving him up now because her pride was hurt . . . He doesn't say that she has ceased to love him . . . only that he has hurt her pride."

"She has never loved him, Barney."

"How do you know . . . ?"

"Because I—married his brother."



The room was very still. "His brother?"

"Yes. I've never told you all my story—I want to tell it now."

It was not easy to speak of those hard years of disillusionment, of her own failures as well as those of her husband. . . . "I was to blame in many ways. We were utterly unsuited, and I should have recognised it, and have gone back to the stage. That was where he wanted me, and I could have been a good mother to Lad, if less of a wife to Bob. Yet—the end was inevitable. Bob would, as I faded, have sought youth and beauty. And after I learned it was not love I had given him, but response to his high, romantic fervor, I could not go on. Love is a thing for everyday wear as well as for the high moments. And that is what I meant when I said Araminta had never loved Janney. She loved his wooing, but found him a will-o'-the-wisp. As I found Bob. Such men do not hold women."

It was very late when she finished her story.

"My dear," Barney said, "all this makes no difference."

"You mean, you still want to marry me?"

"Yes."

She got up, and stood facing him, her hand on his shoulder. "Barney, I want the whole truth—on your honor."

"You shall have it."

"Do you love me—as you love Araminta?"

A great silence settled on the room. Then Barney said, uncertainly, "You shouldn't have asked it."

"I know . . . but I had to. And you have given your answer. And it's all right and you've been wonderful . . ."

She moved away from him. "I'm glad you didn't lie about it . . . it would have been dreadful to marry a man without having his whole heart. Perhaps I am never to know love as I want it. Perhaps that is what will send me back to the stage."

"You are going back?"

"You see what Jan says? He may be right, who knows?"

A lovely woman, Barney thought, as he looked at her in her white dress, with the flame of her hair flickering under the lamp. Lovely in mind as well as in body. Lovely, too, in spirit. And she loved him. It was in her voice, in that touch of her hand on his shoulder, her wistful glance—yet she had the strength to put him away.

And she was right. Deep in his heart he knew it, knew that never could she displace the memory of the night under the moon, when Araminta had come to his arms.

He made a further plea, however. "I can't think of your going on like this."

"I'm not afraid."

"Why not come up to Tyson House for a time?"

"Tongues would wag more than ever."

"But it isn't safe for you to live alone. Taylor Pierce spoke of it today. He wants you to stay with him and Helen."

"They are darlings . . . but I shall be happier here."

He took both of her hands in his. "It isn't good-bye, is it? What you can't give me in love, you must give me in friendship. I should feel poor without it."

"Would you?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll be friends—forever—"

She tried to laugh, and broke down on it.

"Elise . . ."

"Run along, Barney, I'll be all right."

CHAPTER 46

BARNEY opened the door and met the whiteness of the moonlit night. The trees of the little wood stood out sharply, like sable sentinels. There was no sound, and the very stillness seemed to Barney oppressive. "Look here," he said. "I'm going to leave Max with you. Who knows but those men may still be about?"

She protested, but he would not listen. Old Max, with ears up, received his orders, and with a gusty sigh lay down again on the hearth-rug.

"If he's in the house no one can harm you," Barney said, "and you can get in touch with Hathi at any moment. He sleeps with one ear open for the phone."

He heard her lock the door as he left her, but he was still shaken by his fears.

He struck across the field, following the path by the fence. Bushes lined it, where the birds nested, and the fence was a rail one. Barney loved the rail fences with their tangle of vines. There was the perfume now of honeysuckle—the old-fashioned fragrance of little yellow roses—the spicy sweetness of cedar and pine.

The white moon, the fragrance—Araminta—an inevitable sequence.

And so, Elise was pushed back from the place she had held in his thoughts—as Barney walked with Araminta under the white moon!

Two dark watchers in the wood saw him stop to pick a rose, and one of them said, "He's left the dog."

In another moment they were after him, scuttling through the underbrush, stooping low behind the bushes—honeysuckle, wild rose, cedar and pine. Young birds safe against war, downy breasts cheeped faintly as the black shadows passed.

They knew what they wanted to

do, those two dark watchers—no shooting, with a chance of the gun being found! Just a knock on the head and young Galahad would be out of Silla's way—forever.

Elise, thinking it over afterwards, wondered what premonition had sent her to the window to watch Barney as he went away. She had looked at the door, turned out the light, and standing there in the darkness had looked forth to see him striding across the lawn towards open country.

He wore no hat, and the black of his dinner clothes seemed to intensify his height. He seemed, indeed, supernaturally tall in the moonlight—his long shadow aslant the whitened grass.

When he reached the fields, he took the path by the fence, and once Elise saw him stop and bend down towards a bush, then move on lightly and rapidly, his shoulders squared, his hands in his pockets.

Her heart ran after him, "Barney," she whispered, "Barney . . ."

The words ended in a frightened gasp, for on the shining space back of that moving figure two shadows had suddenly appeared, slanting alongside Barney's shadow, all three of them as black and hard as enamel against the ivory of the night.

Two men . . . The ones who had watched in the wood!

She gave a sharp cry, and at once there was a movement behind her; the rattling scratch of nails on the bricks of the fireplace as old Max lumbered to his feet.

She faced him, trembling, "Max," she said quickly, "Max . . ."

His eyes shone, luminous, in the darkness. Elise crossed the room in a rush, threw open the door, "Run, Max, run," she commanded, "get those men—get them."

The big dog needed no further orders as he hurled himself from the porch. Elise saw the rise and fall of his great body, making short cuts, clearing fences, on and on, his deep voice raised in a bell-like baying that clanged against the silence of the night.

Barney heard and turned, and as he turned, the two men struck him down!

For a moment, Elise stood petrified, then she began to run, her long dress lifted, her high heels holding her back. "Women are idiots," she heard herself saying, "to wear such shoes."

She stumbled and fell, picked herself up and ran on. Back of her Lad was in the house alone and sound asleep. It might, she thought, have been wiser to wake him—to have called for help before she ran—but she had had but one idea—to get to Barney—to hold him close—to keep death away—to save him.

She was aware after a little that the slayers had escaped the dog; there was the snorting of their cheap car as it started; Max's wild barking as he leaped after them; a sudden shot, a pitiful yelp of pain, and silence.

Elise felt that she couldn't stand it—to have Max killed, and Barney. Wasn't there some power strong enough to stop such things, envy and hate, and cruelty and murder?

But old Max was not killed. The shot had grazed his flank, but had done no further damage. He whined as Elise came flying up like a white moth in the moonlight. He had dropped down beside his master, licking the pale face and hands.

There was a great gash in Barney's head, with the blood streaming. He was unconscious, but he moved and groaned as Elise touched

him. "Dear boy, dear boy," she said, brokenly, but there was no response. She looked about her for help and saw only the emptiness of the illumined night. Her little handkerchief was in her hand stained by Barney's blood—her initials were on it, finely embroidered. She knotted it in the big dog's collar. "Home, Max," she said, with sobbing breath, "home, old fellow."

He was off like a shot. Elise tore at the flounces of her white dress and bandaged Barney's wound, then sat with his head in her lap. She dared not leave him even to go to the house. Something might happen. She couldn't let him die alone—face, perhaps, some further danger.

It was thus that Oliver King, riding along the highway a few moments later, found her, her white dress a highlight under the moon. He stopped his car and jumped out, "Good God," he said, as he came up, "what happened?"

"Two men struck him . . ."

"You were here?"

"No; I saw it from the window."

"Would you know the men if you saw them?"

"No."

Oliver seemed to breathe more freely. He knelt down and examined Barney. "Concussion, I should say," he straightened up, "Better not move him. I'll go for a doctor."

He started away, hesitated, and turned back, "Not so good; your being found with him."

"Why not?"

"People will talk . . . you know that."

"Sure you wouldn't recognise those men?"

"No. They were too far away."

As Oliver went off, Elise looked after him, Barney's enemy, ready to spread the news of what he had seen! Oh, how blind she had been—she who wished the best for Barney—not to see where their friendship was tending—not to know how the world would look at it.

Barney's lips were moving—she leaned down to him, "Minta . . ."

CHAPTER 47

UNCLE TAD arriving before Oliver and the doctor, found Barney still unconscious and Elise, her face drained of all color, holding him. "My dear, my dear," he said.

She looked up at him, "It was all my fault. I—should have gone away."

"How did it happen?"

She told him.

"Old Max raised the echoes and brought us—"

Uncle Tad took the bow and cloth which Hathi handed him and bathed Barney's face. "We'll wait for the doctor before we do anything. King ought to be back by this time."

"Uncle Tad, I don't want to be here when the doctor comes."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Oliver King—said things."

"He would—but you must not worry—"

"How can I help it?"

When Barney opened his eyes there were only the three about him. "I thought," he said, drowsily, "I heard—Elise—"

Then he went to sleep again. The next morning he demanded the truth of Uncle Tad.

When he had heard, he said, "They were Silla's men, of course."

"Yes, and the worst of it is, we can't go after them."

"Why not?"

"Because Elise was with you when you were found—and they're talking about it."

"Who is talking?"

"Oliver King. He got there before we did, and he is spreading the gossip. Under the circumstances, it will be wiser to let the whole thing drop."

"Where is Elise?"

"With Taylor and Helen. I insisted she must go there. It isn't safe at Sylvan Park, and she wouldn't come to us . . ."

"I want to see her."

"Not to-day, dear boy, to-morrow."

So the next day Elise came. She stood by the bed and said, "I'm sorry."

"I shall be all right in a few days."

"I don't mean that. I'm sorry I ever let you come to Sylvan Park, Barney. But I didn't dream—"

"Dear child, why bother your head about it?"

"If it wasn't for me, you would be bringing those men to justice."

"I don't want your name dragged into it."

"They'll say you're afraid."

"Let 'em say it . . ." He smiled and changed the subject, "Are you liking it with Helen and Taylor?"

"Very much, and Lad loves it."

As a matter of fact, Lad not only loved it, he adored it—he adored the pigs and the pussy cats and the pheasants, the lambs, the ducks and the dogs—the sweet hay and the warm milk.

"How long have you lived here?" he asked Taylor, as one morning they went the rounds together.

"Always."

"All your life?"

"Yes. And my father lived here, and my grandfather, and his father and his grandfather . . ."

"And you've never lived anywhere else?"

"No."

"Gee," Lad stuck his hands in his pockets. "I've lived in 10 houses, and some of them weren't houses, they were apartments and boarding places. We never really had a house until we came to Sylvan Park. It must be nice to know that your grandfathers and grandmothers walked around here and saw the same things."

"Yes," said Taylor, "and it will be nice for my children to think that their father loved every inch of this ground, and was glad he had it to pass on to them."

"My father," said Lad, "didn't feel like that. He just sailed away and left mother to look after me."

"Perhaps he'll come back."

"No," said Lad, "he won't. Mother and I don't want him. We've talked about it, and she says he is happier where he is, and that if he is happier we shouldn't try to get him to come back. I'm sorry, because I'd like to have a father. But mother says we can always have what we want so we'll have to make the best of it."

"She had taught him well," Taylor told Helen later. "He is shedding no tears over the fact that he hasn't a father, and he doesn't blame him. It is just one of those things."

"Elise is getting her divorce. Taylor, I wonder if she expects to marry Barney?"

"She may."

Helen sighed, it was a night for sighing, with the soft rain pattering on the roof, and a little wind whis-

pering through the house. "I wanted Barney for Minta," she said, "he's the only man who would make her happy."

"Don't worry. Life will work things out for her, Cricket."

"Do you really believe that Taylor?"

"I know it . . ."

She was comforted. After all, life did work things out—it had worked things out for the many generations who had lived under this roof. It was working things out for her and Taylor. She could never quite get over the wonder of the days they spent together. She was sorry for Elise, sorry for Minta, sorry for all women who had not achieved their heart's desire.

The rainy night which had brought its moment of wistfulness to Helen had closed about Araminta in a black wall of depression. Barney's accident was much on her mind. She had asked constantly for news of him, and had not found it comforting. "The doctor says he must stay in bed. And Barney hates it," Leontine told her.

"Did you see him, Leo?"

"Yes."

"How does he look?"

"Stunning. They had let him sit up for a little while, and had dressed him in a lounging robe of green brocade. I told him to wear it the night of his speech."

"Leo . . ."

"Darling—every woman in the crowd would fall for him."

"But—Leo, he can't go to the rally."

"He says he will! That it is his party, and that if they try to stop him it will be over his dead body."

Araminta's eyes were shadowed. She rose and moved about her room restlessly. The wind moaned and murmured. "What a night . . ."

"And I'm going out in it."

Araminta glanced at the clock. "As late as this?"

"There's a dance at the Country Club—they won't get going until nearly midnight. Anne Hampton is coming for me—with two men."

"New ones?"

"One of them—an Englishman—Leslie Hall. Let's hope he will be exciting. I'm fed up on bores."

"Meaning—Oliver?"

"I've told him what I think of him. He is simply impossible—saying the things he has about Elise and Barney. I may be hard up for men, but I'm not so hard up that I have to marry a cad and a cheat."

"Leo . . ."

"He is all that isn't he?"

"Yes—but how did he take it?"

"Roared like a lion. Said I had let him down and everything. Perhaps I have, but I didn't know his—cheapsack. And now that I do know, I'm done with him . . ."

"Leo—you're splendid."

"Oh no, I'm not, my dear. I am as human as they make 'em. But I have my moments."

In the short silence that followed, the rain splashed against the window, the thunder rolled—the lightning showed the spectral branches of the trees. "Life's not so good sometimes, is it, Leo?"

"I'll say it's not. Oh, well, on a night like this—the world is cold and dark and dreary . . ." Long-fellow knew his lines . . . Leontine turned from the window and laughed shakily. "Cheer up, darling. It won't be like this—forever."

"Let us hope . . . I wish you weren't going out."

"Darling, I've got to dress,

They'll be here before I know it."
"Let me see you when you're ready."

CHAPTER 48

ARAMINTA was in bed when her sister came back. Leontine turned on the lights. "Like me?" she asked.

She wore something copper-colored and black which gave her the look of a sleek and shining leopardess.

"Too sophisticated, Leo."

"That's my atmosphere—sophistication."

"It isn't. You're not as worldly-wise as you like to think."

"Aren't I?"

"No. All during my illness you've been—sweet."

"Have I?" Leontine was beside the bed looking down.

"Yes. You know what I want to see you wear? There's that white chiffon of yours—with a blue sash."

"I haven't a blue sash, Baby."

"I have—and a blue ribbon to tie up your hair, like a Romney picture—and a pink rose..."

"Help..."

"Leo, you'd be lovely. You're like that, really."

"Like what?"

"Oh, all white and blue and pink—rose inside..."

"Silly..."

They laughed, and in the end Araminta had her way.

It was an exciting game—making Leontine over. But she justified the effort when she was finished—slim and tall in her delicate white, the blue sash marking the short waist, the pink of the roses matching the pink of her cheeks, an azure ribbon banding her bronze curls, Leontine was breath-taking, and the new young Englishman coming in with Anne Hampton out of the rain-swept night, saw her descending the stairs, and lost his heart to her.

"You belong," he told her later.

"Where we English like to put our women—against backgrounds of gardens—let's play that you've been walking in my garden and that I've picked that rose for your belt."

Leontine found the game delightful, but she played it honestly. "I'm really not as artless as I look."

"You think you're not. All women like to believe themselves much more subtle than they are. But I've put you in my garden, and you can't get out again..." he made a little bow. "Madame, will you walk and talk with me..."

It was all very delightful. And when he brought her home, he asked, "shall we play some more?" and she said "Yes," and ran up the stairs, her cheeks flaming.

She found Araminta wide awake and reading.

"My child, why aren't you asleep?"

"Elise has been here."

"Elise—?"

"Yes, Taylor drove her over. They are all stirred up about Barney. They feel that he must not make a speech at the rally. And he won't listen. Elise thought I might make him."

"Listen?"

"Yes."

Leontine was doubtful. "I'm not so sure. It's hard to stop Barney when he's got the bit in his teeth. But you can do it if anyone can."

"I have promised I'd try..."

Araminta broke off to stare at her sister, all flushed and flaming.

"Leontine, you're lovely."

"Am I? The new man liked me."

"Did he? Was it the dress?"

"The dress and the rose and the ribbon in my hair. He played he had picked the rose in the garden..."

"And he's coming again."

A new Leontine! Blushing!

Elise sitting at Araminta's bedside had seemed a somewhat tragic figure. She had worn a thin black dinner dress, and her arms and neck had been wreathlike against the shadows of the room.

She had told the whole story. What people were saying. What Oliver King had said. Taylor's and Uncle Tad's feeling that Barney would meet defeat if he took part in the rally. "He is in no condition to face what he may meet—but nothing will make him see it."

"I am blaming myself a lot," she supplemented, "but regrets won't help him now. Only I want you to know that there isn't anything between Barney and me. He told me."

Araminta lay very still. "He—told you..."

"Yes. That there's never been anyone else for him, Minta, but you. And that's why I've come. I ask you to make him stay away from that meeting."

"But how can I?"

"Tell him you love him so much that you'll die if he does it..."

Elise's voice was sharp with feeling.

"But—how can a woman say a thing like that?"

"I could—if he cared..."

In the silence that followed they heard the drip, drip of the rain. Then Araminta said, "Elise, you're wonderful."

"No, only trying to repair the wrong I've done him."

"It was as much his fault as yours."

"No. I am older and wiser, and I know the world..."

"The world that can crush your Barney."

Araminta, entering Barney's room the next morning, brought a nosegay picked in her garden. She handed it to him and thus removed all stiffness from their meeting.

"To, darling..."

He smiled at her. "Who let you out? I thought you were still an invalid."

"I had to come and look at you. Leo said you were stunning in your green gown."

"Am I?"

"Yes. I picked the pink roses to set you off, and to match me..."

He surveyed her with appreciation. The day was warm, and her pink frock had tiny puffed sleeves trimmed with little frills of lace, there were lace rosettes at her belt, and her wide thin hat was like her frock in color and had a wide pink ribbon. "You match everything," he said, "that's charming."

She made a slight curtsy, and spoke with caution. "Do you dare ask the nurse to go away?"

He looked across the room to where the white linen lady sat reading by a far window. "Miss Andrews," he said, "you might have Hashi take you to the town library and get those books for me..."

Miss Williams will keep me company for a bit."

The nurse having high intelligence accepted her dismissal without comment. She even smiled at the rose-pink Minta as she passed her.

"Well?" Barney said, when she

was gone.

"It's nice to be here," Minta said.

She took off her hat, and dropped into a low chair beside him. "It's where—" she said, with engaging casuistry, "I should be—always."

Barney stared at her. "Always—?"

She had thought it best to start it that way, casually, but his air of amazement made her heart pound.

At last she managed to stammer, "Oh, Barney, I've been such a little fool."

He laid aside the nosegay and put his hand on her shoulder. "Why did you come?" he said with a touch of sternness.

"To—to ask you to take me back, Barney."

"I have never put you away. You did it yourself, Minta."

"I know. And when you were hurt, I thought I should die."

He drew her to him. "Was it just because I was hurt?"

"It was because—you are you, Barney."

His eyes swept her flushed and earnest face for a moment, then he lifted her in his arms, held her very close, so that she lay against his breast. There were no words to be said, but he felt the timid touch of her hand against his cheek and bent down to her.

CHAPTER 49.

WHEN the nurse came back Minta was sitting once more sedately in the low chair. Her hat was on. She had looked in the mirror and had observed the riotous state of her bright locks.

"See what you did to me, Barney."

"Come here and I'll do it again."

But she kept her distance. And Miss Andrews bringing a vase for the nosegay remarked, "I really think our patient should be having a rest..."

Araminta rose. "Of course," she said, from under the big hat, "I'll come again—to-morrow."

"To-morrow," Barney echoed, "early."

When she came, he was in the garden, Hashi in attendance. "I'm giving Miss Andrews a morning off. She's gone to town on an errand."

Araminta, miraculously lovely in pale blue, had brought Barney a white rose. Hashi was there when she presented it, so Barney held it in his hand. Then he sent Hashi for orange juice and kissed Araminta. "This is just an interlude—when he comes back, I'll give him a nod and he'll go."

"He's easier than the nurse," said Araminta.

"Much easier..."

Hashi came and went, and at last they were alone. "There's room," Barney stated, "on this seat for two."

It was a wide, high-backed seat of woven reed. Back of it was a higher ledge of cypress. Araminta fitted herself into the curve of Barney's arm and sighed with content. "It's heavenly, darling."

"Yes," he said, "... then after a thrilling moment, 'How much time we've lost...'"

"A year—"

"A thousand years..."

It was some time before they came back to a world of reality, and it was then that Barney spoke of Elise. "You've heard what's being said?"

"Yes."

"You know it isn't true?"

"Yes."

"Some day, I'll tell you about it."

"Why bother to tell me anything?"

His jaw was set. "They thought they'd keep me away from the rally. But they won't."

She turned a little in his arms and looked up at him. "Barney, don't go."

"My dear, I must..."

"Why must you? If anything happened to you, I should—die."

"Nothing will happen..."

"But everybody is saying that it is dangerous—that the crowd may turn on you..."

"Let them. I can stand it..."

he stopped, and looking up, she saw that his face was stern. "It may mean defeat for me, Minta. It may mean that I'll come out of it all with a smirched reputation. But I won't be the first man who has suffered because of his convictions. And I'm going through with it."

She cried a little on his shoulder, but she could not move him. "My dear, I feel like a brute to hurt you. But this thing is fundamental—if I refuse to go on—I shall hate myself."

When at last she left him she knew that she had failed in the thing that had sent her to him. She would have to tell Taylor and Elise.

She would see them all to-morrow morning. Taylor would come for her and take her back to Helen's for luncheon. Elise would be there. And there would be at least this to tell Elise—that she was going to marry Barney.

Nothing could take from her the joy of that thought. Barney had talked a lot about it before they had come back to that dreadful world of gossip and fear. "When all this is over," Barney had said, "we'll sail away on Uncle Tad's yacht—together."

That should, Araminta felt, be enough for her—she thought of her future with Barney. She set herself strongly to forget her fears—things would be all right. They must be. She had been silly to let other people scare her.

At dinner Nicky read the evening paper, and uttered an exclamation of disgust. "Here's a whole page about Barney and Elise. They've hunted up her stage history. And hinted things. Nothing out in the open. Just insinuations."

When Nicky had finished it, Araminta read the article carefully. No, nothing was said really, but the whole thing was damning to Barney's reputation. Lies, lies, all of it, yet so subtly put that it seemed the truth.

She went to bed early and was reading when Cissy came up with a note. "Hashi brought it, Miss Minta, and th' ain't no answer."

"Thank you, Cissy," Araminta was sitting the envelope with a little silver navy sword. Barney had given it to her long ago, and, following an old superstition, she had paid him a penny for it.

Cissy went down, and Araminta read her letter. It was not long but it said a great deal. It said that Barney had no right to marry any woman while this cloud hung over him. And more than anyone else, he had no right to marry Minta. She was too young and untried to understand what it would mean to marry a man who could

not clear himself of the charges brought against him.

"But I love you, and if I win—I'll come to you. I can't tell you how dear you were yesterday, and the day before. You were smiling with youth and innocence, and that's why I will not let you be tarred with the brush that is blackening me."

She told herself miserably that she had deserved it. What had she ever done that he should think of her as a woman of steadfast purpose? Even yesterday she had gone to him in her pink hat and pink dress and had acted out a pretty play with him. She had given him a nosegay and made him a bow, like the maid in the garden. But she hadn't let him see the real Araminta. The one who was ready to fight for him, to face hardship—to face anything. "Oh," she told herself, passionately, "I should have gone to him—on my knees."

Once more she wandered in the deep wood. But it was not Jan she sought. Nor was it Barney. It was the little girl who had been lost—that other self who had, somehow, strayed from the path and been swallowed up by darkness. If only that little girl might find the way, set her feet again in the path—come to some milestone. . . .

What milestone. . . .

As she rode the next day with Taylor in his car, he asked at once, "What luck with Barney?"

"He wouldn't listen."

She said it again to Helen and Elise. "His mind is made up, nothing can move him."

Taylor spoke of the article. "It's a rotten deal. Oliver King is at the bottom of it. He hates Barney."

"He hates us all," Araminta said. "Leo told him what she thought of him."

Elise talked very little at luncheon. But afterwards she took Araminta aside. "Do I dare ask questions?"

"Yes."

"What happened?"

Araminta told her. "Everything was all right until he read the paper."

"Yet marriage with you would save him. Everybody about here knows you. Loves you. If he married you they'd forget the gossip."

CHAPTER 50

THEY talked at length about it, but there seemed no way out. At last Elise left with Lad for Sylvan Park. She was, she said, packing her trunks. Sylvan Park as a dwelling place was no longer possible.

"Where will you go?" Araminta asked her.

"I'm not sure."

And Helen, who had joined them, interposed. "She can stay here if she will—forever."

Left to themselves, Helen and Araminta sat and sewed. They talked a little, but not of Barney. Some intuition told Helen this was not the time. Once she said, observing the whiteness of her sister's countenance, "Don't tire yourself, darling."

"I'm not tired. And the little things are lovely." Araminta lifted one wee garment after another from the basket at her side. "Almost enough of them." She waited a moment. "Are you never—afraid, Helen?"

"Sometimes. But when I am, I just think of how much Taylor loves me, and what we mean to each

other. It sounds old-fashioned to say it, Minta. But love casts out fear."

She got up suddenly. "Work enough for one day, darling." She bent and kissed Helen. "You are a beautiful, wise person, and Taylor is a lucky fellow."

She ran down the stairs and out of the door. "Taylor," she said, when he brought his car around, "I wish you'd drop me at the Bishop's."

There was a radiance about her that was dazzling. Taylor remarked, "You look as if you'd found a million dollars."

She laughed. "I have found something better than money, and Helen gave it to me."

Which was cryptic! But she wouldn't explain.

Taylor went back to his wife.

"What did you give her?"

"Nothing."

He told her what Minta had said. Helen was puzzled. "We really talked very little," she said, "I don't see what she meant by it."

On the night of the great rally, Tyson House took on the look of an ancient English estate. Supper was served at sunset under the trees. White-jacketed men came and went, bearing loaded trays, and set forth on long tables were great platters of cold fowl and sliced meats, mountains of bread, bowls of salad, huge cheeses and crisp crackers, coffee



steaming in shining urns, lemonade in frosted pitchers—and, at the last, pies, in a dozen assortments, rich cakes, ice-cream of all flavors.

"Feed 'em first," Taylor had advised, "there's nothing like good food to put men in a melting mood."

Barney moved among the people, tall and pale, with hair clipped close and a strip of plaster on his temple. He was informally clad in white flannels and the eyes of the crowd followed him and approved his looks. There was something about him so clean and boyish, so unself-conscious, and with it all an air of distinction that set him apart from the men about him.

Yet—and these were the things the crowd was saying, even while it ate the food he had provided—Barney Tyson wasn't all that he seemed to be. Sills and Oliver King had vouched for it. There was, for example, that story of the girl at Sylvan Park—and not a girl at that—a married woman!

Sills did not come to supper. "I'll not break bread with him," he had bragged, "but I'll tell him what I think on the platform. He's given me a chance and I'll take it."

With all his assumptions of superiority, however, Sills was aware that physically the contrast between himself and Barney was painful. He carried more weight than was becoming, and while his best clothes were speck and span and expensive, he was not at ease in them. He lacked, indeed, every quality of appeal to the populace, except a certain crude strength and rude eloquence. He won men by arguments and held them by insistence.

"If looks count for anything," Mr. Barney's wife was saying. "Mr. Barney's got Sills beaten." It was not, of course, looks which

should count. Sills had emphasised that at previous meetings. "You women will fall for a straight nose any time, but a man had better have a crooked nose than crooked morals."

As dark came on, the lanterns among the trees glowed like harvest moons. A speakers' stand had been erected, with seats at the back for honored guests. The crowd was aware of a Governor, a Congressman or two, a Senator, of Uncle Tad. Nicky was there and Mary, Helen and Taylor, Iris and Anne Hampton. Leonline did not come until late. She had lingered in the garden with Leslie Hall. They were always lingering now in gardens—together.

In front of the stand long rows of folding chairs had been placed, and gradually the crowd filled them. Those for whom there were no seats stood behind the others—and back of all were the great trees and deep darkness. The speakers' stand was a white square of light which came from lamps overhead. The women picking out faces from among the guests on the stand said, one to another, "There's Araminta Williams." And those who had not seen her before, spoke, with some disappointment, "That pale little thing? Not much for looks, is she?"

Araminta had her immediate defenders. "It's that wrap she's wearing. It doesn't become her."

It was a black wrap, much too old and staid. In spite of the warmth of the night, it covered Araminta from neck to ankles. "She's been sick," one of the women said, "that's the reason for it."

But it was not the reason. And the Bishop knew it!

For the Bishop was there beside Araminta. Most amazingly there! He rarely lent his presence to such occasions. But here, he felt, was a moral issue, and besides there had been Araminta's urging.

She had talked it over with him the day she had driven to his home with "Leo."

"So that's that," was the way in which she had concluded her recital, "but it isn't the end of it."

"What is the end?"

And she told him.

"It will take some courage," he had said to her.

"Yes, but if love is worth anything, it fights through—that's the splendid part of it."

The Bishop had not known the splendour of love. But he had had faith to carry on, and in the end his Bo-peep had crept into his arms. "You've been such a darling—dearest—"

And that had been his reward.

"Love," he said now to Araminta, "is not mad and unreasoning passion. It is not mere romantic fervor. It seeks rather the high hills of devotion. It is human and divine. But there must be something of the divine, my dear, or it is futile."

"I know," she thought of Jan—thrilling and ecstatic, yet asking nothing, promising nothing—words, words. . . .

A saint in a niche—a goddess on a pedestal—oh, she wanted none of that. The thing she wanted was to be all loving woman—daring everything when her man was in danger.

She had said something of the kind to the Bishop. "You'll come, won't you?" And the Bishop had promised.

So there he sat while Barney made an address of welcome. It was short and to the point. The big speeches were to be heard later. "We're here

to thrash it out," Barney told the crowd, "and you are here to give the verdict. It's like the arena in the days of Rome—thumbs down to the defeated. The responsibility will be yours; we must each state the case as we see it."

When he finished, they applauded him to the echo. Then Taylor took the chair and introduced the Governor, and the Governor spoke, and a Senator—but their talks were merely a taste of the feast to follow. What the crowd was waiting for was the contest between Sills and Barney. Both of them had ready tongues. It would be a battle royal. There was a movement of eagerness as Barney rose to his feet.

CHAPTER 51

BARNEY had chosen to be the first speaker. Sills would answer, and then would come the summing-up of Sills's arguments. "I can make them see my side," Barney had said. "I know I can make them see it—I have enough faith in them to believe it."

"You and your faith," Taylor had groaned.

So, bareheaded and slender in his white, Barney now stood before them. There was, perhaps, a touch of awe in the souls of some of the simple folk who looked up at him. But when he began to speak, the awe vanished, for he spoke their language—told a good story or two, flung a light challenge to Sills, and came then to the matter in hand.

The times were, he reminded them, troubled. Darkness reigned, deprivation stalked. There had been many remedies suggested. Wise men had put their heads together. There had been commissions appointed, community efforts, government and state aid. Well, all of these things were good, but there was something better. Nothing would pull men out of the mire but a sense of individual responsibility. The sense that all these things are your affair and mine, not the affair of State or Federal Governments, of bankers and men of large means. There will be no real progress until each man comes to the realization of the importance of his vote. A city, a State, or a country, he assured them, was honest if its voters were honest. You could not get beyond that. It all had to begin at the bottom, not at the top. It was the fashion to criticize Presidents, Congress, legislatures, but these high officials were no better than the people they represented. High demands must be made on them by a high-minded people. "You who sit before me have a right to demand the best, and get it. And I ask that you give me a hearing, and earnest consideration only because my heart is set on helping. Not that behind me is any great record of political experience, but because I am willing to give a long pull and a strong pull with you to make things better."

The Bishop, listening, decided that Barney had the quality of sincerity which sways men level with their leaders. The thing that he put into his speaking was the thing that Lincoln had put there and Roosevelt, Aristocrat though he might be by birth and breeding, he was one with humanity. And these people knew it.

Gradually the audience was lighted by his flame. Their silence broke now and then into cheers. Elise, standing far back in the darkness,

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drew a quick breath. "He's getting them in hand."

She had said she would not come to the meeting, and the others had agreed with her. "One can never tell the mood of the mob," Taylor had said, "and with all the lies they've told about you—!"

Yet, when the night came, she had been unable to stay away. No one, she argued, would know her, if she stood far back. And she had felt that she must see Barney. Must know his fate. Must fill her soul's eyes with the vision of that young figure—that she might carry it with her to the end.

The distinguished guests who sat on the platform wondered, as Barney went on, what Sils could say to match this almost inspired eloquence—the youthful fire—the high idealism. He was swaying his hearers, there was no doubt about it—and when he sat down the applause was deafening. They clapped and clapped until Sils rose and stood before them, and even then there were those who still cheered for Barney.

Sils held his hand up. "If you'll listen—perhaps you will find that there are a few things which my opponent has left for me to say to you—" He was unctuous, ingratiating. And when he began to talk, even the distinguished guests had to admit that there was something compelling about him. He drove his argument home with a battering-ram. He even made a joke or two about his appearance. "I'm no moving-picture hero. But neither am I a hypocrite."

It became apparent as he proceeded that he was using that word "hypocrite" with increasing emphasis. They knew him, he told the listeners, for what he was—hard-headed, "hard-boiled" if they cared to put it that way. "I am ready to grab at all I can get for you. I say 'grab' because I mean it. What you need I want you to have. I won't let it be taken from you. Others are grabbing. If they get it all what will be left for you? We might as well face facts. You've been cheated and fooled by fair words. Why trust practical affairs to the dreamers?"

All that he said was most adroitly put. He accused Barney of nothing, but subtly and definitely he made a case against him. The crowd, released away from the spell of Barney's personality, asked itself if Sils might not have something on his side. Again they heard that word "hypocrite." "Say what you will against me, I'm not two-faced. The worst things we have to deal with in these days are the men who act one way and think another. . . . I stand squarely on my feet, and I ask you to stand with me. . . ."

He sat down amid gratifying applause, then Barney rose and swung lightly towards the front of the platform.

Before he could utter a word, however, there came surging forth from the darkness a low and sinister chant—which gained in volume as the song went on.

"Sylvan Park.

After dark . . .

After dark . . .

Sylvan Park. . . ."

That was all—just four words in ceaseless iteration, but the effect was like the beat of tom-toms in a jungle, or of a bale-fire from a cliff—menacing, inflaming the imaginations of the crowd, sweeping them back to all the gossip, sweeping them away from Barney!

He stood smiling down at them, pale but unafraid, his eyes gleaming in his white face. He waited for silence, but it did not come. The chant grew louder, swelled to a hoarse shouting. At last some of those seated in the audience began to sing—!

Taylor groaned, "He's done for, if he can't stop it—" then broke off with a startled gasp.

For Araminta, flinging off her wrap had risen from her place beside the Bishop, and had sped forward until she stood in front of Barney, facing the staring crowd.

She held up her hand, "Please listen," she said, "and stop singing that silly song."

There was a gasp. Then dead silence.

CHAPTER 52.

THEY all knew Araminta. She had grown up among them. They had seen her in gingham rompers—in bathing suits and riding clothes, in tennis skirts and shorts, and later in frills and frouces.

But they had never seen her quite like this!

For she had dressed for her part—in white that was silvery and shining—her neck and arms were bare, her bright hair ruffled; standing there before them she was like a radiant figure, fresh from the skies!

"Listen," she said again, and her voice was the voice of the maid in the garden which had held spell-bound vast audiences in a great city. "Listen . . . ! There are a lot of women in this gathering, and not one of us has been asked to speak. It's like the Boston Tea Party, or the days before Women's Suffrage. But now we have a vote and we want to know how to use it. We want to know which of these men will best serve your interests if we nominate him. The one who is nominated will be elected. Make no mistake about that. And what I am here to tell you is that—that the question we have before us is a question of our homes and fire-sides. It's a question of our children—of this generation and the next, and the next beyond. It is a question of cleanness and honesty of administration, it's a question of the history and the ability of these candidates to carry on for us in a way that will make us proud of our penetration in choosing them. . . ."

"My candidate," her vivid face was lighted, "my candidate is Mr. Barney Tyson. I nominate him because he has nothing to gain in this fight except his belief in decency. He doesn't need the money, he doesn't need the patronage, he doesn't need anything except your loyalty, your confidence, your co-operation."

"And he's not a hypocrite—" the scorn in her voice shook their souls. "He's not a hypocrite. A perfectly fine and straightforward friendship has been distorted into something shameful and untrue, and all those men out there know it is untrue. . . . Her bright head was up, her eyes blazing. "And you know it, and I know it. And we have something better to do than listen to village gossip."

As she paused to get the full dramatic effect of her appeal, she was aware of their tense and interested attention. Their lifted faces had a

new light on them—a sort of smiling acceptance of her championship of her hero.

Araminta Williams . . . ! She would, of course. Hadn't she known and adored Barney since baby-hood?

She leaned forward and with a charming gesture seemed to sweep them all into her confidence. "Barney wouldn't have let me say all this, if he had known I was going to do it. He didn't even know I was going to make a speech. But here I am, and now that I'm here I don't think Barney will mind if I tell you. . . . You are all old friends, old neighbors. . . . We are going to be married, Barney and I. . . . and we hope you'll wish us happiness."

She said more than that, but nobody heard her, for the crowd went wild. It cheered and cheered as she stood there flushed and triumphant. Barney had stepped to her side and there were shouts of "Tyson, Tyson," then silence as he began to speak.

He said, "You know Araminta—" then stopped and stood looking out at them and smiling. There was a great shout of laughter. . . . ! Yes, they all knew her, the darling child in her white dress. . . .

She had always done things like this. Charging into crowds of small boys to save unhappy dogs; feeding the families of strikers in spite of the protest of an unjust employer in a post-war labor quarrel; taking the side of the oppressed, fighting for justice, and doing it all gloriously, breathlessly, making of it a thrilling adventure. . . .

The cheering crowd broke and swarmed up the platform. Taylor Pierce, rushing over, flung his arms about Araminta and fairly lifted her from her feet. "You perfect sport. You've won the day for him. . . . ! The Bishop came next, his voice wavering. "A great day for you, my darling," then, Anne Hampton, "Minta, you were gorgeous. . . ."

Araminta had only one little minute in which to whisper, "Oh, Barney, do you hate me?"

"Hate you! Minta, what made you do it?"

"Oh—that little thing called—love!"

Back in the darkness, Elise had seen the drama played to its end. She turned now and ran to her car, then rode like mad to Sylvan Park where she found Lad waiting. He was very impatient, very eager. "I thought you would never come, mother."

"Well, I'm here at last, dearest."

"It's going to be wonderful, isn't it?"

"Wonderful. . . ."

He laughed happily. Elise had a moment's panic. Had she promised too much—the cowboys, the plains, the mountains, the joys of gypsy-journeys? Oh, she must make it all come true. In their adventuring future, Lad would forget—Uncle Tad, the dogs—Barney. . . .

But she would never forget. All through her days would come that vision of Barney as she had last seen him. She had not said, "Good-bye." But she stopped now to write a note.

"My love to you and Minta. And you must not be sorry I have gone like this. It is easier for me—for all of us. And some day we will meet and talk about it. But not

now, while it is fresh upon us. Minta was splendid. Tell her for me. Not many women could have done it, or have done it so well. She brought all her light against their darkness. . . ."

Their bags were ready. The house closed. The moon was rising as they rode along.

Lad looked back. "The house is lonely, mother."

But Elise would not look!

"What river do we cross first?"

"The Potomac."

"And then—?"

"The Susquehanna—"

"And then—?"

She went on telling him about the rivers, until the house was left behind. But the bay still went with them—on and on and on, until at last a turn in the road lost it to them—forever. . . . !

The moon had not risen when Barney came to the little hill at Great-Gate which was crowded by the pavilion. As the crowd on the platform had thinned, he said briefly to the girl at his side, "I can't say it here. . . . Minta."

"I know."

"Where can I meet you?"

"At home. In the pavilion."

"In 20 minutes?"

"Yes."

He had managed to make it. Tearing himself away from this one and that. Laughing, wise cracking, receiving congratulations.

"Where's Minta?"

"Taylor took her home. . . ."

"Wasn't she—marvellous, Barney?"

Marvellous? Was that the word for it? Wasn't there some more transcendent word? Some word so thrilling, so filled with rapture that it would satisfy his mood?

Minta kept him waiting. He wondered if he should go to her. There were lights in the big house. Perhaps the excitement had been too much for her. Such a little thing, facing that howling mob. . . .

In the grove at the foot of the hill, a wood dove sounded its mournful note. . . . there was no sign of life but those lights flaring in the big house. Barney threw himself on the bench by the little table to wait.

Then, suddenly, he saw Araminta. She had appeared on the other side of the table, silent as a ghost. He rose at once, went around to her, and took her in his arms. He saw then that she was crying.

"Hush," he said, "hush, Minta."

"No, let me cry, Barney."

He sat down on the bench, holding her like a child against him. Her arms were about his neck. Her wet cheek against his. "I am such a baby, Barney. . . ."

"Such a woman. Minta, no one else but you could have done such a thing. Such a beautiful, unbelievable thing. . . . !"

"A year ago I couldn't have done it."

"Why not?"

"I had to grow up. I had to measure up to you—darling."

In the stillness that followed, a faint sheen showed on the surface of the bay and on the sky above it. Then the world was flooded with silver as the white moon rose.

"Look, Barney, look. . . . !"

"I know—loveliness. . . . !"

(The End.)

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